

The Deep End

Wale

Man you the black God [?], man. Let these peoples understand the full magnit ude of what we representin'. You hear me? From [?] down to Lewisburg, the [?] you hear me? Man we blue moons homie, we come out every now and then. So i f they ain't gonna get down with the network and they got their hand out, fu ck it, let 'em drown
If it's fuck me, it's fuck you too

Let 'em drown, let 'em drown, let 'em drown
Keep no squares in the circle so it's real niggas 'round
One more time, let 'em drown, let 'em drown
May you never back down, real niggas back in style
Comin' through, if it's fuck me, it's fuck you too
Comin' through, if it's fuck me, it's fuck you too
If it's fuck me, it's fuck you

Said Folarin's with the shits
No more sorry for these suckas, tell 'em all, "Suck a dick"
Off the real, man retarted with this bitch
Bumped Tha Carter 2 in college, tryna find a few positions
Yeah I'm good, with the field, with the bitches
Every class had a ten in it so ask my attendance
Hundred niggas, sucka niggas, sneak dissin', cool our people too
But I'm too cool for beef with niggas, just use that as [?] you
But truthfully who are these niggas? Like really, who are you niggas?
Wal-Mart is hiring but they're tryna be Target niggas
Watch how you're talkin', boy I'm a boss, you just bossy, nigga
Sugar that's in your tank, why you so salty, nigga
Pardon the posture, come from reclining with model bitches
Not as in this music, Boosa pull up and put hollows in 'em
Hallelujah, damn, let 'em drown
Tend the blood, lil nigga, wipe 'em down
I be with bangers, Meechi & Toby, they in the cut
Women c-section and of course we get in them guts
I keep it G for years, they can't keep it up a month
By way of that double M, got hit by that double R
Them fuck niggas fucked up, I fuck their bitch, I might never call
Since niggas love actin' I had them casting with caviar
Sleep with the fishes, look at all the people he feedin'
Look at all the zeros he keepin', look at all that [?] receiving
Be by them people deceivin', lyin', they triflin', nigga
My young bitch spoon with yah just to knife up a nigga

Don't talk about it, be about it
Call me Hush Money Push, you can read about it
My portfolio cause Polio
Under the hood like a rodeo
Inside like Rodeo
The owner is the model so the model sign the payroll (Yuugh)
Follow me, niggas
Nah, fuck that, model me, niggas
The shearling is Prada, the peacoat Chanel
Powder face like a ghost, supreme clientele
The first Noel with a scale
My prints in the snow leave a trail
I can't validate what they sold, bro
Can't put my stamp on the CoCo

Rather be with Wale in a gogo
DMV shinin' like it's Soul Glo