

Please Listen

Wale

All I need is the notepad
Bottle of Remy I can jack down the Prozac
I'm so intact so I stay sharp
My desire to never fall leads me to hitting walls
Its a war with the enemy
Writing verses can be a freestyle or something written in a week
Ain't finna peak yet
I just cease 'em with the free;
Its like my freestyle's cleavage
And my songs when they reach they official
So unzip the bra be in awe from the nipple
Its so simple to see things from a genius perspective
When my competition ain't much
I ate lunch but the gluttony is running in me
I'm looking at your dinner feeling like there's nothing in me
Its nothing iller
Them emcees don't come wit' it
Like a tongue that don't find clit
Go ahead jo, go ahead ho
She ain't tryna go low, go head home
And I don't think homes
I just blank out
Abuse paper, run through it 'til the ink's out
Like Ashanti
Hip Hop's bounty, hunter
Young'n in the Fader like laundry
Hoes love me
Get blown like lawn leaves
And then I bounce like cars out in Long Beach
A far reach from them rap dudes
Yeah, them niggas spittin' while I'm dishing out a typhoon
I write tunes
I'm hoping that they dig it
A break from what you hearing

Please listen, please
Please listen (Gotta get the checks)
Please listen, man
Please listen up
Please listen, man
Please listen up
Please listen, man
Please listen up
Please listen, man
Fuck it, its Hip Hop and niggas don't give a damn

Catchdubs you a motherfucker
No motherfucker dug it 'til you motherfuckin' brung it to 'em
Them label motherfuckers sucking every other young'n
They swingin' woods like the motherfuckers nun-chucking
Hundred running they ain't finna slow down never
I'm on the run, keep running
I should run for Kenya
Do not attempt to interfere
I am much better
Inferior, but I'm nice
I am tough leather

I'm advanced like vancing?
I could spend a whole damn advance on some kicks and some pants son
I'm from the zoo where the animals ain't hands on
Gorillas bite a nigga's whole damn hand off
Landover niggas running round with mad warrants
The feds slower than a can pouring
Honey
DC, man over money
Pride over dough
Niggas dying like its nothing
I hope that, I can be the light to 'em
Some say I'm not the right dude to give light to 'em
They right too cause
They ain't say that then they wouldn't be haters
They wouldn't be nothing
Wale the campaigner
I wouldn't be famous
I'd be up in footlocker
The same pair of trainers
Same '89 Camry that needs painting
No LA'n no NY'n
No more splurging on fitteds at Goliath
No I'm lying
I'mma always give it to 'em
You don't get it now give it 'bout a year or two
I need a little room
They say I need growing
I'm already grown
Nigga I'm Greg Oden
Kevin Durant you're an ant like my mother kin
I goes in, this is such a cinch
Shit, I use the same line, like I did again
You're uncool like my mother kin
See, I'm done
Fuck it
You're uncool like my; you get, you get it by now right?

Fuck it, its Hip Hop and niggas don't give a damn