

Night Life

Wale

Yeah!
Wale! Tre! Young, C!
Uh-huh
Official, y'all
Philadelphia to DC!
Wale, Tre, Young C!
Name a better three, yo!
Come on!

I'm chasing street dreams, so never am I surprised (No)
Just ready to ride, 'cause it's almost time
Fast money, fast cars, and flashing lights (Flashing... lights)
In the middle of the night, in the life of the night

Fuck niggas, we limiting all the features (Uh-huh)
Feet of clay, you niggas got hitting weakness (Fuck 'em all)
Hitting agendas, still I distribute on the low
Cause labels take a percentage of your show
Friends ain't friends no more, because business
Labels don't want 'em no more, they lost interest
They send us back to the ghetto, hoping the law pinch us
Full of hope, moving dope in this place we call trenches
Throw weight like a nigga upstate off the benches
Seen plenty niggas lose weight off a sentence
Die in jail, go 'head, cry in your cell
While we fire shells, shut down all your clientele
Catch a body, beat a body, family, I treat a body
Bad bitches with evil bodies, can't you see?
It be me! Different chick every night, we living life
When I go tell C, I I did it right, hanh!

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Ha! You ain't with it, little nigga, you can get lost
Hoes love me, like Ugg boots and matte gloss
I mack hard, set it off when on any song
My president is Black, so is my credit card
Without effort, this is something you ain't foolin with
Young Ben Gordon, I play through all the bullshit
And DC believing it
Fuck your little sneakers, I got property in Beaverton (what up?)
OK, believe it or not, I'm the reason that you...
Is not impressed, but your girlfriend is
Haters, I ain't seeing them, don't even believe in them
They Skip Bayless, I'm the forward from Cleveland
I'm on real night life right here
Young gods, this side, never know no fear
And you all Michael Phelps
I could take you out the game and that medal won't help
Wale!

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In the middle of the night, in the life of the night (Yeah, yeah)

Yes, y'all, I'm the flyest who balling
Who everybody just stay calling, flossing
Ain't worried 'bout you little niggas blogging
That bullshit you talking, struggle [?]
Welcome to the odd couple, niggas (Yeah)

Yeah, I got a band, my brother the young boss
And of course we get broads over here in the Broad
Personalities is wack, I menage with the gorgeous (Unh, unh)
Unh-unh, we ride with the Porsches
No sunroof, take a portrait
Live it and record it, streets to the corporate
Put it in my lifestyle, bitch, I can afford it
I kill it, where the mortician? Man, I will perform that
You shouldn't've been born, I will post-birth abort them
Landover to Morton Street where they know him at
My vision is big, more missions than a Mormon, yeah!

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