Street Runner

Wale

[Verse 1:]The nerve of these niggas, they acting like they done already made it
Practice make perfect, so perfect'll be my mama's maiden
These niggas lame and uneducated and constipated
What I lay every statement should be the defecation
My denim made by respected Asians, I dress amazing
My shirt so crazy I get away with some Sketchers Shape-Ups
Such a lie for I couldn't get up out these Nike's
Number five Tokyo don't even know the price
Bitch, we balling like we ain't harvesting for tomorrow
We ain't no gangsters, but we gone mob up before we borrow
Gold bottles, flow getting me Aziago
With braggodacio like Randy Macho Man out the toro
I'm a slim jim, it's designated to your lady
Now that Benz friend, I'm sliding in that new Mercedes
Or whatever her name is, she just likes to get famous
And I bet she see the light, know that's Benjamin Franklin
[Hook]
[Verse 2:]Look, is this what you predicted? Look what you becoming
It's funny privacy limits even though I'm living with comfort
How can you really do it? How can you really love it?
When women who never loved you is showing you so much of it
Real niggas respect me, I ain't switch up my image
Real women respect me, they can tell that I listen
And little niggas is mad that I'm winning
They got opinions, but got no bitches
Won't pop a pistol, pop up a midget
God bless 'em, my cigar fill with all my stressing
Don't own a mirror, but made a million simply reflecting
Tell my respecters on Malcom X, I apply the pressure
Lucaya closed from a line of row, no lying, go check it
And I do this for the coaching
And I'm hoping I can motivate and do it big as Oprah
Word, real nigga shit, you might gone need some help
Hit the scene, guillotine, niggas head off theirselves
[Hook]

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