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Wale "The Guilty Pleasure"

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[Roscoe;Chorus:]
Girl the way you're movin'
Got me in a trance
DJ turn me up
Ladies dis yo jam
I'ma sip Moscato
And you 'gon lose dem pants
Then I'ma throw this money
While you do it with no hands
Girl drop it to the flo'
I love the way yo booty go
All I want to do is sit back
And watch you move
And I'll proceed to throw this cash

[Waka;Verse 1:]

(Waka, Waka, Waka, Flocka, Whoa, Whoa)

All that ass

In yo jeans

Can Wale be

Can Roscoe scheme

Long hair she don't care

When she walk she get stares

Brown skin or a yellow-bone

DJ this my favorite song

So I'ma make it thunderstorm

Bud, want it Flocka yea

Blowin' fuck it i dont care

Chests' flyin' everywhere

Got my partner Roscoe, like bruh

I'm drinkin', help can't you tell

Booze help me hit them 15 steps[?]

I'm fuckin', well i'm tryna hit the hotel

With 2 girls that swallow me

Take this dick while i'm swallow[?]

Moscato got her freaky

Aye you got me in a trance

Please take off yo pants

Pussy pop on her handstand

You got me sweatin'

Please pass me a fan damn!

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[Wale; Verse 2:] (Aye, aye, Wale, uh) She said look ma no hands She said look ma no hands And not darling I don't dance And, I'm with Roscoe, I'm with Waka I think i deserve a chance I'm a bad mothafucka Gon' ask some mothafuckas A young handsome mothafucka I sling that wood I just don't chuck 'em And, who you wit And, what's yo name And, you not hear boo, I'm Wale And, that D.C. shit I rep all day And, my eyes red cuz of all that haze Don't blow ma, ha Let me shine Drumma on the beat Let me take my time Nigga want beef we can take it outside Fight for what broad These hoes ain't mine

Is you out yo mind
You out yo league
I sweat no bitches
Just sweat out weaves
Where our tracks
Let me do my thing
I got 16, for this Roscoe thing
But, i'm almost done
Let me get back to it
Whole lotta loud
And a little backwood

Whole lotta money
Big tip I would
I put her on the train

Little engine could, bitch

[Roscoe;Chorus:]
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[Roscoe; Verse 3:] (Roscoe Dash, let's go) R-O-S-C-O-E-Mr. shawty put it on me I be goin' ham Shawty upgrade from baloney Them niggas tippin' good Girl but I can make it flood Cuz I walk around With pockets bigger than my bus Rain, rain go away That's what all my haters say My pockets stuck on overload My reign never evaporates No need to eleberate Most of these ducks exaggerate But, i'ma get money nigga Everyday stuntin' nigga Ducks might get a chance after me Bitch i'm ballin' Like i'm comin' off of free throws Cuz the head of the game No cheat codes Lambo, Roscoe No street code And your booty got me lost like Nemo Go, go, go G-gon' and do yo dance And, i'ma throw this money While you do it wit no hands (I'm gone!)

[Roscoe;Chorus:]
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