Tv In The Radio

Wale

(Wale)
Wale, I kick it, I kick it like Olindo
I wear my Nike boots in Gucci
I don't wear no Timbo
I kick it any tempo
I'm lifted off the indo
I'm poppin champagne, drinkin till I'm jumpin out the windooow, haha If the autotune's gone bet they'll all tune in
So I'mma do it bigger than an Audemar wrist watch
Hip-Hop slackin, why they gettin Grammies when these niggas is actin?
They phony, should get Tonies for the thing that they be yappin
It's utterly bologna so I'm Muslim to these rappers
Fuck yappin they lucky we don't clap em
And have them people leakin like they're CD isn't mastered
CD is in plasic, these niggas is has-beens
We ain't makin friends while these niggas is Anistons
Dig, these niggas is fake joe
Hip-Hop need to wake up, we the fuckin clock radios
(HOOK)
We original officially the most original
If we wasn't so original then we'd be criminal
Wale and K'naan they don't know is they're radio
How the hell did they fit the TV in the radiooo
(Wale)
They told me go in, no problem I'mma go in
And shy away from drama, I ain't run away from no man
And there ain't been no buster prepared for you suckas
Then they'll play with Mario Brothers when it was duck hunt
That's words to my mama, since I was in a starter
A nigga been a star before I forfeited my scholar
Shit didn't finish college, shit wasn't a problem
Shit my homecoming is here I'm who they call up
So I still be on that yard with a feely of that Marley
From the city the Philly women willing to menage
Though I put em on pause since Manilli been involved
Though everybody's on me like the Milli V part
Now I'm from the D Dot where we not no beatboxers

We talkin B blockers keep us with deep pockets

See not no fad or no internet phenom
But he be's on that web like he be's with Pete Parker
Me I'm not shy and my partner's Somalian
K'naan and my buzz is too big like Comala
Ballin, Folarin so goddamn hard
Fat rhymes everytime bitch Roseanne bars... Wale
(HOOK)
(K'naan)
I don't know why the industry wanna keep me a secret
And Wale been tellin other rappers take a deep breath
And don't perform after him or you might regret
I guess they didn't get the memo or the leaflet
You know if you was harder than me then you'd be led
And if you had more street cred then you'd be dead
And I'm Somali so I guess I'm just trynna eat bread
Fuckin with my people well that's called the Heath Ledge
Needless to say I turn rap beef to piglets
Make you speechless, make you bloody, make you teethless
Then the blood drip on the floor poison pieces
I been on more red carpets than Ryan Seacrest
Don't cross me cause my friend I'm no Jesus
I don't turn cheecks or draw blood like leeches
And my friend's a nut me spark in heaters
Get your ass privileges with parking meters
Do I condone it or is this some kinda small talk?
Course not, I'm big like horse nut
Under pressure I don't sweat like my pores shut
I'm from the ten shacks where mishaps get fix fast by klick klacks and big bwaps
And inside they think rap soft
My pen sparks the benchmark I fench off tar
No sixteen, no vaccine, I'm so sick my ten bars cough
Now I'm off
(Wale)
Hold up, hold up, hold up

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