

# My Boy - Freestyle

Wale

Count me in, Cole  
Right here?  
Nah, I'm here  
Yeah, bounce, bounce  
My boy, my boy  
My boy, my boy, my boy  
Yeah, right here

Ay, look, uh, yeah, ok  
Concrete since day one  
Ain't no time to make up  
Ain't no time for that hoe  
Like baby, word to a cup  
Thank you for your services, invoicing all my haters  
Be sure to leave your armour and your women penetrated  
I give her back, I hate her  
Poof, get out her hair  
I say congratulations, your old lady renovated  
You niggas lazy, my boy  
Why you hatin', my guy?  
You bought her Commes des Garçons  
She come and play with your heart  
I'm far from a popular artist  
One of the hardest, no less  
And I saw your woman, I call her low like a Cardigan sweater  
Call her whatever you want  
I got my revenue up  
In Beverly Hills, my ceilings like the Beverly [?]  
Since day one, Folarin been the same one  
I came up in them gogos most of them was afraid of  
Now kill mo', say that  
Now kill mo', say that  
But when your wheel is a fortune, you near gotta say jack  
Don't be talking too much  
These niggas copy too much  
These niggas cardio crazy, chasing clout must be tough  
Fuck it, I wrote me, a dozen niggas got me fucked up  
I raise my hands and raise your family's casualties up  
I'm faded  
I'm playing  
These niggas don't be no gangster, they be playing it  
Extortion ain't dead, it just moved to the county  
Shoot them out the S-class, I guess you won't the problem  
I know every who and who and every who that I'm around  
And what you call a piece of mind, I call a picture for a bounty  
Hold up, yeah  
I'm in my luggage, in my luggage, hold up, boy  
I'm on the runway like I'm Jackie, hold up  
Prolific, really be living my lyrics  
So tell me, who did it this big and who ain't 'bout to slow up?

My boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy  
oy, my boy

Who gon' bring my crown to me?  
And who won't try to fuck with me?  
Faded off the brown, she can't get enough of me

I don't play around, ain't got that type of luxury  
Bitches going down, it ain't no catching up to me  
Yes, stepped in the building with my vibe on a million  
Slide on the beat like my God, I'm so brilliant  
All other rappers, put your pride to the side  
Try collide with the squad, turn your mob into corn on the cob  
You's a fraud, you's a thorn in my side  
I'm a knife in your back, I'm that turn of the knob  
When the boy from the corner come rob you  
And tie you up to something  
Now, stop with all that frontin'  
That big money talk should be reserved for those that got it  
But when you really got it, you ain't pressed to talk about it  
That's why I hear that capping on your raps and highly doubt it  
The game too crowded, I'm 'bout to get all the way the fuck up out it  
No if's, and's or but's about it  
30 mill' on a deal depending on how the tour was rowded  
I seen your watch when you first dropped, that shit was clouded  
Which means, you used fugazi shit, fake it 'till you make it type  
I shoot through you crazy with hollow tips  
No holler backs, just how to raps  
I got to black to make sure every dirty dollar stacked  
Y'all aiming for the stars, bitch I'm aiming at your starter cap  
Run, nigga, run like a fucking black quarterback (uh)  
Stereotypical, but to hear me is spiritual  
I will bury you niggas and come and air out your funeral  
Have your homies on stretchers right next to Roman numerals  
IV's, IV's, it's the reason why nobody try me, try me  
Have a nigga screaming, "Lord, why me? Why me?"  
Cole did me grimey  
He took it too far, he treat them bullets like they Siamese  
Back to back, I clap like that's a wrap  
But no video shoots, just hoodies and boots putting your troops in  
Pine boxes  
I blew a million on white ties and Calvin Klein boxes  
This nigga silly

My boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy,  
oy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy

Who gon' bring the crown?  
My boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy  
And who won' try to fuck with me?  
My boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy  
Faded off the brown, she can't get enough of me  
My boy, my boy, my boy, my boy, my boy  
I don't play around, ain't got that type of luxury  
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