

# Rotation

## Wale

[Chorus: Wale][singing] Ooooh... tryin' to stay in my zone

Watching enemies close; they be doing the most

So I go through the motions, yeah...

[rapping] Five blunts in rotation, five blunts... [4X][2 Chainz](Yeah, 2 Chainz!)

Good head is my motivation

Gas her up like a service station

Purple drank on you perpetratin'

While you perpetrating, I'm renegotiatin'

Ah, let me think about it... [pauses for one bar line]

Ah, it's like a bank around me

When the soldiers with me it's like a tank around me

And I don't like niggas saying "cain't" around me - I define the odds

Two Glock nines is my bodyguards, ain't nothing slick to a can of oil

Roll up, I'm high as fuck, some of you niggas ain't try enough

Some of you niggas ain't buy enough, you smoking good, put your lighters up

[Chorus][Wiz Khalifa]Uh, a nigga like me don't smoke blunts so I keep those joints in rotation

Bad bitches calling the radio, keep my joints in rotation

Keep throwing money on her ass, she keep that joint in rotation

First I'm in a car and then another car, I keep them joints in rotation

And I'm hella faded - getting elevated

She give me them good brains - I'm getting well educated

Soon as them hoes see my car, they wanna jump right in

If you see my crib, you would think I was Malibu Ken

Pour a shot or two of gin, go and invite a few friends; we done tried a few things now you tryna move in

You ain't gotta dude and so I got a few fans, I'm a roll a few grams and follow through with the plan

Hold up! Pour some gin in her cup - she taking shots

Bend her down to the front - she taking shots

[Chorus][Wale]One more to get my lungs warm, two more to get me numb to it

Let me tell you niggas: feel this, he'll realize I gotta deodorize all the unsure

Made millions with Shawn Corey, (Chief) a lot, shout out (Reese) and them

Shout out Gleesh and Lil Meech, and peach Ciroc, can't see a nigga writing like an old sharpie

Like a nigga out the globe, with a nigga throwed, like a cornerback in the flat, nigga in the zone

Like an ornament on a tree, home in the tree; how you gonna eat? Carnivores need beef; well I need Beats

Been doing this, been proving it, now these niggas give it up like they do at Lent

I just be like "Yep!" then I get a rest, haters trying to fuck with me, give 'em nuts like a stewardess

[singing] Ooooh (hahaha)... tryna stay in my zone (heh)

I ain't ready to go, and I thought I was on

'Til I seen Puffy Combs (Whattup Puff?)

[rapping] Five blunts, nigga fired up, nigga might slide off with y'all joint  
I got some later joints, and now joints, I got emergency hoes, like firetrucks  
You a wannabe clone, you never authentic, you never boss up, we never see y'all out  
You be frontin' too hard, you ain't viagra, you just wanna be hard 'til you see all us, ho  
[Chorus 1.5X]

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