

# Chillin (Main)

## Wale

Na na na na  
Na na na na  
Hey hey hey  
Goodbye  
Hey!

Lookin' at, lookin' at, lookin' at me  
Look at that, look at how they lookin' at me  
Eyes all sticky like honey on bees  
Look at that, look at how they lookin' at me  
Yeah D-C chillin', P-G 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 of 09  
Kickin' in the door, and I'm e'erybody 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 alotta whips, well I got a lot  
I got the right to be cocky  
Get so much cut disc jockeys jock me  
You niggas mad cause you not me  
I remain a giant while your Jeremy Shockey  
And if you ain't heard me properly  
If you speak garbage, then we no capice  
D-C chillin', p-g chillin', floor to the ceilin'  
Stuntin' in my billion-air, gear on my  
Millionaire frames, that's money on my mind, wale!

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My name wale

Yea, they keep sayin' whale but my name wale  
Ho's call me "Mr. never wear the same thing"  
You redundant, you never ever change  
And I'm the same way, M-I-A  
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 D-C since sardines came  
Ha! and I made y'all love it  
We don't cop plea's, but y'all don't cop nuffin'  
Police come around don't nobody say nuffin'  
And you be with the cops, you niggas is Mclovin  
Dark liquor til we busted  
Til' I got a buzz like that nigga Chris Mullen  
District of Columbia  
You Bernie Mac funny, we ain't scared of none of ya!

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Get 'em all, get 'em all, pack it all up  
Stack up your funds like a million bucks  
Across that pond, they all know us  
International, whoa!  
Driving my car to a foreign place  
Lookin' at me, nothin' on my face  
We want it all now, we got it all yes  
Look at that, look at how they lookin' at us

Dre, pick 'em, ah, pick 'em, I'll shut 'em all down  
Haters in the crowd, if you see 'em point them 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!  
L-V on my luggage

Them bammass goin' hate, and I love it, fuck 'em

Flier than the boys  
Flier than the birds  
Flyin' in the sky with the money in herds  
We want it all now, we got it all yes  
Look at that, look at how they lookin' at us

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written by RIDDICK, MAKEBA / UNKNOWN, WRITER /

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