

Wale

"Hold Yuh Freestyle"

Visit "[Hold Yuh Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Wale]

Ok I'm Wale but you can call me nada
my momma old G which makes me a Don Dada
momma say I'm a cutta cuz my hair like a shotta
the feds like to follow cause my bread like to knot up
so roll up the Marley my eyes are low up in this party
I'm looking for a (?)
Louie where my eyes at
Prada where my feets at
you aint gon find that
ask me where my mind at
you could never find out
ride nine nine five haters in my eye sight
more about nothing
muthaf-cker better download
(?) my DL's on the down load
keep em in the closet MJ Noami
I don't need no friends (?)
my broad is a trophy
broads out Moco broads out Southeast
Killer stay uptown, load NBA trick
never give my heart to hoes that want my play sh-t
gold digger sonar, roam like it aint nothing
(?) but look what I made from it
Carmelo straight stuntin
purple label 8 hundred
I better get the four Rose had the summer
read n-gga sh-t
ATL was sippin them
Magic city sippin them
Gucci (?) cover my dreads I think I'm Gilligan
I don't really mess with the feds (?)
if they not talking no bread than we aint listening
straight lane Kiffen them
we aint playing for rings and that trophy I mention
before I let em keep
Reggie Bush Im murking my Kardashian (car dash in)

might as well crash and pass it to Miles Austin
thats how I'm going, hoes want but now I'm on
A couple poems a couple songs and now its on
and this woman is loving the way that I perform

(?)
Shout out my n-gga miles
they stop the whole game everytime I come around
and me and them rappers don't share no common
ground
I'm a sphere they a square they can't even come
around
I aint finished yet, I aint finished yet
bitches love me, houston like spinach dip (?)
get it I got that cold flow, Winnepeg
this is work I am in a different World, Winnefred
Tulisa all black Caprices, (?) so far gone going on (?)
and me and my broads (?) and (?)
so everytime I treat em in the mall I gotta re-up
and ya'll gotta relax talking bout that he wack
or they be reminiscing over you word to P-Rock
riding in a CL, hope I never see jail
and even if I do I know my momma gon be well
(?) love em whether she know it,
the youngest outta two see (?) while she grown up
when they hate I never give a whole f-ck
I have sh-t purple haze purple half cents
I have dollars for a young'un never had sense
I have sins so my parents never had lent
now I'm getting it everything lavish I'm ballin
LeBron low punch I was maverick
Ravishing, rick rude of rappin you bastards
and i just want to hold her
she all that I can handle

[Gyptian Chorus]

Visit [Wale](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.