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## W.A.L.E.

## "Poor Decisions"

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[Hook 1: Rick Ross]

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions

Damn

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions

All my little homies up in prison

I'mma let you know just how I'm livin'

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

I can tell you' bout the Mach Five

I can show you what them blocks buy

I can tell you 'bout my block ties

I can take you to the far side

Poor decision makin' plagued you niggas' lives

You sellin' crack up on your momma porch

While she still goin' through her new divorce

He has a thrill as he raise his voice

When he really needs to raise his boys

Young thugs with so much talent

Young thugs havin' no balance

Young niggas havin' no fathers

Young niggas catchin' dope charges

Growin' up she say she felt alone

Now she strippin' for that pot of gold

Another fish in the bowl

They say her mother never played her role

I heard her mother always on the roll

Her mother always wearin' gold

Where I'm from I guess that's how it goes

[Hook 2: Rick Ross]

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions

Damn

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions

All my little homies up in prison

Lupe gotta tell 'em how you livin'

[Verse 2: Lupe Fiasco]

The Beloved T-Rex says

Grown man bars is somethin' you gotta deal with

Whole hand cards but nothin' that you can build with

That sound like bullshit from out a bull mouth

Even the tepee is a full house

Simple shelter keep you out the cold

If you hold it close together, we'll never fold

Why you lettin' the devil beat you out your soul

You don't believe in God then at least believe in odds

This house of odds is just a house of cards

Just without the yards, and nice adjacent parks

We was born black but that shit'll make you dark

Even with a handful of hearts

Mind on the club just to find a little love, my regards

Cause when your P-O-V is poverty

It's like D-O-C a lottery, that D-O-C be lock and key

Finna D-O-P-E bob and weave

And the boxer boxin' free

Up out them rings like it was Rocky 3

Caught up in the game now

Look at how we came out like olly olly oxen free

That ain't why they watchin' me, yeah, yeah

Decided since like 4, 5 or sugar coated, colored

edibles

Instead of buildin' up a habit in them vegetables

Now early 30s, my blood pressure's incredible

Medical, yeah nigga I'm tellin' you

Covered in cars over community

Rappers influence your shootin' sprees

Turn around and publish bars like it ain't got shit to do

with me

Easy E ran ruthless records

Rich niggas

[Bridge: Rick Ross]

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions

[Verse 3: Wale]

Can't tell you 'bout that H dude

But I'll tell you 'bout this hate dude

And I'll show you where they raise a tool

Have a nigga late for the labels or the latest shoes

I'm from an era where gold trinkets could buy attention

And the hoes thinking might blow your winky for a

known emblem

Label whores that'll fuck a sale and suck a store

Left the pearl, dream of rose, but can't accord

A Ford, a Dodge, or afford

Where she end up on your knob cause she has never been adored
Lord help us, my generation come to an end
Cause we all selfish, but livin' shallow, how we gon' swim?
I mean really why should I pretend?
Walkin' dead [?] my soul is possessed
I'm reppin' my set, no matter who posin' against
Once I got hot, they only good option to vent

[Bridge: Rick Ross]
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions

[Outro: Lupe Fiasco]
Aye Ricky I'mma flip the mission
How 'bout poor niggas makin' rich decisions?
Poor niggas makin' rich decisions
That shit right there is more efficient
I think that might be a better description
Poor niggas makin' rich decisions
Can't afford 'em but you still gon' get 'em
That's a poor nigga making rich decisions
Buyin' jewelry but you know you're vision
Yeah!
On a mission
Yeah!
Maybe part 2

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