

Stalley

"Fluorescent Ink"

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[Intro: Rick Ross]

As I flip through pages of my notepad
Wow, I really wanna shine
That's what it boils down to, real shit

[Verse 1: Wale]

I just want my mind to be free
Never mind if they fond of me, I've been a beast
I recline in my seat, number nines on my feet
Womanizer admittingly, but mind you I'm deep
Although they inclined to critique
Motherfuck 'em, they couldn't lace up a nigga's
Chukka's
'Cause money talk and I make them busa's pay for
discussion
Chasing duckets, chasing dreams, got me praying for
foes
Chasing hoes, dick 'em good enough to make 'em
propose
Winning, the feeling is so incredible
Something that's forever true, my niggas over revenue
Little bit of Chanel, decorate your appearance
Double C's on your purses, perfect I get the message
Isabel Marant I get you some, you give me that
All of my thoughts fluorescent ink, though I'm always
thinking black
Sitting back, cognac, sixty-two behind the pack
I ain't thug, but I ain't stupid four niggas, five ?, hold up
Fire shots for the winners
And as long as I'm delivering, this genre's gon' be
winning
Double M-G pimping, my relevance never ending
My penmanship ain't too pretty, my ink is why they gon'
feel me

[Hook: Wale]

This ink is why they feel me, this ink is why they feel me
This ink is why they feel me, Lord, this ink is why they
feel me
This ink is why they feel me, this ink is why they feel me
This ink is why they feel me, Lord, this ink is why they

feel me
Double M-G, thank you, this the real me

[Verse 2: Stalley]

I got a couple old schools and some new girls
They like old jewels and new pearls
They obey no rules, they some rude girls
You know the bad ones that rule the world
They just wanna have fun and crash parties
But when them games is over they down to ride for me
Bonnie and Clyde story, Mick and Mallory
A killer in them sheets, they bring that ish up out of me
After that I sit and counting G's after G
'Cause it's right back to these ends
Send her on her way, tell her come back with some
friends
We can do it all again, the repetition that I like
The reputation of a pimp
And I do it all on him, peep the way I limp
Pimp walk I been brought my chick, it was money well
spent
They say it's cold-blooded how I talk
I been winning this way for years, so what if I ain't lost?

[Hook: Wale]

[Outro: Wale]

Sometimes it's like
Eyes is low, moment is perfect
You see things brighter than you normally see
With twenty-twenty, ya know?
Enjoy your vice

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