

New Balances

Wale

Is it good or bad wrong or right shit?
Folarin II, yeah
We still in a motherfuckin' pandemic, nigga

Look
They ain't want me here, fuck it, I'm back though
And I'm with so many, so many rap flow
Toe-to-toe with the mic', I am Mike like
And you ho niggas lookin' Glass Joe
It's a hole in my heart from my last ho
It's a hole in her wallet right after
Every lyric I wrote is her caption
When we broke up she posted her CashApp, yeah
She could've hit me for it (Pussy)
Sweet like Pepsi Cola
Look, I play but I got no toy
She need flavor, I'm no LaCroix
IRS keep callin', count my racks I don't record it, mm
Fame ain't like you know, pay these taxes and these lawyers, yeah
Nigga this Prada from '26, designer for money is somethin' else
Phylicia Rashād is a lucky woman, it's all workin' with the funny bills

Authentic, never counterfeit, count it up 'til it's calluses
OG's flippin' old money, same old city, new balances

That's why the city always feels like a trap
We might need to [?] and everything
When we come together like a, like a [?] all over, right?
The main idea is to stop killin each other man, and come together

They don't like it but fuck it, I'm back
Cookies and bag, I got no time to be mad
I got no time to be tied up in feelings
I gotta reup, you gotta relax
I gotta be classy
I've been dissin', I've been chillin' don't ask me
How I'm feelin', I'm as good as I'm gon' be
Check ya census, niggas won't even see me
Tryna be noisy
And it really be one deep
Ain't really get no sleep
And it really be women that tell me they need me but don't even know me
But shit can get O.D
So I'm lookin' at the game funny, like I'm in a nosebleed
I'm a leader, a man
You trick with bitches that'll feed me in bed
It's different, nigga, I can speak to their soul
The pussy wetter when it ain't for a bag
But how would you know?
We stuck to the code
I ain't switchin', I be good when it's slow
Don't hit me when the numbers is low
You makin' hit, a nigga smother your phone, and try big bro you
Hol' up, I'm in Miami the toes out
Shout out to Zoey, the zoes out
Bam Adebayo on courtside
Bag on me, I'm really Yoruba

I'm really royalty, I move important
Free agent, I rock what I want, right
Salehe, he just got me the orange ones, uh, yeah

Authentic, never counterfeit
When it's God-given and you elevated, all these satan niggas want you down with them, yeah, yeah
Pray for 'em, they embarrassin'
I stayed loyal like an old runner
OG checks, new balances, yeah, mm
New balances
Same old city, new balances, yeah
New balances
Way more checks, new balances, yeah

[?], haha
I'm tellin' you dressed very nice

I don't care what anybody say you at, you are still above the game