

## W.A.L.E. "Bedrock Freestyle"

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Wale - Bedrock (Freestyle)  
Lyrics By Robert Weber

She got that good good  
She Michael Jackson bad  
So hit me with them cuffs, Ron Artest, Stephen Jackson  
yea

And i dont have to ask  
Shorty gon give it to me  
And now we high  
I got more green than grounds keeper willy

home girl now dont be silly  
Lets come up to my city  
they ask about me  
my kick game be making fifa for envy  
DCPG is wit me  
see that belly that aint mine  
if out of line  
had a woman bust it taking that matter right

I be getting scratched  
so i must ask now wheres the calamine  
and pussy is the shit but that don't mean i'm feening  
paper ya'll  
Damn im fry  
And i'm gone  
she alright  
oh she gone  
please sugar don't come alone  
and dont you bring your camera phone

I believe in privacy  
I beleive in honesty  
That lieing on they jimmy  
on they twitter right and i will see

Im modest, and humble  
my polo got no logos  
mr packy now im packing  
your vagina shall be kodo

I can party and i know 9-0-2-1-0  
So whore hard and go go  
need a girl whos tryna ball  
Cuz I don't know we bag a logo

You is lofin' no B.S.ing  
second guessing ever me  
never agree with that message  
they say nothings ever free

Shit cuz i'm an F-ing theft  
Pop a pill  
get some tree  
Get a glass and put chris on, yea  
just like mr. C, oh

No big baby  
so give it baby  
Im verra waggin  
No isn't baby

Dont mean to be impatient  
But you should be in pagents  
I got more hoes that tiger  
Word to saget

I got that ganja itch  
loud addition purple patch  
and bring some roll up  
bring a movie  
bring your friend  
i got the magnums  
bring some cheedos  
bring some gum  
and when you done i'll call that cab  
And if you pay for that yourself  
I promise i'mma call you back

all you bad  
and all you cute  
and i'm in awe  
from all you do

But if I went and convolute  
do you think i would have called it to  
now though  
audible  
think i need another play  
let me call that hotel  
she can't know where my mother stay



do what you must do  
But while ?????????????? Like mr. Fiji in Hiaku

ya'll aint fly  
ya'll aint cool  
Got shit dropped out, don't recoup  
And I don't make no bed rock  
I turn that mattress to a pool, Biotch

Ooh Baby,  
I Be Stuck To You, (hey)  
Like Glue Baby, (like)  
Wanna Spend It All On You, (i want it to feel like my  
song)  
Baby, (hey)  
My Room Is The G Spot,  
Call Me Mr. Flintstone,  
I Can Make Your Bed Rock  
I-I-I I Can Make Your Bed Rock (Hey)  
I-I-I I Can Make Your Bed Rock Girl (hey rock nation  
whats up)  
I-I-I I Can Make Your Bed Rock (young money whats up,  
rock  
nation whats up)  
I-I-I I Can Make Your Bed Rock (lets go)

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