

The Curse of the Gifted

Wale

Life's better when your niggas good, and your mama straight
I'm honestly still looking for some type of balance
Cuz the status got me jah tripping
Cuz I like my bitch, but I love these bitches on my dick
When spitting tell me what you feeling different knowing you's the bread winner
And it's rare you hear niggas say he can't feel you
But in your ears like he dope, just not dope enough
And the closest ho would be probin you to open up
And to do so you must roll one up
And it's lonely at the top
They say me that they feelin me
I eat this game and shit this out
My dirty draws got winning streaks
I'm in too deep, this industry is sayin to a nigga
Got change like them, just but ain't changed like them nigga
They only fuck with my old shit cuz I'm on shit
But I was potent in '06, niggas slow as shit
Now my dreams is nothing more than minimal thoughts
And my cheese gon fluctuate tho sleep is the cause
And I'm tired though
And I'm high too
But it's like my music made these niggas turn they pride to fool
Yea, ye ain't even gotta love us
But you better respect this motherfucking hustle, real nigga shit
Satisfaction's for suckers
And ye don't even gotta love us
But you will respect this motherfuckin hustle, real nigga shit
See life better when you know you real
I know some niggas is winning but ain't been home in years
Pray they not know the feeling, sitting on a couple million
Sipping pretentious liquids
Ease with they money when hella finding is only trippin
Like you were flow'd I bet yourself that you with 60 niggas
So we keep that circle small and never let no squares in there
It's double M G, I hope they know the set
Don't you cop a second whip unless yo mama out of debt
Shout out to my cousin Bola, be home in a minute yep
My nigga's at the Rivers correctional, that's me in that vent
They thought I wasn't winning, the crew full of troubles
But I do, I fucked the game and came out a gold rapper

I should be loving my accomplishments
But a brand new Maserati got me plottin on another hit
Success is like a never ending battle
Well whoever at the top and if that's you you who you tryna hear
To top on my last year, it's all that I ask of
I pray you forgive me if I don't bask in this chapter
I'm a legend out Georgetown, we talkin bout practice?
'Cause in this establishment you ain't never established Satisfaction's for suckers
Satisfaction's for suckers
And ye don't even gotta love us
But you will respect this motherfuckin hustle, real nigga shit Satisfaction's for suckers
Satisfaction's for suckers
And ye don't even gotta love us
But you will respect this motherfuckin hustle, real nigga shit This is the story about the price of fame
But the love for the dollar
Is because they cannot change

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