

## V?mm?l Spellmannslag

### "Fuck You"

Visit "[Fuck You](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1: Wale]

Uh, Yea  
Yea, Uh

Real nigga pardon whoever feel different  
Only feel sorry for crack babies and rape victims  
Pushing my way to the top  
But this time it feel different  
DC ain't been this hot since Ronald Reagan made a  
killing  
Ambition mixing liquor with life's lemons  
Despite my dark days I feel I'm the brightest of thinkers  
Frequently hated, either that or misunderstood  
But a wise woman told me it's okay to know you're  
good  
They call it arrogance  
But I think it's passionate  
And I think this happens when you rap and don't  
exaggerate  
Shawty open your soul  
Pray that protocols agree though  
Me and my pupils is mutual they not focused as me  
though  
See my flow is the nicest  
And my ho is the baddest  
And the sex will lock her down see my stick is the gavel  
Catalog growing, rappers skedaddle move over  
She reluctantly fucking  
She's an adamant blower  
I'm a passionate poet  
Moonlight as rapping Folarin  
Horse is missing on my Polo cause my tag is enormous  
I ain't cocky I'm just proud of me  
So why these niggas acting like I ain't allowed to be

[Hook] x2

Fuck you, when a nigga in the room give a nigga room  
Nigga fuck you, yea just you  
Tell them people we ain't leaving go adjust dude

[Verse 2]

Real nigga pardon whoever feel different  
How I grow to be 5'8  
But it's still my little niggas  
Chanel slippers on my bitches like you go love  
And I love your brain but I think I'll never know enough  
Argue with twitter niggas who insignificant  
But it's just simply my interest to intricately rid up you  
niggas  
Proud of it all defensive fuck I'm rocking alone  
Say what you want I'm Immature like Roger go home  
Hard headed hot headed I admit it  
But I'll be damned if they defeat me like a fucking  
prosthetic  
Ha, Wale you so arrogant  
Rozay told me break a leg no wonder why I care again  
Stunting in a pair of Tiffs I don't mean a pair of Tims  
Two bitches named Tiffany I left them with a pair of  
kids  
Rare shit, trend setting yea I be the best  
OD'd on that Mitchell-Ness you thought it was '03 again  
Hold up yea we the best  
Roll wit Ace, Khaled and them  
Roll up niggas be like sex  
Don't you leave a seed in there  
Reading shit my critics say  
Pitchfork doesn't need a plate  
Not hungry for my poetry  
They fasting they won't leave me ate  
Six and a half  
Optimistic this isn't bad it's different now  
Before the faith niggas was wam  
Carelessly whispering all they nickel opinions at me  
Tell all my haters call they neighbor get they minions at  
me  
A couple labels threw some millions yet they still ain't  
grab me  
Nigga's talk they'd attacked me but wouldn't steal a  
taxi  
Ha, and I ain't smug I'm just proud of me  
Why they acting like a nigga ain't allowed to be

[Hook] x2

[Talking]

Ambition is definitely on the way  
Eleven One Eleven

