

The Middle Finger

Wale

Now, one of the services you provide is giving them something to talk about.
Let 'em talk. It makes 'em happy, it makes 'em feel good.
They don't believe half the shit they say.
People wanna talk. Yeah, it's fun to talk

Hate to be the bearer of bad news
But I can't move with too many rap dudes
I respect dudes from my double M crew
But I'm just not that dude hanging on to who's who's and such
Cash rule for some, got room for none
Can't fool with niggas who put the rumors up
Wanted to quit, rap music sucks
But couldn't run a 4.2, so with you I'm stuck
Went in the booth, truth? the only tool I trust
And that's sayin' a lot, cause Pro Tools be stuck
You grindin' hot, they wanna be cool with yah
They're like consignment shops, they're old news to us

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I got to be the realest
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Should follow no nigga
Just the god inside of my mirror
Fuck you, leave me alone (aye well look now)
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Fightin' for my respect, receive it or nothin' else
Preachin' and geekin', I kinda think that I'm Malcolm X
MDMA in my juice, jaws tired and thru
Now I'm sweatin' cause the bitches, they perspired me to
Are you judgin' me now? Do you fuck with me now?
Miscarried my first child, ain't finna come out
Fuck the therapy route, where the syrup and loud?
Blue 30 come around, there's the smile
Opiated, could show up later with more elation
All my bitches say, "Take it easy, enjoy the paper"
Try to be with the people, see what I'm fightin'
Them inner demons, and how it was eatin' me while I be in Vegas
Yeah, life a gamble anyway jo
Pop a perc, I could merk through the pain though
Mind bills pilin' up, drop a single
Thrill's all gone when that mothafuckin' fame go
Ever seen a mix J Cole and Django?
Educated, shit, but he whip like he ain't though
Black bitches say my shit is so graceful
White bitches barely know me up in Graystone

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