

## Wale "Talk 2 Me"

Visit "[Talk 2 Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Talk 2 me Wale  
you know we had to do it again bruh bruh

Talk 2 me  
Talk 2 me  
Talk 2 me  
Talk 2 me  
Talk 2 me  
Talk 2 me

[Wale]  
what up bankhead  
Hey lil mama whats your name  
Im wale but they call me great  
PRPS cover my eight's  
uhh, lemme switch my pace  
No rims on my Benz-o  
Just tint hoe and good endo  
I love a girl that think alot  
Cause sex with me is mental  
That mental, that brain power  
my J rolled and that thing loud  
Thats OG, I OD  
my hoes loud but im low key  
Its no drought were I be  
bitch no police, heres fire wings  
Dats five piece thats how I be  
im proud of me im so G  
im carry out with it  
who are yall kiddin  
N-gga I live it cant get in my business  
Cant get with my bitches  
Cant get my lyrics  
I dont give five shits come get with my skrilla  
Killa I roller cheese blazed  
high as fuck and feelin great  
I thought I was out Atlanta  
But God damn im outta space  
Bitch no days off  
And I aint got no breaks  
And I dont take these bitches out  
I make pyjama dates

Feed them to some convo  
and some wine  
and take a condom break  
If she dont fake I work that p-ssy out  
like it was outta shape

[Chorus]

I get money then I'm gone that's a hard pill to swallow  
I got money on my phone if you talkin have a convo  
Throwin hundreds then im gone you cant go to the  
places I go  
(never)  
when that money calls I holla back  
cause gettin to this dough is all I know

I holla back  
I holla back  
I holla back  
I holla back  
I holla back  
I holla back  
I holla back  
I holla back

[Wale]  
huh,

She wanna be grown  
I know that is your bitch  
but she wont leave me 'lone  
look, she love me from them poems  
and them songs, in my zone  
and im gone and she gone  
But she gone home  
she say no and she say she on  
n-gga f-ck that  
she gone open up we gone puff dat  
coconuts ciroc where Puff at?  
Never fall in love dont cuff dat  
while y'all foreplay I punt that  
4 downs  
more rounds  
more vodka  
more brown  
more broads  
more loud  
more money to count  
Yeah you know I'm gettin right  
Bet they on my dick tonight  
all my women fly as shit

why your bitches scared of heights?  
why these broads hear my late call  
start rushing over runnin lights?  
why they try to see my flow  
but they know dats outta sight  
my Polo cost ends  
and bitch im dolo  
f-ck friends, so all who dont know  
I'm in so take a photo  
my fit is sick as shit cant find these shoes  
unless you was out in 92?  
rest in peace that DJ Am, Clark Kent  
Dats my f-ckin dude  
lets go

[Chorus]

[Roscoe Dash]  
Money's on the mental  
my efforts monumental  
I go more than mental  
this is more than redbull the window  
he's coming  
thats what these hoes say  
just Patron and Rose  
got these hoes, oops these cameras keep on rolling  
from start until explosion  
they down to do it all  
I call em US open  
big money I can't fold it  
it calls me like I owe it  
I dont car nothin bout it  
I hit the mall and blow it  
my money's ever lasting  
if you seen me, you would know it  
I swear money's all I know  
green I go, I'm Ford focused  
I know they mad I'm on  
but thats too bad cause err sh-t  
Im here to stay I brought my bags

[Chorus]

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