

W.A.L.E.**"I Be Puttin' On (feat. French Montana, Roscoe Dash and Wiz)"**

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[Hook: Roscoe Dash]

We popping bottles of the pink shit, take 'em to the dome

We ain't ever on that weak shit, all we blow is strong

Every day we party til early in the morn

Put that shit on Instagram so they know I'm putting on

I know you see me, yeah, I be putting on

[Verse 1: Wale]

I know you see me with your looking ass

What the fuck you looking at?

This is MMG and we don't speak to all you fucking crabs

Got a bunch of cash, but money is under, fam

I'd rather be over-prepared than slip in here understaffed

Did you understand I'm down to ride with my niggas

Just a double M, you can't fuck with them

Unless you're certified to ride with us

Keep the broads far up out my business and my mind following the ditches

And I ain't tripping off of potential --

that's another word for "ain't did shit"

Work, and I put D.C. on, we ain't been this high since the E.R

See y'all niggas be some peons, talking about y'all be gone

Whole time niggas wouldn't swing, playing tee-ball

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Wiz Khalifa]

Hundred thousands, hundred thousands, I be throwing hundred thousands

I know why they trusting me -- cause I got all these funds around 'em

My fan base consist of niggas with drugs around 'em

Educated sisters to bitches dancing with ones around 'em

I know you think all we do is have fun around here

But I'm from a city where young niggas carry guns

Don't single out any corner -- its popping on every one
They talking bout what they gon do, its probably
already done
I'm running through cake, running through states
Take your one to the face every one or two cakes
Just bought a new crib, that's a wonderful space
Ask me how I feel I got it so my nigga

[Hook]

[Verse 3: French Montana]

I be cooler than a motherfucker
Wanna hit the fans, selling work on the Internet -- call it
Instagram
And you know I do it for my city, you know I'm putting
on
Hundred racks on this clothes a nigga putting on
Self made, self paid, forty on my belt waist
Hundred round lobster feast, get a shell face
I be twisted off of molly doe, chopped bricks karate
doe
Closet two floors -- safari doe
Brown bag paper tag, nigga can't pay for swag
We know we love the game but we hate to brag,
Montana
Me and Rozay twisted on a boat, watching all you fuck
niggas choke

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