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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