

# Chillin

## Retrotech

Lookin' at, lookin' at, lookin' at me  
Look at that, look at how they're lookin' at me  
Eyes all sticky like honey on bees  
Look at that, look at how they're lookin' at me  
DC chillin', PG chillin'  
My name Wale, and I came to get it  
Came to get it, came to get it  
My name Wale  
Shit, this how you start off '09  
Kickin' in the door, and I'm everybody problem  
Stuntin' in some other Jordan Nines  
I got Phil Knight talkin' about "how you got them?"  
Let's talk about the cars y'all got  
You say you got a lotta whips, well I got a lot  
I got the right to be cocky  
Get so much cut, disc jockeys jock me  
You niggas mad that you not me  
I remain a Giant, and you Jeremy Shockey  
And if you ain't heard me properly  
If you speak garbage, then we no capiche  
DC chillin', PG chillin', floor to the ceilin'  
Stuntin' in my billionaire  
Gear on my millionaire friends  
That's money on my mind, Wale  
Get 'em all, get 'em all, pack it all up  
Stack up your funds like a million bucks  
Across the pond, they all know us  
International, whoa  
Drivin' my car to a foreign place  
Lookin' at me, now they know my face  
We want it all now, we got all, yes  
Look at that, look at how they lookin' at us  
Yeah, they keep sayin' whale, but my name Wale  
Hoes call me 'Mr. Never Wear The Same Thang'  
You redundant, you never ever change  
And I'm the same way, MIA  
And me, Cool, and Dre get high like planes  
Your man Wale in his own damn lane

Can't control the box, you are no Mills Lane

Ain't heard DC since Sardines came

Ha, and I made y'all love it

We don't cop pleas, but y'all don't cop nothin'

Police come around, don't nobody say nothin'

And you be with the cops, you niggas is McLovin'

Dark liquor 'til we busted

'Til I got a buzz a like that nigga Chris Mullen

District of Columbia

You Bernie Mac funny, we ain't scared of none of ya

Get 'em all, get 'em all, pack it all up

Stack up your funds like a million bucks

Across the pond, they all know us

International, whoa

Drivin' my car to a foreign place

Lookin' at me, now they know my face

We want it all now, we got all, yes

Look at that, look at how they lookin' at us

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Dre pick 'em up, pick 'em up, I'll shut 'em all down

Haters in the crowd, if you see 'em point 'em out

Stacks in my jeans, broads on the scene

Folarin be ballin' for all y'all to see

Ain't I something? The way I'm stuntin'

My material girls give 'em A-Rod money

LV on my luggage

Them mammas gonna hate and I love it, fuck 'em

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