

W.A.L.E. "The Work"

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Uh. Lets do it.
Uh,
Floor not havin it,
Cover this track like a motha fuckin laminate.

Yeah, real niggas in my cabinet,
You the type of nigga make a stripper turn celibate.

Lets celebrate, levitate, with the loud,
Never wait when we out,
Fuck a line, get in now.

What they bitchin bout?
What the goin for?
Polo head to toe no zone 4.

Kick game Henry, bonjour,
Winter time, all clear,
Summer time, different shore.

This a different motor man better go to work,
Rapper tryin trade places like a motor mur.

It's no days off, all though I'm born to work,
But daddy gotta order somethin dealers can't afford.

Ha, the envy in dime dealers,
Bentley ain't my but I let bitches recline in em.
Tell em they mind clippin I give em like 5 minutes.
Tell em we'll never be but they settle for side bitches.

DC got wild niggas,
Them.45 niggas,
Some runnin with 2 k's though we some loud niggas.

Don't get besides yourself, thinkin I'm with the loving,
I just came back from Howard I made a deal for the
locals,
They hit em, fling em, delete em,
Hug em, love em, then leave em,
If you call me a genius, nobody would disagree it.

I'm spotted on different beaches, cause he was smokin
reefer
I hope you hit me by 3, I'm incoherent by the evening.

What's up suga, I'm diggin yah, oh you aint feelin
young'n?
That's even better I'm not that into submissive woman,
I'll like to tell you I'm the type to get all woman,
I put that battery in back so small wonder,
It's been a long summer, and I've been on my grind,
We killin shows out in london like I'm on my grind,
I think I'm Larry Hoover, I think I'm Big Meech,
I think you need the streets to succeed the industry.

But I'm a different route, hip-hop lyric route, quote
unquote
Backpack still bring them bitches out.

I bet you burnt em, you fry chicken nigga church em,
Or popeyes, we don't keep no birds in the circle.

Stop lyin ya'll pretenders ya'll ain't really workin,
Ya winslon, within lauren, though you nigga urkel.

Kin folk, I've been dope since super soakers,
No matter who gonna show up I make em move over,
All that talk about who's better then falauren,
Go and get that bread and they'll be penniless
tomorrow.

Living out of a homer shit,
Broke and no one notices,
Ghetto whip you lisa like your margerie and homer kid.

Rather beatin on the bitch,
Motify your quota bitch,
PG bitches love me like I'm TCB and Polo bitch.

Norfitomic love me like a mother fuckin jonahs,
That's why we're always goin and we don't gotta go
with them.
[End]

Drop any corrections in the comments and I will update.

Let me know what you think of Wale's The Work?

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