

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