Um Ricka

Wale

L'hypocrisie dans la politique
Ce n'est pas bon. Ce n'est pas bon. Nous n'en voulons pas
Démagogie dans la politique
Ce n'est pas bon. Ce n'est pas bon. Nous n'en voulons pas
La dictature dans la politique
Ce n'est pas bon. Ce n'est pas bon. Nous n'en voulons pas

Made it out Naija with nothing in the bank
DC cabs got my pops alright
UDC where he met my mother
Couple years later they had my brother
Low income no bills getting paid
Not to mention Wale is on the way
It was just the four of us uptown corners
Peabody street venturing off Georgia
I never hugged no corner
That is not an ice-cream truck that's a coroner
Back when crack was enormous
Moved it to Maryland so that couldn't harm us
Thinking I was OK
Got in more trouble as I got up that age
And I was getting whipped at home in sixth grade
But it made me the man I am today, Thanks

I was similar, plus I was born in middle of
Kill 'em up 'dishu make gore in the cinema
Steering up, trouble was pouring the villain up
Little nutjobs come swarming the village up
I was small with my skinny butt
Had to D up like all in a titty cup
Pop-pop, hit a mini mug
Shitty but I seeing brain getting splited-up
So they taught me to spray
But more importantly taught me to pray
Oh, mama got a visa
You mean to tell we goin' Um Ricka
Now they want me to grease-up, be less African and get amnesia
Nah! Slumdog Million G's up
My past gives M.C.s a rap seizure

And I'm similar
Critics fall in love when I'm spitting it
Flow unfuckwithable, niggas impotent
Mama was an immigrant, money slow coming in
No benefits still a nigga never hissy fit
This the land of the white man
We don't plan it to pan out, why fight back?
I just write that right by a mic stand
Write a couple checks if a couple y'all like that
It's my fact y'all are fiction with diction
Speak with conviction or we shouldn't listen
See with a District Columbia vision
Along with these Yoruba contact lenses
Oh yeah, pops got a visa
Think he regret coming to Um Ricka
Where they cherish gangsters and not teachers
And you believe when a rapper wan' be one

K'naan and Wale got money in the bank
In the T.Dot I'm a soldier with ranks
Mark from Kingston was a gun runner
Used to call me the African Don Dada
Rap sheet was as long as a Sudanese brother
You ain't more street so go suck your mother
I'm fresh, and yes I rock my fedoras
Amadou & Mariam but still no chorus
I never said [?]
Though horoscopes couldn't scope my horrors
Rappers please step forward
I'm a magician so please focus
It go 'Abracadabra'
Mixing potion from African forests
Oops, I'm so sorry
Just turned your street cred to whole-wheat porridge
Ha-ha K'naan, Wale

Aw man, it's been a ride
It's been a hell of a journey for me man
We started off just kinda passing around CDs
With uhh motherfuckin' sharpies written on the CDs
And now, you know, I'm a couple mixtapes in
Had, like, the mixtape of the year
A lot of people called it last year
So you know
You know how Jay-Z said he wasn't going for the charts
On Um, Deaf Auto-tune
Like I wasn't going for like mix-tape of the year
Or like monumental mixtape of the moment
Like, you know what I'm sayin'
It was more so like, I just want to get my rapping on
And with niggas want to get their rapping on
So let's get our rapping on

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