

W.A.L.E. "Fa We We"

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[Verse 1]

Stuntin' on these niggas every one of them
Ralph Folarin via untouchable double M
Genius, no bleachers, floor seat us
Dope thoughts, that guap, pray for Adidas
Twelve lines that can melt minds when it's hail time
That's why these bitches goin' down boy, I should
sell sly
Lil sly fly nigga, my nigga
And this rap shit a circus I only ride for my niggas
And I know I use the n-word too much, and the b-word
too much
I know I seem like I'm lunchin' but let me see
I make a dam by taking beavers to lunch
Suck your teeth all you want boy, your joint on my jock
Every nigga with commercial success is getting closer
to helping mama go further from them
What's the purpose of working if you ain't touchin'
the kids
What's the purpose of respect if both your mamas in
debt
Dreamed of video vixens, verses on Drama cassettes
Now these ganstas is grillin', although they gotta
respect
Good in all regions, the strippers say I'm G cuz I tip
'em
I'm talkin' G shit, and a nigga on repeatin' the trap
Shoutout to NO, on the for real though
The ho tellin', card 'em like incidentals
And I ain't even playin', this game is so mental
You keep talkin' 'bout potential, your career's an
intro
And now cho keep his mouth closed
Just that flow he throw around be sellin' out shows
Life crazy, couple statements can buy you Mercedes
Quit your hatin' now baby that ain't how God made
ya
Yeah I get it, want the best for my niggas
Few chains, more whips nigga, dominatrix
I said that before, but I'm more relevant now than
when I said that before

When I left after school, a lot said Iâ€™d be broke
Allah knew Iâ€™d be good, so now Iâ€™m blessinâ€™ the
folks
Try to stunt on my haters, give these young niggas
hope
And with this drive I will traffic intellectual dope, you
know

Aight, keep it goinâ€™, keep it goinâ€™ fuck it

Cause Iâ€™m the best with these quotes, donâ€™t be
respectinâ€™ these hoes
She in the books, Iâ€™m in her head, thatâ€™s no telepathy
though
Canâ€™t stand it, niggaâ€™s famous, they canâ€™t mess
with me though
They need to let that boy cook, I got that recipe, hold
up
Who not respectinâ€™ me, confront me when correctinâ€™
me ho
You pull a string that says oh, I make a symphony with
phones
Orchestrate how I do it, off the top we official
Not a opera at all, but Iâ€™m in a Phantom with bitches

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