

## Street Runner

Wale

The nerve of these niggas, they acting like they done already made it  
Practice make perfect, so perfect'll be my mama's maiden  
These niggas lame and uneducated and constipated  
What I lay every statement should be the defecation  
My denim made by respected Asians, I dress amazing  
My shirt so crazy I get away with some Sketchers Shape-Ups  
Such a lie for I couldn't get up out these Nike's  
Number five Tokyo don't even know the price  
Bitch, we balling like we ain't harvesting for tomorrow  
We ain't no gangsters, but we gone mob up before we borrow  
Gold bottles, flow getting me Aziago  
With braggadocio like Randy Macho Man out the toro  
I'm a slim jim, it's designated to your lady  
Now that Benz friend, I'm sliding in that new Mercedes  
Or whatever her name is, she just likes to get famous  
And I bet she see the light, know that's Benjamin Franklin

Look, is this what you predicted? Look what you becoming  
It's funny privacy limits even though I'm living with comfort  
How can you really do it? How can you really love it?  
When women who never loved you is showing you so much of it  
Real niggas respect me, I ain't switch up my image  
Real women respect me, they can tell that I listen  
And little niggas is mad that I'm winning  
They got opinions, but got no bitches  
Won't pop a pistol, pop up a midget  
God bless 'em, my cigar fill with all my stressing  
Don't own a mirror, but made a million simply reflecting  
Tell my respecters on Malcom X, I apply the pressure  
Lucaya closed from a line of row, no lying, go check it  
And I do this for the coaching  
And I'm hoping I can motivate and do it big as Oprah  
Word, real nigga shit, you might gone need some help  
Hit the scene, guillotine, niggas head off theirselves