

Warming Up Cane

Wale

This is not Tha Drought 3
This is not a Kanye mixtape
This is not a 50 mixtape
This is something different
You know what I'm saying
If you love hip-hop music and you love Wale
Then, prepare to have the eargasm of a lifetime
100 Miles and Running, Wale, catch dubs
Let's do it

Come get some, you little bum
I bake the cake but you can't get a crumb
I made the pop rock that guy on
Shanghai Dunks with the Hyvent on
I've been fly, I could pilot y'all
Pride of Columbia, I've got that y'all
I'm is that kid cause I spit that piff
Whips ain't shit but my kicks look sick
I don't wear jewels, too much conflict
Get loose like a Jew when I do rhyming
And I'm at, I'm on their mind like a yamaka
Supreme for my team or Orlean all prided up
Got problems, what? I can't save ya
Can't wear GRs, I'm pitching cocaine
I ain't even start yet, this is propane
Get the heat ready then I give them that flame

There's crack, there's crack
There's crack, there's crack
There's crack, there's crack
There's crack nigga, there's crack
They warming up cane, they warming up cane
They warming up cane, they warming up cane
They warming up cane, they warming up cane
They warming up cane, they warming up cane

Since cane been brought up, the cane been bought up
Cane been warmed up and sent to the corner
Every since then our whole city been horrible
The hard, fast dope has a whole lot of coroners
Whole lot of cobras with dope like soap bars
For the most part those blocks get Bogart
Hoes pop from the Corda to Hope Park
Fed ain't dumb but they sittin' in the cold dark
I start to think it's all planned
It's all too black for me to blame it on the man
I just blame it on a man named Reagan
Face it: your face Caucasian, you literally naked
Physically straight but they cake they behavior
I ain't trying to bitch, but they say that I'm hating
Your wrists don't glist, get the pots out baby
You trying to get paid, then you better get to baking

It's odd that they say that the crack kill blacks
The crackerjacks say that the blacks kill blacks
The blacks kill blacks for a crack of respect
Or the crack that they sell to put food in their kids

Shoot my ping and if you gonna listen
The government officials is rude in the District
They do the shipment, we do the pitching
They do the score and we more like Pippen
They locking us up for the drugs that we dealing
But I don't know no hood nigga that's a chemist
All we do is work white, sorta like a dentist
Cook that bag then buy a couple tennises
Supply it to the fiends that believe when it's in them that they better,
but they never gonna be till they finished
Finished mean done, and done mean dead
DC's here, this is where crack lives