

# Routine

Wale

Yeah

So much money you gotta put that shit on a scale, nigga  
We ain't never goin' back to being broke  
One time for all my young niggas in the trenches (Woo)

Ain't chasing a bitch, I'm chasing a dream (You know the routine)  
Ah, damn, look what a nigga done made of the team (You know the routine)  
I know why they jealous, I be on the type of stuff they never seen (You know the routine)  
Whole 'nother level, I shit on them niggas and ain't even mean it (Whoa, whoa)

Young nigga blowin' old money, spend a milli', make it back (Whoa, whoa)  
Made enough off a old hustle, I don't even gotta rap (Whoa)  
Grind and I get it, stack and I spend it, you know the routine (You know the routine)  
Poppin' them tags, gettin' them bags, you know the routine, hey (You know the routine)

Mike Amiri put a hole in my jeans  
I ain't playin', in a whole 'nother league  
Go to Philly, then I go to Reddys  
Then I get a Rollie, then I meet a bitch  
And then I get a zip  
And then I take a dip into her womanness  
I feel like Carson Wentz  
I got the wisdom  
If a nigga sit the bench  
I got a funny feeling that you niggas fooling  
Boy, he still the coldest  
This the moment I come different, yeah  
Yeah, BAPE, Folarin, no monkey business  
Can't H&M us, no  
Shout out to women in Cape Town  
Africa's always a great time  
Donald said all of us live in huts  
I tell him, "Dummy, go to Lagos"  
Oh, you niggas like to play tough?  
You really hatin' 'cause your pay stub  
Philly women really chillin' with me  
Now I really can't stop sayin' jawn  
The double-M-G is back, mo'  
See me with Sneak and with fat boy  
See, they can sleep on my raps, they have  
But who really, really can bag hoes? (Whoa, whoa, Folarin, bitch)

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You know how we living, I ain't gotta post it (I don't)  
I ain't even boastin' (Yeah)  
How many times I gotta tell you 'bout these 'Raris and Wraiths and Ghosts? (Skrtrt-skrtrt)

How many times I gotta tell you that I mob, La Cosa Nostra? (The mob)  
How many famous bitches do I gotta fuck for the love of the culture?  
Oh Lord, everything Kosher  
Came in this bitch with a chip on my shoulder (Whoa)  
Took it to Vegas (Vegas)  
I bet it all at the table at poker (Whoa)  
Just look at they faces (Faces)  
I know they don't like how I'm fucking them over (They don't)  
These niggas is crazy (Crazy)  
You never gon' catch me out rockin' a choker (No)  
I'm on some shit right now, I feelin' lit right now (Lit right now)  
We catch a snake in the grass, he gettin' clipped right down (Brrt, brrt)  
I got a hundred in cash, I'm 'bout to spend right now (Spend right now)  
They try to put me in last, but what do it look like now? (Woo)

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Fingerprints on that dope money  
Healy sent you to a new crib (Huh)  
Bad bitch speak pig Latin  
Tussionex with a new seal (Huh)  
Sticker price with the white bricks  
Raekwon with the Wu deal (Woo)  
Slice a pie and we all eat  
Stick a straw in my cough syrup  
I don't fuck with these weirdos  
Swear to God, it be paranoid  
Treat a jet like it's a cab fare  
Sold a brick, came back for it  
Your whole clique be your pallbearers  
R-I-P for a small error  
Black Phantom, blessed pharaoh  
Black Bo', rest well (Bo)  
Collins Ave in a high rise  
Cocaine white skyline  
What I labeled a memoir  
To broke niggas is sci-fi  
Bad bitch on my sideline  
Name tatted on five wives  
Stackin' money like Mayweather  
And they heard I got nine lives

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