

Albert Pujols

Wale

[Intro: Rick Ross]

Boss is my position, I got the ammunition

All Wale talkin is Ambition[Hook:]

(Rick Ross)

In the caravan of some Latin b!tches

Talking caramel with them asses like them strippers

Oye mami, ven aca come here for papi chulo

Let me knock it out the park, I'm talking Albert Pujols

(Wale)

Albert Pujols, trial left two hoes up in my new mothefucking two door

This shit ain't nothing new though

I'm tryna knock that out the park, Albert Pujols[Verse 1: Wale]

Made a million with the pen

Make my women follow dreams, pussy poppin follow head

Bitches check on my stats, women get too attached

Fuck what them niggas saying I hit whoever at bat

Tryna rock it Atlanta Bravest know that I'm awesome

Bet I be like Fenway out in Boston, my green is a monster

We don't speak to informants, they just look for a way out

They just hating on the game, they just way too Canseco

Gotta thank my crew, my label, everything I do they a o-

K with, who the fuck gon' say something?

Shit grand like a mothefucking base load

Three strikes put a mothefucking K up

Double M nigga now we up

Three strikes like a mothefucking C.C

You wife ain't shit, we G'd her

Huh, we G'd up, G'd up

Up in my new two door

Out the park, gon Albert Pujols[Hook:]

(Rick Ross)

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Let me knock it out the park, I'm talking Albert Pujols

(Wale)

Albert Pujols, trial left two hoes up in my new motherfucking two door

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I'm tryna knock that out the park, Albert Pujols[Verse 2: Fabolous]

Feel like I seen it all, but I can't say so
Be a snitch! No way, Jose Canseco
Face down, ass up, ain't none of my bitches planking though
We got stripes in my city, ain't none of my niggas Yankees though
It's going down in history, the way I valet two doors
She blew a kiss at me, I told her dale culo
Listen b, just give my stylist Kudos
And my consistency, I call that Albert Pujols
Shouts out to St. Louey, swag champ I got the belt
Big H if it ain't Louie, cuffing you bitch is not gon' help
They asking me what I wear, I think YSL is how its spell
And I might just let you touch it if you don't go tell 'em how It felt
Real nigga, that's just how I'm built
From turning white into cream, powdered milk
To getting rich off a dream, I throw it in a bag
This the Ambition anthem, I float it to a flat[Hook:]

(Rick Ross)

In the caravan of some Latin b!tches
Talking caramel with them asses like them strippers
Oye mami, ven aca come here for papi chulo
Let me knock it out the park, I'm talking Albert Pujols

(Wale)

Albert Pujols, trial left two hoes up in my new mothef-cking two door
This shit ain't nothing new though
I'm tryna knock that out the park, Albert Pujols

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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