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 Garcons
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 b
oy, my boy

Who gon' bring my crown to me?
And who won' 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

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