

W.A.L.E. "Street Runner"

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[Verse 1]

The nerve of these niggas, they acting like they done
already made it
Practice make perfect, so practice I'll be my mama's
maiden
These niggas lame and uneducated and constipated
What I lay every statement should be the defecation
My denim made by respected Asians, I dress amazing
My shirt so crazy I get away with some Sketchers
Shape-Ups
Such a lie for I couldn't get up out these Nike's
Number five Tokyo don't even know the price
Bitch, we balling like we ain't harvesting for tomorrow
We ain't no gangsters, but we gone mob up before we
borrow
Gold bottles, flow getting me Asiago
With braggadocio like Randy Macho Man off the top
rope
And my Slim Jim is designated to your lady
Now that Benz friend, I'm sliding in that new
Mercedes
Or whatever her name is, she just likes to get famous
And I bet she see the light, know that's Benjamin
Franklin

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Look, is this what you predicted? Look what you
becoming
It's funny privacy limited though I'm living with
comfort
How can you really do it? How can you really love it?
When women who never loved you is showing you so
much of it
Real niggas respect me, I ain't switch up my image
Real women respect me, they can tell that I listen
And little niggas is mad that I'm winning
They got opinions, but got no bitches
Won't pop a pistol, pop up in mentions
God bless 'em, my cigar fill with all my stressing

Don't own a mirror, but made a million simply
reflecting
Tell my respecters on Malcom X, I apply the pressure
Lucaya closed from a line of row, no lying, go check it
And I do this for the culture
And I'm hoping I can motivate and do it big as Oprah
Word, real nigga shit, you might gone need some help
Hit the scene, guillotine, niggas head off their selves

[Hook]

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