

## W.A.L.E. "What It Look Like"

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[Featuring: Wale]

[Intro:] We blessed to be here  
It's a blessing for you to be here with us  
MMG shit, Jet Life, BOA, fuck y'all  
What it look like  
My niggas fly niggas, this is Jet Life  
For the occasion, paper planes

[Hook: Wale] Look, what it look like  
My niggas fly niggas, this is Jet Life  
Yea!

Look, now roll my J tight  
Haha, you know what they like  
Yea! Yea!

[Verse 1: Wale] Paris SB's make these niggas catch seizures  
Foam game shitting on Irish Springs and Lever  
Ha! I'm more cleaver, clever  
Weather any weather, nobody doing it better  
Me and Spitta, Gucci bucket I'm Gilligan  
Ain't no Skipper but all my bitches is Ginger hair  
My real estate sweet, yea ginger bread  
[?] meaner bars probably in the feds  
MMG forever though  
Money got me pulling strings, I got that Geppetto dough  
Always in them better clothes, I be with them better hoes  
No bullshit, every shy bitch can get a rose  
Meaning aroused, I'm sorry I'm not too good with vowels  
I got a thousand bitches, I'm not too good with vows  
We in Spitta Ferrari, brand new Tiffanys on me  
The fuck what PBS premiering, I'm addicted to Barney's  
That's G shit, I be bumping fiend shit  
And I'm on a roll, you would think they giving me a X  
Wordplay like a mufucker  
I'm Durant at the Rucker, your woman's a perfect jumper

Wetter than a swish and I never miss  
Get her at her delicates and I ain't gotta tell her shit  
Put it on whatever bitch, me and Spitta high as shit

Rex Ryan on these hoes, Jet Life forever bitch

[Hook:]Look, what it look like  
My niggas fly niggas, this is Jet Life  
Yea!

Look, now roll my J tight  
Haha, you know what they like  
Yea! Yea!

[Verse 2: Curren\$y]The engine in back of my car  
I'm clearly in a different tax bracket now, dog  
Mainstream cheese but I ain't acting like y'all  
Rapping that garbage, attracting maggots  
I'm in Dulles waiting on luggage - luxury baggage  
Four door carriage with the V8 S badges  
I'm in the mirror of the Panamera  
Looking at them haters crammed in the Dodge Stratus  
Can't keep up, get your liters in order  
4.8, interior custom, leather suede borders  
Not mine, I'm with Wale, I'm just a tourist on the set  
Looking for dangerously hot bitches and safe sex  
I get mine and I bounce like a bad check  
You smell the ounce, I ain't even in ya house yet  
We smoke loud, might have to get your ears checked  
out  
After your hoes leave the Jets' hangout  
Them lames ain't even know the newest planes came  
out  
But I'm in every real nigga Cutlass in the parking  
lot of the Wing Stop bumping  
So fuck it, I'm platinum in the streets  
I never gave a fuck and that's what they love  
She just wanna fuck, homie just want her  
Rapping roulette, this life is a drug  
And baby girl can't get enough - fill her up

[Hook: x2]Look, what it look like  
My niggas fly niggas, this is Jet Life  
Yea!

Look, now roll my J tight  
Haha, you know what they like  
Yea! Yea!

