

W.A.L.E.

"Fck Em"

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(Ft. 2 Chainz & Wale)

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]C-note after c-note, put the remix
on my kilo
Thought I wouldn't make it, now I'm winning Timothy
Tebow
Fourth quarter, I'm back, fourth quarter, in fact
Fourth quarter, that's that, four Ford in all black
I said boss and I meant that, advance, you spent that
Corvette so clean you'll think Bruce Springsteen rent
that
Cars just like sneakers, just got me ten pair
Dubai, I been there, but f-ck that, we in here
Roll up and inhale, I live next to Denzel
Alonzo, my condo cost three mil', this shit real
iPhone and iPad, Amex in my gat
Left hand got ten bands, back pocket, four stacks
All I need is bad hoes, all these niggas gon' rat
Half these niggas working now, they knocked it down,
they're going back
All I need is Benzos, riding on Lorenzos
Stack my money tenfold, make this my new ten-four

[Hook]Fuck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em
F-ck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em
F-ck all you haters
Watch me f-ck all these b! tches
I got eight different Rollies
And they all mint condition

I'm screaming f-ck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em
Fuck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em
I got five different Benzes
This is my deposition
I'm screaming, "F-ck every witness"
Cause b! tch, I'm big business
I'm screaming f-ck em

[Verse 2: 2 Chainz]Me gon hit my boast
Me gon hit my boast
What you know about walking in the Gucci store and

they salute?
Chain cost a coupe, coupe cost a crib
Riding with the chopper like it's my friend
This for real niggas only, I still bail with Kobe
Got a sign in my garage that say, "Foreign only"
Forces pouring, on mixtapes I'm touring
See my shit that fire shit, and yo' shit boring
2 Chainz smoking loud like it's a newborn
Dad wasn't around, my father figure was Too Short
New Porsche deuced up, two cups got juice in it
Two forks, two pipes, I could whip it both-handed
My girl is bow-legged, just do it like Bo Jackson
Every beat I'm toe-tagging, tune big as a Volkswagon

Money got me sagging, it really doesn't matter
I run circles round these niggas' world like Saturn

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[Verse 3: Wale]Black Foamposites, it's like we on that
outer shit
Riding five deep and I'm as dirty as them congressmen
Sixty-two, without no tint, mission roof of my new shit
Ironic sense, my drive increased, my driver see the
profit
Yeah, word, f-ck you niggas, pay me though
Smoke that Mark McGuire strong
Oakland ain't no basic smoke
Shout-out to your lady, a.k.a. MMG favorite ho
Tell that ass the way to go before I show her where to
go
No Canseco, and I'm switching lanes at one six oh
A nigga trees fine, a police siren!
Woop woop, nah, that's just Diplo
And you cute, shorty, let's get low
On the low, I'mma talk that jazz
Jungle fever for the night
Horny or white, that's Anglo-Sax

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