

The Followers

Wale

Yeah, what's it all for?
Trust in no man, but give it up to my Lord
I might influence entire wars from maricons
There's levels to this fellowship, you stuck on the same board
Truly provoking
shining new light through my zones
The women open I should be light behind doors
Oh that's swag
call me trash, who yall's source?
Cause y'all sheep
the way I see it you're all lost
Look what I encompass while you lacking direction
Why would the guide lie to us, you're looking fly Olympics
Anyone, Jordan, Johnson, Phelp shit
I can off-hand, hit you right with strong hand hits
In the zone little nigga doing small bowl rips
And my broad doing things only saw on flicks
Oh shit I'm the man, ho
Dunk Lows, only those come Japan, ho
Money fold, women clothes got me paranoid
Only fair to lose your ear at wedding ceremonies
Either way they should be voided Follow me, follow me or forget me, follow me
Follow me, follow me or forget me, follow me
Follow me, follow me or forget me, follow me
Follow me, follow me or forgive me, 'cause y'all about to see (The point is I intend to undertake this. And I'll
do it with or without you. So if you're scared, if you haven't got the stomach for this, let's get it out right now!
And I'll go on my own. If not, you can get on board and we can get to work! Now what's it going to be?) But
nigga is you crazy? They say I lost a step
Like the second wedding ring bearer somewhere in the orphanage is, do you blame me?
But the anger I express, providing messages, it's not for parents you forced the kid
And you hate me, because you too lazy to decypher what I'm writing, and I say to it
"Oh, I never fall off I get my Bill John Wall on"
Bills fill up that Goyard, your bitch nickname is hold on
So called my jump off, she so far my call on
You beat like you Paqi you street fight like Bora
En garde, en garde, yeah, touche
Life's a lemon so why make it a Kool-Aid
Hold your bread, it's not what you getting, but what you say
Hold your head like in a blizzard rockin' a toupe

Move, Folarin probably coming through
Camera roll like Pornhub, closet look like Karmaloop
Oh Folarin probably letting off, M box like model cars, closet look like Bergdorf
Checks ain't in stock, but I never fall to what rich niggas care about
Birds in my parent's house, shot, fuck malaria
Back to the spot I still rock the rarest apparel, yah Follow me, follow me or forget me, follow me
Follow me, follow me or forget me, follow me
Follow me, follow me or forget me, follow me
Follow me, follow me or forgive me, ÑçÊ~cause y'all about to see N**ga is you crazy? Follow me, follow me or
forget me, follow me
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