

The Hype

Wale

[Jerry Seinfeld:] I love it when people are complimented on something they're wearing
And they accept the compliment as if it was about them
"Nice tie", "Why thank you, thank you very much"
The compliment is for the tie, it's not for you
But we take it, and that's kind of the job of clothes
To get compliments for us, because it's very hard to get compliments based on your human qualities
Right, let's face it, no matter how nice a person you are
Nobody's gonna come say, "Hey, nice person!"
It's much easier to be a bastard, and just try and match the colors of it

Yea, testing testing, one, two
Very happy to be here
Just wanna talk about, a couple things today
It's a term we like to use, or they like to use
To talk about people, like them
You'll soon understand
Anyways (DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE!)
Here we go

On behalf of the half-witted, I'll be half-witted
At times cuz the hole in me is that gifted
It makes the lesser-knowing jealous
The message I've been sending them at times is irrelevant
Check! Yet to many of them, never unlight [?]
I'm that phat, any track give em cellulite
You dark-minded, confused, I can sell you light
Because I sell my life in every letter that I right
Streetwear's like rap, see a lot of hype
And hype kills, thank Ben for that insight
100's on my mind, why is 100's on my mind
Thinking how Bobby get em buying every time
Is the hype, to some, to others, it something
They can say "I got it, and it's nearly one of one"
Still I wonder, I be in Supreme
And wore it on the cover of the URB
And through all my achievements, you would prolly think
When I'm buying gear, them niggas at least speak to me
But let me lead you to the reason they don't need to
Cuz some niggas go outside there and sleep for it HYPE!
I'll let you niggas call it
Fuck if they don't speak, I appreciate the quality
No need to quarrel for the lack of the not received [?]
Cuz I'll be back for the newest release, it's called HYPE!

I hear the Mecca all the time
Hoping that the 4 line fall right in line
For all who ain't buying it because
They wan't (wasn't) in more stores
Ironically you are what you call
HYPE-BEASTS
That might be the reason
OG niggas started switching to adidas
Resellers, yea selling is a hustle
Can't sass none who among em
But I can still lavicate [?] the other

Cuz I do love it
I hate to see mediocre kicks getting doubled
In the price, precisely why I don't buy
No sb's after year '05
Those Dino's, sue me, I lied
I paid too much for em, fuck it, ain't proud
But the hype (hype), no man can avoid this
We fall victim to it more or less
What's coming out, I need the appointment
I need the applause of the orges[?] my garments perform for em
So far I been flawless, I been out
Like them all overprint garments that's on them HYPES!
Directed like Williams, perfected my fit til' I'm feeling like millions
Shades are a billion dollar edition
The lights on the ceiling are off, but still them
Cover my face in the shade
A case of the Spade
In case she occasions with Jay, HYPE!
And I don't even like the flavor
But took it to the face, they appreciate my taste, HYPE!

And that's word to my tastebuds man, some of that champagne shit is nasty
Give me a shot of that Imperials, and Remy or something
I don't know about all that champagne
That Rozay shit...It's the HYPE
YUCK
This one's for you Mr. Music man, listen to me

It go HYPE, yea
That's right Mr. Music man
You passed up, now you feeling bad
You passed up, wasn't feeling that
You say I lack that
So you ain't like that, nah
You ain't write back
"He's just another muthafucka with a backpack"
That's DC shit, we can't grab that
He can't gravitate over the masses
He likes a song with a snap or a hand clap
He don't got a dance, thus, he don't have a chance
I got some heat in my latest plan
We found a cat with a record, he live out in Texas
His myspace is over seven digits
The radio play him every second
The second that I see him we gon' get em'
And turn this rap singer to a ringer
As far as Wale, fuck his people
He prolly die out by the course of next season
What the fuck is a dig dug, I really don't get it
Plus he is not impressive on them little BDS's
So I ain't gon' stress it, it's nothing but a buzz
A little bit of Regional, nobody give a fuck
A year later, nothing but love
Went from something they ain't love, to something they could afford
Now fill the void
This for all those who lack faith in me
But now see it's real and wanna create with me
You cheap motherfuckas, bow out out gracefully
You gon' need some HGH to race with me
They say the tasteless boast every time they made it
Well I ain't made shit (spits), I don't taste shit
So say this no, Craig let me say this
Fuck all you hypes from the labels in the labels, HYPE!

AND I'm GONE!
Before I go, I just wanna say one more thing
When I grow up, I wanna be like Reggie
BYE!