

## W.A.L.E.

### "This Thing Of Ours"

Visit "[This Thing Of Ours](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

Sometimes I get so fucking paranoid  
Reminiscing on how them bricks keep going back and forth  
I ask the Lord for everything I lack and more  
Last thing on my mind was slamming Caddy doors  
I just made up my mind, I'm grinding like a boss  
Dedicated our lives, sacrifices we lost  
Fatal mistakes, talking laws of attraction  
The paper I'm making, I upgraded my fashion  
Everything tailor-made, flossing's my passion  
Loyalty came first, number one rule in the faction  
Follow my actions, came in in '06  
Planted my flag, bitch, I'm taking no shit  
I toted them toolies, I bullied the bullies  
I made a few hits, my bank account Jewish  
Niggas is minor, the money manure  
I'm thinking like Heinemann, Godfather the 4th  
It was never filmed, therefore never seen  
It was never him, that's what these haters scream  
I wrote the script, I was sipping lean  
Now meet the myth, I brought along my triple beam

[Hook: Omarion]

This thing of ours  
It's so mafioso  
You ain't never know though  
Never gon' know so  
No never, no never, no never  
No, no, no, no

[Verse 2: Wale]

This reefer the sweetest, got me thinking much deeper  
They don't rap for a reason, this is rather convenient  
Spend money with my team, make my money from hustle  
Women love you for fee, niggas hate you for nothing  
Never hate you in public, better let they eyes tell it  
Ain't even 5'11â€³, what the fuck you guys scared of  
I'm a loose cannon, screws damaged  
And I do think hip hop music needs some newer

standards

Hardest working conglomerate, and that's word to my  
mama

Getting up in they mental, get 'em outta their garments

Adamantly coming at whoever call up for drama

Just know that DC, Philly, Ohio, Miami got us

Private jet over water, natty dread, got no barber

I see Feds, I go that way, that DMV shit taught us

When you young and you black, they see you as a  
target

So before them Foamposites get ya lawyer in order

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Nas]

The don of all dons, since y'all wanna call me  
something

All of a sudden, niggas ball and stunting

Y'all just started pulling on Havanas

Pull ya card, ya spineless, where ya heart, I know where  
mine is

A don is one who accept things he cannot change

Only thing I accept I cannot change is getting old and  
dying

Gold medallion over my son chest, he'll hold it down  
when I sunset

What does death mean to me?

I never owned the concept, I was here

I'm just a spirit, let's get one thing clear

Everything segues into each other

One thing is just an extension of the other

My kid to me, I am my children through history

Upstanding men and stand up women

I am existing

I was conceived to break bread with kings and make  
connections

We haven't met yet, my reputation you've stuck with

Until we have our formal introduction, that's enough

But every male is not a man

So some of those that will hold out they hand won't  
understand

This thing of ours

[Hook]

Visit [W.A.L.E.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.