

Staying Power

Wale

Lately been feelin' like niggas doubt me
Trust me, they don't got no staying power
Left Atlantic, 'bout a minute later
Every record label try and scout me
Representin' all official niggas
Intelligent, fly, and get bitches nigga
I tell her to fly, she catch a Delta
Or she RHO, or she get to steppin'
AKA, I be speaking wreckless
'07 my Supreme jacket
AKAs at Virginia State
My second year, I tried to get one pregnant
Early bird, that was Petersburg
Now, my little bird fly to Teterboro
Halliburton full of Blues Brothers
Ain't no Akroyd or Belushi neither
Paranoid, so I'm drinking heavy
Hearing voices, I don't sleep heavy
Had a choice, I can turn a back?
I be runnin' back for a team or something
Kick return, wide-receiver money
Now, I'm sneaking burners in the club
I'm not concerned about who beefing with us
I can give 'em words, I could beat 'em up
Rap dudes, I'm Zab Judah
Hook, cross, jab, jab through em'
Uber X, I'm in a Maxima
She was in Maxim mag, she got a attitude, uh
But, I'm cool though
I'm not a little nigga tryna big boy
I'm like the outcast of the new school
Spent about three stacks on a Bitcoin, ayy
I got dick for her
You a simp, why you gotta buy a gift for her?
Might buy me a 'rari, you buying Foamposites
And walk around like we ain't different
Shit, y'all just Instagram
Shit, y'a just Twitter shit, yeah
I ain't about to tit for tat, but nigga check the map
Guess who put shit there? Me, Folarin
I got her, and I can outrap my opponents
And I'm not too popular, media treat my passion like a hazard or something
Y'all get the handoff and fumble it
Me, I get it and Alvin Kamara it
Simple city niggas wild with me, so you outta town niggas humble it
Gassing on beats, and I look sweet
The homies is homonyms out in these streets
You probably is wondering what do that mean?
I ain't too deep, but I ain't too deep
Sweet
I am the legend niggas trying to be
Went to Portland before I signed with my team
Niggas couldn't fly on they feet
Never that broke shit applying to me
Forever that dope shit, it run in my blood like I'm sipping mud
And tired and sleep
We laughing at who thoughts, it's quiet for me

I quietly quietly built my empire, to set afire to the rivaling teams
I'm a lion, you are just a feline
Devour anybody bothering me
Blood on my teeth
All of my queens got blood on they sneakers
All of my women be loyal and honest
I take 'em all shopping then burn the receipt
Who fucking with me?

Nah really? Who fucking with me?
Folarin, the godbody flow
The godfather himself
Rest in Peace to Chuck Brown
He said, "Young man, when it's your time, you'll have the whole nation's capital and the surrounding towns and boroughs to be following you"
Well you and I know it's only kinda true
It's more like, "You shining lil dude, see see there a lot life limits about to come through, but if your run Joe, and bust loose and grind, grind, grind, them lemons are set up, you will get sa juice"

And I got that now
Flex attitude made her drop that down
I'm off that brown
I'm from uptown
In the school of Maryland, guess I'm from there now
Hol' up, yeah, I don't care though
You an H&M nigga, a banana ho
You a lil bamma nigga with no real dough
How you got a landlord and a Lambo? Hol' up
Y'all can't tell me shit
If your bitch is always on my dick
Spent about 240 on my wrist
Every time that I record, I'm lit, uh
Ask money, ask money
Ass bet, go 'head, mask on me
Actin' gig from Judd Apatow
It's so funny, I'm fly from my "crashing" gig
Maxfield, tryna see how fast it burn
In the field like a running back or somethin'
I got the passion in me, just got a bag to push it
'Cause y'all rappin' niggas ain't really rappin' good
I'm gone, Folarin
I got it, and I can out-rap my opponents
Niggas do not want no smoke with me
Nicotine patches on raps and my poems
Somebody tell 'em I'm back in my zone
Olu back in his zone
So I'm back in my zone, hold it