# Samples N' Shit

**Wale**

This the hip-hop shit they be crying for, right?
Saying I ain't got it, or I ain't with it
You bull shit, look

In a room full of goons, I'm such a fucking stand out
I prefer your applause without a handout
So refrain from the clap like a Prophylac
Touring through the warmest cities with the coldest raps
Rolling with the dopest hoes and they don't know I rap
I still be splitting women like a bogus hocus-pocus act
Smell the folgers, get the scrotum out your focus
I can't drink what niggas serving, there's no wonder why I pour it
It's no wonder why I go in any hood like I ain't knowing
'Cuz they love you when you real, they just like you when your flowing
And they like when I influence, and so perfectly, I do it
So check my net worth, and I got them jerseys moving
Word to Shawn Corey, and you know what I am doing
Got a movement for these niggas, God bless who's not into it

Nigga, lyrically gifted, second only to religious scriptures
Ripley's Believe it Or Not would tell you that I'm different
Lift up your seat and just stop, or did you think I would flop?
Go take the "p" out, put a "w" to see what I got
I make the scene I'll make sense, I make Moschino a lot
Although I beat up a track, I make a C Note make knot
I'm feeling like the realest little nigga in this business
Real enough to admit I listen to people's opinions
I'm big enough to dismiss 'em, but real enough to petition
Depending on if it's hatred or an objective opinion
I respectfully tell 'em, "I get it, you just don't feel it"
You just don't like what I'm doing, the lyrics Twitter my image
I ain't bitter my nigga, I respect your position
Fuck what they selling us, reality live in the mirror
'Cuz of that I never let up, 'cuz of that I keep my head up
Temporary the richest, legendary's forever
Just remember I said it, by the end of November
And I need this forever


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