

The Sun

Wale

The sun is in the sky
But I refuse to smile
Still darkness lingers in my mind

Fuck am I smile for?
You don't even know what you talkin' about
Look...

How the fuck am I goin' smile?
See y'all niggas got the wrong guy
The box that I'm in isn't mine to be in
Must I remind you again?
The mind is an engine
My drive doesn't drive for intolerance
because I'm popular to bloggers and pirates
The ignorant downgrade me to average
but they don't even know half of the rapper
So they threw me in the skinny jeans crew
because I rap about shit that the people really do
If I got Glocks poppin' at Picasso that proper
I'd rather rap about politics and Prada
Gucci and bitches, and hip-hop business
I don't gotta pass stones like fucked up kidneys
to make y'all listen, and get my vision
While the real niggas hear it, bitch niggas goin' whisper
B-grade rappers gasp like wind sprints
Whack rappers sound better when they dis skip
and look better with their wrists slit
Then, and only then will you motherfuckers see a grin (Wale)

Ha, I mean, I really don't got nothin' to smile about
You know?
Let's get low, Brooklyn, Bed-Stuy

Yep, I keep my head up
The only thing down is the top
I mean mug nigga cause the grind don't stop
Last week, my little homie got popped
and Lord knows if the gun play law stopped
Fuck cops and politics
I'm into makin' hoods hot as shit
Now ain't that boutta' bitch?
Had a strong team, until the feds came
Peepin' down the week
Tote it all mang'
So what the fuck am I smiling 'bout?
This the shit here niggas on the island 'bout
and the foe building right now wild'n out
So I don't wanna hear about how you Gucci'd out
Nigga, I'm bout' to pour about a hundred out
out the bank, and bail all my niggas out
Fuck you think? Get low!