

# The Artistic Integrity

Wale

Okay, uh, look. If you wanna just keep doing the same old thing, maybe this idea is not for you.

I for one am not going to compromise my artistic integrity.

And I'll tell you something else, this is the show. And we're NOT gonna change it

Never will I ever utter never to myself  
Fall in love with defeat, throw my endeavors on the shelf  
I never back up like Cleo Lemon on myself  
Lemonade connoisseur life's lemons coming out  
When life gets sour know I still devour  
I remember Peabody mice crawling up the shower  
Now it's motorbikes, warm nights out in Maui  
And white bitches and light skinned women be smilin'  
DC star, a PG legend  
MoCo phenomenon holmes I'm all of it  
Yeah, they all love it though critique Jon Lovitz  
And whack hoes hatin' on key out in public  
See, welcome to fame where most of us is gon' change  
If you never do, still niggas look at you strange  
Niggas mostly assume, niggas make up they news  
Once you made it you cool, they label you brand new  
Really in subconscious  
They see a star no longer the underdog  
So nobody wanna walk with ya  
They all talk like you think you was a god n'shit  
But you the same that you always is  
Yeah, they all convinced but all for shit  
This all be different if you had an office key, yeah  
And I'm the same, on e'rything I love, or everything I love  
Please pardon my integrity

What were you thinking? What was going on in your mind? "Artistic Integrity"?

Wh-

where did you come up with that? You're not artistic, and have no integrity  
You know you really need some help, a regular psychiatrist couldn't even help you

Check it, so, my chin's high like a Japanese pilot  
They frontin', they Charles S. Dutton movin' garbage  
And what you callin' that so-called hard shit?  
None like me, like I, founded a convent  
To contend my content I'm on ends meet like a vegetable omelette, see?  
So the more you see, it's few niggas speakin' like me  
So they put me in the box with he, and he  
And them which is more of a circus than a fair  
They work to get there so to work to get theirs  
I'll be nothin' but a replica lookin' in the mirror  
Respect still there but ya boy's right here  
We apples and oranges but everybody pears  
They say I'm Lupe, they say I'm Lil' Wayne  
They say I'm too Jay to portray new-lay  
They say I'm too nice to be a rapper  
The prerequisite is gun clappin' so what happened  
They label me a backpackin' nigga on fashion  
I laugh at 'em, though Mr. West I ain't mad at ya

See, he in his soul mode, I'm in my go go  
Only thing in common is these fuckin' Matsumotos  
Yeah live from the SoHo, and hov told me I'd blow Joe  
See I rap like a lifetime blown nose  
All I know is I'm merely at Allah's nose  
Meaning I'm lesser than a god but higher up than ya'll  
A lion in form, Matt Leinart when firing the ball  
Pause Maya Angelou spawn, abandoned and raised by Nas  
Raised by the sharks but I'm swimming with the prawns  
I found my own lane, meet Mr. Folarin