

V?mm?l Spellmannslag

"Mike Tomlin"

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[Wale]

Black and Yellow bottles at my table, I'm ballin'
Black and yellow ladies at my section, I called 'em
Balck and yellow, balck and yellow SS
Black and yellow everything n-gga, Mike Tomlin
Look at my carnage, bitches be astonished
Up all night with college hoes, edibles and bong hits
This just aint no song sh-t, do this for my city Joe
Bout to get my city on, had to let me city go
Shout outs to my Philly hoes, told her drop that eagle o
Called that b-tch my quaterback, wild cat all that
Give it to these broads, I make em soar back and all
that
You don't sleep on nothing but a comforter and skull
cap
Me I never call em back, she said that y'all go together
She just let me beat in you, an acapello kind fella, black
and yellow
Yeah aint that what the song say
What you calla lifetime, I just call a long day

[Wiz Khalifa]

Ah ha, you know what it is...

[Wale]

It's no days off, you aint doing sh-t
Shout outs to them Taylors and them Jets fool
It feel like Woodstock in a n-gga dressing room
Looking at my opposition like bust and move
From where they take them old beats and turn em into
news
You can end this verse premature
But I got sceptics and some fans that just be needing
more
Louie D don't see the score, going in and leave it gone
Flyer than teh rest of 'em, lma (?) to reinforce
I don't be in wars, so I don't need a fort
I just be in the cut, my n-gga Neosporin
Some n-ggas slept on me but I don't see the snoring
Some n-ggas sayin' bullsh-t but they don't be important
They don't want, my attention, I'm cool cousin

A lil liquor a lil rose for my lil young'n
A n-gga suffer, aint eating nothing they still bluffin
While I go hard and spit retarded like them little busta's
I'm still buzzin', chick is something like n-gga f-ck it
Y'all little n-ggas like lil bustas with lil budgets
You lil n-ggas is silly you think my n-ggas budging
I think you n-ggas funny, I leave you n-ggas
bludgeoned
Hold up... ok
Black and yellow j-force, always wear a rubber so they
never ever late for it
Than we celebrate when they on it
She can nip it in the bud and leave that b-tches face
warm, yuughck!
In my best Pusha imitation
Bitch I've been ballin' all alone, like the gym is vacant
And I'ma need some more Patron I don't want no
chaser
I'm throwing hundreds at KOD, a little paper
And you're girl working out, I let my n-ggas train her
You Tim Tebow ass n-ggas probably still gater
I chump chump p-ssy if it smell good to me
And I don't do nothing to her but she do it to me
I'm trifling, damn right ignorant
Mic magnificent, you're all simpletons
It's a (?), bitches blind dating (?)
Baby I aint liping, I just tend to keep my city there
On my back boy, holla back boy
Half a mill rap touring, Jarrett Jack boy

Black and yellow, black and yellow, black and yellow
(Repeated)
[Outro]
[End]

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