

Keep It Moving (Freestyle)

Wale

One time for my real niggas, yeah they fuckin' with me
Yeah they fuckin' with me
Two times for the fake niggas, y'all ain't fuckin' with me
That's the reason they ain't fuckin' with me
(One time for the real niggas, who fuckin' with me
Yeah they fuckin' with me
Two times for the fake niggas, they ain't fuckin' with me
That's the reason they ain't fuckin' with me
Keep it movin')

Now what's my name ho? (Soulo)
Pretty please, no photos
P.Y.T. my lady, Michael Jackson in the 80's
Moonwalkin' music legend, curly-headed Jay Z
Wale tell these niggas "Keep it movin'"

(And I do so, no complainin'
Perusin' in my zoomin' souped-out Coupe like I'm Bruce Wayne in here
No stains in this
No matter what handkerchief, they bang with us)

Pirus and Locs confusin' folks
They ain't got the brain for us
Be safe, my nigga

(We all came from the same militia
Okay now things have picked up
Shit tough but I ain't gonna switch up
Trick nah, niggas keep females, givin' free Chanel like cable lifta'
Fuck all that label shit dawg
Wale you in a great position)

Soulo, Soulo in the cut and I don't give a fuck like castration
Look deep inside yourself, I'm sure you'll feel my presence
I'm more spiritual than lyrical; that's my confession
One time for my real niggas
New colorful ass, hunnit dollar bill niggas

(Hugh Hefner doesn't have
This plethora of women to stab
And it's not a thing
I got more game than Mattel nigga
Let me tell you niggas decent advice:
If you can book her, then I ain't read her right
Go see her tonight
Shit, I'll pay for your tele and get you a flight
I'll be damned, a bitch is dreamy and I ain't give 'em no pipe)

Pipe dreams turn to overnight celebrities
I could walk on water, fuck your phony seven seas
(Pussy nigga sellin' drugs)
When I'm out here sellin' syllables to silly seventeen year-olds
The greatest story never told

The flow, patent like my black 11's though
My fantasy is Angelina mixed with Mrs. Angelou
Niggas trap all week to try and meet the status quo

It's like Home Depot clearance man it's cheap to let them hammers go
Bang, bang

Bang, bang, Chief Keef
Three hundred ways you can lay underneath yee
Six feet, what's that, three people?

(Yeah nigga, shit's deep
Squeeze, squeeze
All my young G's bumpin' Lil Reese
Say on the top, it's just us, nigga
You got Ciroc, it's alright, I know Puff, nigga)

Bad Boy, Good luck, nigga

(A couple women in here with no inhibitions would be clutch nigga
If you real, are you fuckin' with that?
I'm real Hip-Hop, is still runnin' the map
Keep it movin' huh)

Pour my liquor up, roll me a J
I'm in my zone, fuck with me, real nigga
Wha?
Aye Magazeen
(Real nigga say, yeah, yeah)
Hold that
It's that mothafuckin' groovy every blue moon tune-age
I want it to feel like some 90's shit now
Aye Mag get me with that 90's flow

I got morphine in the street, when we steppin' in here
Makin' money, spot the papa, but it neva enough
Fuck around and pass ti place, while ya just bite the dust
Real niggas

Every blue moon, MMG, Wallaby, TDE
We keep it tweakin'
Life pon the Dashiki
Every Versace, take off the girls' dem panties
Lick her up, roll that J
I'm in my zone, fuck with me
Real niggas