

# Publishing Checks

Wale

(Blue Moon)  
This shit my destiny  
Been out and I dress in Drais  
An hour with the back and forth  
Made a mortgage from housing beats  
The devil, you bother me  
Got a chopper I never squeeze  
No Wahala, I play for keeps  
And my drama baratata at your feet  
But back to that rapper shit  
That backpack, not that trapper shit  
I'm addicted to fashion and bitches 'bout action  
And Visvim and moccasins  
You tripping, I got the shit  
You tripping, I got the shit  
I spend it and spend it and spend it and spend it  
I make this shit back on my publishing

Check out my publishing  
All the niggas who with me don't love a bitch  
All the niggas who with me don't love a hoe  
Kind of clumsy, I might let that Baretta go  
Man I'm Lunch'n, I just them edibles  
Now my head is spinng, where that antidote  
Bitch I'm trying to mold you cause you'r man a hoe  
Now this shit jump'n like Manigault

Think about it, who been alive?  
They fronting on the product  
Kept it real when I got my deal  
In the field and I'm feeling proper  
Niggas say I don't got it  
I just say I don't get 'em  
I'm a giant that play with jets  
You guessed, I'm a dome splitter  
Sent up some lil niggas  
Ain't back down from no niggas  
Since I was in the county  
Y'all was giving dick to all the quarter bitches  
Put on that for the city  
Record shit for the city  
Finessing, finessing, finessing, finessing  
Don't tell me they drawing, you got a minute?

Fuck is my publishing?  
All the niggas who with me don't love a bitch  
All the niggas who with me don't love a hoe  
Kind of clumsy, I might let that Baretta go  
And I'm lunch'n, I just ate them edibls  
Now my head is spinng, where that antidote  
Bitch I'm trying to mold you cause your man a hoe  
Now I got this shit jumping like Manigault