

# Light Years

Wale

M-M-M-M

J.U.S.T.I.C.E. LEAGUE

I am light years ahead of these niggas  
I'm thinkin' bigger, we can link up, but we know the difference  
Yeah, and I don't move like an industry nigga  
My life is under a microscope, my chemistry special  
Uh, the gangsters angsty in my section  
You niggas speak on me, have you leakin' like dirty business  
Thirty niggas with .30's on 'em, you act numb  
Until them drums touch you, you actin' different  
Not who you feelin'

And I'm ready for whatever, and I'm heavy where you wet  
So tell me why you mad, y'all can't keep up  
And your girl sit in my Benz, then I open her head  
Then I open up her legs, y'all can't keep up

Double M, we forever the legends  
Rest in peace to Black and Peanut, they seen my potential  
I used to borrow Ross whips to go pick up some women  
Run through Carol City, I'm vicious like I'm Willis McGahee  
Been Double M for like a decade though  
Nobody seein' it from now 'til siempre though  
They say I do things, I'm insane, and get psycho  
I'm pro-black, my cloth top look like Kente though  
I'm gone, wow

And I'm ready for whatever, and I'm heavy where you wet  
So tell me why you mad, y'all can't keep up  
And your girl sit in my Benz, then I open her head  
(I honestly feel like you gotta know your past to know your future)  
Then I open up her legs, y'all can't keep up  
(You gotta know where you from to kno where you're goin')

I'm in the mood to watch my son become a man  
Colin Kaepernick scramblin' in the south of France  
See the kids in the park, I pray your gun it'll jam  
Set examples for all the hustlers who holdin' hands  
Consequences at ours with all the older heads  
New money, cigars, who really know the ledge?  
Earth, wind and fire, birthed my desire  
Cheers to the hustlers, toast to the choir  
Waterfall-lit crib while the strip dry  
Two-hundred-thou' for a show for the tenth time  
Light years, now we trendin' light years  
Life sentence for my lil' man, that's light years  
Day dreamin', gettin' brain in some nice wheels  
And I'm still seein' Trump in all my nightmares  
Still won't see enough with all the white sales  
No, I still won't see enough with all the white sales  
Went from film, now you baggin' up at Trader Joes  
Foreclose on your home, that's just the way it goes  
Invest in yourself, blessed for light years  
Versace or Huarache in my new Nike gear  
Light years, light years  
Versace or Huarache in my new Nike gear

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