

Chillin

Chill Rob G

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

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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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