

Talk 2 Me

Wale

Talk 2 me Wale
You know we had to do it again bruh bruh

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What up bankhead
Hey lil mama whats your name
I'm wale but they call me great
PRPS cover my eight's
Uhh, lemme switch my pace
No rims on my Benz-o
Just tint hoe and good endo
I love a girl that think alot
Cause sex with me is mental
That mental, that brain power
My J rolled and that thing loud
That's OG, I OD
My hoes loud but I'm low key
Its no drought were I be
Bitch no police, here's fire wings
Dats five piece that's how I be
I'm proud of me I'm so G
I'm carry out with it
Who are yall kiddin
nigga I live it cant get in my business
Cant get with my bitches
Cant get my lyrics
I don't give five shits come get with my skrilla
Killa I roller cheese blazed
High as fuck and feelin great
I thought I was out Atlanta
But God damn I'm outta space
Bitch no days off
And I ain't got no breaks
And I don't take these bitches out
I make pyjama dates
Feed them to some convo
And some wine
And take a condom break
If she don't fake I work that pussy out
Like it was outta shape

I get money then I'm gone that's a hard pill to swallow
I got money on my phone if you talkin have a convo
Throwin hundreds then I'm gone you cant go to the places I go
(never)
When that money calls I holla back
Cause gettin to this dough is all I know

I holla back
I holla back
I holla back

I holla back
I holla back
I holla back
I holla back
I holla back

Huh,
She wanna be grown
I know that is your bitch
But she wont leave me 'lone
Look, she love me from them poems
And them songs, in my zone
And I'm gone and she gone
But she gone home
She say no and she say she on
nigga fuck that
She gone open up we gone puff dat
Coconuts ciroc where Puff at?
Never fall in love don't cuff dat
While y'all foreplay I punt that
4 downs
More rounds
More vodka
More brown
More broads
More loud
More money to count
Yeah you know I'm gettin right
Bet they on my dick tonight
All my women fly as shit
Why your bitches scared of heights?
Why these broads hear my late call
Start rushing over runnin lights?
Why they try to see my flow
But they know dats outta sight
My Polo cost ends
And bitch I'm dolo
fuck friends, so all who don't know
I'm in so take a photo
My fit is sick as shit cant find these shoes
Unless you was out in 92?
Rest in peace that DJ Am, Clark Kent
Dats my fuckin dude
Lets go

Money's on the mental
My efforts monumental
I go more than mental
This is more than redbull the window
He's coming
That's what these hoes say
Just Patron and Rose
Got these hoes, oops these cameras keep on rolling
From start until explosion
They down to do it all
I call em US open
Big money I can't fold it
It calls me like I owe it
I don't car nothin bout it
I hit the mall and blow it
My money's ever lasting
If you seen me, you would know it

I swear money's all I know
Green I go, I'm Ford focused
I know they mad I'm on
But that's too bad cause err shit
I'm here to stay I brought my bags