Tito Santana

Joe Budden

[Wale]Uhh... Dub, A, L, E
Appreciate it Joe, yeah
Highly unstoppable, nothin's un-coppable
Tito Santana matador ain't equipped to stop the bull
Proud of product pulled over nigga not be scorned
Around here I am the goat like the Capricorn
New grove, still bitches don't know this a flaw
Cause my hoes in the X like they model for cars
Here to change the whole game due to audible
Initial place wasn't cruel so we oughta bull
I'm {?} to my little mack competition
You gon' need a couple stars to get your first victor
Word picture, hurt niggaz, young verse killer
Fist pleaser, skirt lifter, young Dirk Diggler
Wahlberg (Shooter), young flow fluid
And my brains travel like Yung Berg jewels
Transformer, no opponent is formidable
Pockets morbidly obese, I'll be tourin for loot
I'm Wale, the new nigga on the block
See my team has hella cars, I got a couple knots
See, how the beat gets ate off
Acquire my scratch and I ain't have to use an 8-ball
Hip-Hop's whole face is off
And I rock with the band, this a cake-walk

Yeah
And I don't want
I don't wanna be condescending on that but like cake-walk
Like, I meant like cake from the second season of "Da Band"
Like cake-walk like it's, fuck it
(TALK TO 'EM!)
[Joe Budden]Yo, I'll be whatever you wan' call me
Weird or faulty, but lyricists can't ignore me (nah)
Keep a shooter wherever the force be (why?)
Case they gotta make a band member strip naked like Aubrey
So, they hate and they say
But the AK's a cross from the tommy like Shenene and they'll try ya
Rap hero but wasn't nicer, prior
I started off the top of the dome, call him Sylar

Now you now son become C. Dalvin
Dollar Dungarees, kicks fly closet like Chun Lee (but dawg)
Pump me with Sigel to pump B
You just servin yourself, go pull up to pump three
Flow's all flames, not a race but keep up
Cause I'll (Bolt) on Usain, I'm too ahead of the game
So take your seat on the bench
You met Wale and 9th Wonder, now meet the tenth
Joey...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/