

W.A.L.E. "Georgetown Press"

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[Intro: ?]

Georgetown was very symbolic and very connected.
Not just to "Black D.C." but to "Black America".
They were kind of "Black America's" basketball
team for a lot, a lot of people. So, when these stories
started coming around on the sports ticker that this big
drug dealer was hanging out with several of the
players, it was big news.

[Intro 2: Wale]

This is a place where opportunities few
And niggas feud for land they'll never own
Where they raise hell and waste shells
And duck baby mamas but rarely escape jail
This is the trap... the trap.

[Verse 1: Wale]

Death on my opposition, no
Them watchin' me blow is more than even in the skull
And my team has a flow, ambition see the results
And to get to my spirit seeing twitpics of them
diplomas, word
Cannot stress it, through God blessings we made it out
For the have-nots that have a knot to have knots
Hats off, we been working our ass off
And we all-stars that made the squad with the cap off
Steinbrenner, designed to make your dynasty weary
Sometimes I'm a dick, but you niggas placenta
And that's the problem, it's a problem, don't dap
me my nigga
Just tap me my nigga, then get at me my nigga
Man fuck a dappin' you rappers should get back off
the fingers
Trust in God and you golden, trust in rap and you
empty
Bust a mac and you gangster, that's how them
youngins livin'
Shout out that Georgetown Press they still trappin' the
district

[Hook]

Blessings we made it out, blessings we made it out
They still trappin' the district
Trust in God and you golden, trust in rap and you
empty
Blessings we made it out, blessings we made it out
Shout out that Georgetown Press they still trappin' the
district

[Verse 2: Lightshow]

New nigga, but I'm Patrick Ewing on these blocks
My mac cold like Dikembe nigga, who need Glocks
These crooked cops keep tryin' steal the ball from me
But 'Le like Kevin Braswell with these rock
600 plus assists, plus this I must confess
Hard work ain't come with this, that's why I fuck with
this
G set the fuckin' pick, I went straight to the hole
Went to college a day, dropped out went straight for
my goals
Now it's dough in my mattress, my bitch look like a
actress
Cuz I studied the defense, and I stayed after practice
On my way to the league, only limit the sky
Still I show up to practice, I can't end up A.I.
Pay attention don't miss it
Shout out to Georgetown but I won't get trapped in the
District, nah
Lightshow

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Wale]

Leader of the people who ain't tryna be led
But I'mma get us all back if I can smile all year
I seen bums happy as anyone
Millionaires set for bread
Some be livin' for crumbs
Motherfuckers don't fuck with us I still be showin'
love
Cause if I was local and they was on it I'd be naah
Don't trip off what a bitch say, shovel on a good day
All my youngins put up numbers just like Bubbachuck in
kente
When we can't hit the league we let the streets
mislead and dictate
And there is no I in team, but can you read the I on
Vick's page
Otto Porter with all the water servin' the corners
Rayful callin' up 'Zo Mourning before the tourney
Servin' drugs, some us don't make it out here
My niggas had some plugs, I gave 'em a better outlet

There's a difference in words: hustle and trappin'
See hustlers find a way out, while the latter can't
climb up out it
The trap

[Hook]

[Outro: ?]

Georgetown coach John Thompson made a personal
appeal to Edmond to stay away from his players. He
built this team into a national power, and now the
inspector of a DC drug dealer in the age of crack, you
know, well, that could have destroyed everything

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