

W.A.L.E. "Albert Pujols"

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[Intro: Rick Ross]

Boss is my position, I got the ammunition
All Wale talkin is Ambition

[Hook:]

(Rick Ross)

In the caravan of some Latin b!tches
Talking caramel with them asses like them strippers
Oye mami, ven aca come here for papi chulo
Let me knock it out the park, I'm talking Albert Pujols
(Wale)

Albert Pujols, trial left two hoes up in my new
mothefucking two door
This shit ain't nothing new though
I'm tryna knock that out the park, Albert Pujols

[Verse 1: Wale]

Made a million with the pen
Make my women follow dreams, pussy poppin follow
head
Bitches check on my stats, women get too attached
Fuck what them niggas saying I hit whoever at bat
Tryna rock it Atlanta Bravest know that I'm awesome
Bet I be like Fenway out in Boston, my green is a
monster
We don't speak to informants, they just look for a way
out
They just hating on the game, they just way too
Canseco
Gotta thank my crew, my label, everything I do they a
o-
K with, who the fuck gon' say something?
Shit grand like a mothefucking base load
Three strikes put a mothefucking K up
Double M nigga now we up
Three strikes like a mothefucking C.C
You wife ain't shit, we G'd her
Huh, we G'd up, G'd up
Up in my new two door
Out the park, gon Albert Pujols

[Hook:]

(Rick Ross)
In the caravan of some Latin b!tches
Talking caramel with them asses like them strippers
Oye mami, ven aca come here for papi chulo
Let me knock it out the park, I'm talking Albert Pujols
(Wale)
Albert Pujols, trial left two hoes up in my new
motherfucking two door
This shit ain't nothing new though
I'm tryna knock that out the park, Albert Pujols

[Verse 2: Fabolous]
Feel like I seen it all, but I can't say so
Be a snitch! No way, Jose Canseco
Face down, ass up, ain't none of my bitches planking
though
We got stripes in my city, ain't none of my niggas
Yankees though
It's going down in history, the way I valet two doors
She blew a kiss at me, I told her dale culo
Listen b, just give my stylist Kudos
And my consistency, I call that Albert Pujols
Shouts out to St. Louey, swag champ I got the belt
Big H if it ain't Louie, cuffing you bitch is not gon' help
They asking me what I wear, I think YSL is how its spell
And I might just let you touch it if you don't go tell 'em
how It felt
Real nigga, that's just how I'm built
From turning white into cream, powdered milk
To getting rich off a dream, I throw it in a bag
This the Ambition anthem, I float it to a flat

[Hook:]
(Rick Ross)
In the caravan of some Latin b!tches
Talking caramel with them asses like them strippers
Oye mami, ven aca come here for papi chulo
Let me knock it out the park, I'm talking Albert Pujols
(Wale)
Albert Pujols, trial left two hoes up in my new mothef-
cking two door
This shit ain't nothing new though
I'm tryna knock that out the park, Albert Pujols

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