

Mission Statement

Wale

Imma stick to the mission statement
Fuck it let's get the paper
Somebody love or hate it
No matter the situation
Errybody rich to someone who got nothin
And errybody broke whether spirit or funds
A mirror can tell a lie
The dollar cover the flaws
The flow, hm, the flow is covered by God
Told my city hold on
The weather throwing me off
I'm in the city of lost angels and tryna move forward
Folarin
Erewhon ain't raise me, I'm very steaky at heart
Heavyweight in the culture but nigga making shit up
They rewriting it
Wit every bit of spite in it
Every since I gave [*bleep*] first pair of some nikes
I been seeing where the, anacondas and where the vipers live
When you good money, the industry wanna siphon it
Spent two years smoking loud being quiet then
Def jam called I'm like yeah nigga caiyate la boca
Fuck all that quiet shit, I'm the guy up in the office
Vendetta ever come on the five, I'm all the bosses
And yeah I
See the culture divide
But I don't force it
I should've had a Jordan by now
They on that
Huh
I'm the why God him
To the tryhard nigga
That be riding on dick
I'm the one that got away
I'm the one that found a way
Out that super dark place
Where all the guys got lit
That's it
That's it