

Let's Ride

Wale

You know guys, it's really Nick's decision, dude, what happens with this mix tape.

This is totally "100 Miles and Running," dude.

I couldn't get any drops from any famous people so I'm just gonna say it myself, dude.

I appreciate you downloading the mixtape, however.

You got it, whatever, you know, Catchdubs/Wale thing.

So, what I need you to do right now is roll your windows up keep blowin' on something - the AC blowin' on you.

Tell your girl don't talk to you for about 2 minutes and 30 seconds, 3 minutes, or however long we about to do it.

Yeah, you, don't say nothing, okay? Just bob your head like you get it

Peace to Maryland, but still an uptown roamer

Aroma, strong enough to bring 'em outta coma

The wake up, dawg get ya face off the pillow

Necessarily rough 'em, I'm a fightin' armadillo

No fumbalaya, no fumblerooski

One choke of this you a note from Mariah high

Wale they call me Tiger Stripes

I'll forever move any cat they admire mine

With that MJ flow they hurl mine to my

So the mind they mine don't coincide with mine

Go inside the mind, you will find the mine

You see my mind's a bomb sittin' behind my eyes

Detonating when I rhyme a rhyme

So in layman's terms my words burn

There you lyin' a rhyme

Also, this mothafucka got a nine to five

Hardest spittin' mothafucka this side of the line

Harder niggas try to hate me, they be lovin' this side

They were niggas quite similar to pitching the lines

But the same deposition take an L every time

And I'm no 'Los Rogers, no Mike Williams

Holla at ya boy young Roy's in the kill shit

Home of the terrapins, beware of the Gilchrist

Weed's played out, they on that pill shit

A bad mothafucka, where that MILFs at?

I work overtime, Millsap

Y'all Millhouse, blew y'all head

Pause, you not near Wa-le

Who not fear? Dawg, yeah, dawg, you, them E-T-C

I.E. I get sick, white tee, I be kicks

Ya'll be highly obliged when I drop my shit

Me and you I think we should ride

Come on come on come on come on

Don't worry just done get inside

Come on come on come on come on

I can't promise this verse will be better than the first

But still how you niggas I get jacks on the first

In search of my perfection, no gotta love it further

In search of my direction, my genre is certain

It's hip-hop, not pop

Been waiting for the real, real long like skirts at a sock-hop

I like bitches in Air Maxes without socks

And when they wear makeup I'm like "No sir"
I can't fuck with the alter
Sorta like a dyke that I altar
I gotta bounce, I don't call her
I just bounce like there's no hole
Barry Sanders on turf
That means I have no block
True, indeed, I don't rep no block
I rep for the people that rep hip-hop
And it don't stop
I went to school with the white boys
So I can understand the plight for 'em
But I don't mean to finna fight for 'em
I ran the street with the street niggas
So I can understand police victims
But I don't mean to finna speak for 'em
I mean to speak for 'em
With the s'more from the narrative
Check it
And you can tell everyone
I ain't finna lie and I ain't finna fake
It's Wale Folarin, I tell you how it is
State your fuckin' biz
If ya'll about to hate then alleviate the diss
And talk some more shit
Ready? Huh