

The Star

Wale

When that adrenaline get in ya system
I put em out on the quest for stardom, to be a muh'fucking problem
The city, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Chicago is like
A lot of youngins using hating as a motto despite
I try to give em something positive to follow my drive
Quite fast they are Bart, I am Otto
Abort what you talking
Dead beat fathers, when ya girlfriend late
Although I love the city, it's a whole lot of haters
Everybody wanna rap, everybody tryna make it
It's no spot vacant
And everybody shooting, it's really nothing to aim at
Ricochet 'Le, you shoot me you get the pain back
Yeah, my loose leaf bleeds anthrax
Run relay to the mouth from the brain
It more or less becomes Taliban dangerous
Hold up, hold up listen..
You telling me I ain't shit
It's quite true, constipation takes patience
I have that like waitress, and the game's like an indecisive patron
Since 'Ye I been working on my spaceship
Putting work, don't you see the Myspace hits
See Joe that's why I never say shit
Sensitive niggas never know how to take shit
No I'm not signed, I don't wanna hear ya demo
Don't wanna do a verse, it's really quite simple
I have to pull the blind on opportunity's window
Opportunists they are but it's nothing I can give you
It's nothing I can give you..I ain't got shit yeah
It's nothing I can give you

Yeah I get a message like Wale whaddup
I respond on the spot, my reply "nothing much"
They reply like fuck, you really responded
Then I look at my sent box and see it was forwarded
And not that I'm bothered
I just feel it is not that serious, people make it
Cus I feel as an artist I am somewhat responsible
For making the followers feel me a little more
Let em know I acknowledge them
Yeah so when I can I reply to them
And they reply to me, but this what bothers me
Every other message be that blah ze blah
Yo I got me a artist, can you feature for all of us
Or can you feature for one of us
Cus we from DC and we know such and such
We got this that, the third and that that
Producers and what not, and we on ASCAP
And we got a studio, engineers on all that
So if you swing by, we'll throw you a couple tracks
Do you know Mark, I got me this young cat
He sound like he young hills he compliment y'all tracks
I don't respond back, cus I ain't wit all that
Cus I put in my work, you coming for all that
I'm grinding for nine years, a lot of the lot of time
Rhyming for 12 years and now I'm the front line
Y'all niggas coming out, Diana they want mine

I never knew recess, and I don't do lunch time
Whoever do want mine, better do what I've done
And this place should not be full with another man's lunch
This game sidekicks don't make it
Only good for like a year like a sidekick pager
And I ain't trying fake it like a psychic either
But the crystal ball tell me you got rappers in ya neighbor-hood
Well save it, guarantee you been saying
The same damn shit every other hater saying
Like my name Lil Black, got this got that
I'm better than Wale, yeah Wale's wack
Wale act like he too damn high
He don't write a nigga back, he ain't put us on the map
He on that nigga Tabi, both of them niggas trash
With they lil ass pants, don't nobody wear that shit
Aw, aw, aw...star

Mad cus if good was bad, you'd be a goody two shoes
I'd be the devil unmasked
Speak of the devil, lyrically put a gun in yo ass
And get to bustin' off til my words short as my breath
Long winded, long winded
Means y'all fucking with the wrong nigga
You are so not a star nigga
While I am close, I am more a Marvin a martian with it
Yeah make them haters mad, space modulator place them a hand
Live '08 80 with Durant
I'm a star, see the galaxy's my pad
And the atmosphere around me is dust and gas
Dusty ass rappers obviously being gassed
Not in my orbit, they not in my path
I don't really care if I'm the first to make it out
Cus I know, I be the nigga that them niggas ain't doubt
Nah, out forest grow the Barry Farm's south parts
I got genuine fans that's coming out for us
You got friends that be at the shows loud for ya
I got strangers that love the way I sound off
They say I sound more official than them other bammass
They love my hip hop, so fuck a sound scan
And fuck a BDS, I am a CVS
I got it all Joe, I'm like em all Joe
So bring em on Joe, and bring em all Joe
Star like Eddie on Malcolm Jamal show
Stop wellin', don't nobody be at y'all shows
Swear 'fore Lord y'all lying like a barcode
Y'all line like part on cornrow
Flow like nigga head, niggas can't comb through it
Ya can't perm that, cus y'all pure wack
Syntax error undeliverable work, yes
Yes I got the city, got the 'burbs
Got the jocks, got the nerds, got the teachers and the janitor
In principle, I have the principle's word
The school of hard knocks get ya pad out and learn, show you where the star
is
One cannot achieve such status on the out unless he know it in his heart, ye
ah
Correct, that I'm is, perfection as close as it gets
Just like a star, I'm the muse of the music of Karin
My music is lended to their ears, a legend where I live
You niggas funny as a bitch, you could be like a six on Letterman's list
I'm caught between D.C. and Maryland shit
PG resident and I love it over here
I'm a S-T-A-R, the one a A&R salivate for but I ain't signing papers

Got Sallie Mae funds that need to be paid for
A mean shoe fetish so I need to make more
If you can't pay more, Wale straight ignore ya
You finna pay more, for my sig-in-ature
And just to make sure that you got the name right
Say my name all the time so you know it on the dime
I stay on niggas mind like the 50/59, in reverse
But you get it every time I do the line
There's nothing like mine, nothing like mine
I don't ever take pictures, you can see me in the sky
I'm a S-T-A-R