

W.A.L.E. "The Eyes Of The Tiger"

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Thinkin' wit my dick, My head in the clouds
Should of avoided my temptation instead of my vows
Now I may suffer my forever shit wit Elin
Let's put this shit to bed before this message gets the
L-O
And if she catch me slippin',
The media gon' trip, And I got shit to do on T.V., keep
me clean don't be no snitchin
And I'ma hold you down forever and appreciate the
effort
And ya pussy was amazing but it ain't worth a couple
million
C'mon girl
Don't be wrong girl
I hope you not rattin' out to get on girl
See my whole life I been winnin'
So the right to have these women, I'm entitled to their
interest
Yeah I'm at 'em
And this a vicious battle that I'm havin'
But an addict yes I am, but i should act more like an
adult
It knows me
It controls me
And I'm still hurtin over pops,
It consoles me
Okay my stories ain't addin' up
But Elin don't got no proof
And hell if I'm gon tell him, now shut up and play it cool
I love what the ladies do
But I love my babies too
And I have forsaken my marriage, now she gon take
me for loot
Look in the mirror,
What do I really need
Is it the money or my marriage or media peace
Life's fuckin' wit me,
Once the message released,
She found out and tried to treat my head like a tee
BITCH!

(Sinfield Skit)

Shit
Embarrassments an understatement

As I annihilate the very thing that once was sacred
See my desire for the lust, fucked up what was love
Street fighter hope she had that Tiger upper cut
Now they comin out the woodworks snitchin' on me
Once Mr. Woods was all good, Now a nigga only
You see now that nigga lonely
And losin all his money
Still hear that laughin' under breath by the Orlando
police
See that's insult to injury
Now I'm losin everything as they began the lynch in me
Turnin on ESPN you see they got it in for me
And they wont stop until they got my legacy in infamy
Infamy can't deal wit it
She gon get the meals for this
Don't root for me
They boo for me
And cheer for Phillip Nickleson
VJ Sing and all of them
They gon stop acknowledging
Have they all forgot who made this golf shit hot again
Shit, How quickly they turn on a nigga
Yet, it is forever in a day to forgive and forget one
I'm forever a nigga
Guess when I knew the verdict,
I thought of Bill Clinton
I looked at Roethlisbergerjavascript:void(0);
At the politics surface, I aint hardly workin'
I'm gettin help for this addiction, now golf aint
important
But I'm sorry for the damage I have done
For all the pedicures I've given to their camel toes they
bring
I know I'm wrong now
Can we get along now?
Would I stay with her, or separate or move along now
Okay you wrong now
We don't get along now
Three quarter bills later,
Maybe guess you get it all now

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