

## W.A.L.E. "Change Up"

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The same old nigga since day one  
Sharp as a ginzu though my tennis shoes Ray Guns  
Raise up your glass, puff and pass for they hating ass  
Wâ's on my mind, peep what Iâ'm getting at  
Attire proper, Bryce Harper though slightly darker  
From where the drivers forgotten, you get blocka for  
parkas  
Ronaldâ's was poppin, they be wildinâ' for posites  
Shorty from Waldorf say Wale donâ't stop up your  
progress  
Itâ's not a problem, little mama, only a part of me  
polished  
I get inside her head and promptly get Kylie Minoguing  
Slick mouth, nigga, legendary with lyrics  
And never let up, keep one leg up, nigga Kerry Kittles  
Itâ's very simple, Iâ'm innocent, now you never winning  
And Iâ'm up about fifty effortlessly, nigga, check the  
ticker  
Fuck a nigga, hate a hater, thatâ's just how Iâ'm living  
And Iâ'm playinâ' ball with a chess board, nigga;  
Bobby Fischer  
And itâ's hard to be focused going around all these  
women  
I tell her Iâ'm much deeper, that donâ't mean Iâ'm  
much different  
More like the writing, Iceberg Slim with better diction  
She let me hit her in the gut, feel it like premonitions  
Wooh, you know Iâ'm feeling myself  
Tell these niggas Folarin back on my way to that belt  
By the way of the beltway, where they hatinâ' too much  
When niggas dirty, thirsty, hungry they subjects to  
lunch  
Right? But at least we see thatâ's the problem being  
not on  
I inspire for well-off, yâ'all inspire for well-known  
Not no LeBron, but Iâ'm cool with being Jamal  
Cross, somebody falling, donâ't keep reaching, let me  
just ball  
Just ball with these groupies, been tired of these  
niggas  
They ainâ't seeing me stunting, like a tint-job on a

Bentley

Your annual is my rent fee, been playing it cool, don't tempt me

Fuck that, but nah, I take 'em out to lunch, I'm a cannibal to these emcees

Ever so glutinous, miss me with that sucker shit

Tatted out with angels

Since I pray I don't get caught up in this game, nigga

Not a chance, nigga

About a dollar so they hollering I changed, nigga

Same lyrics, just the stage different

Sneakerman Daniel san, we still crane kick 'em

Tell the haters better raincheck me

One call to clean them up, still hang with made niggas

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