

Poor Decisions (feat. Rick Ross & Lupe Fiasco)

Wale

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions
Damn
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions
All my little homies up in prison
I'mma let you know just how I'm livin'I can tell you' bout the Mach Five
I can show you what them blocks buy
I can tell you 'bout my block ties
I can take you to the far side
Poor decision makin' plagued you niggas' lives
You sellin' crack up on your momma porch
While she still goin' through her new divorce
He has a thrill as he raise his voice
When he really needs to raise his boys
Young thugs with so much talent
Young thugs havin' no balance
Young niggas havin' no fathers
Young niggas catchin' dope charges
Growin' up she say she felt alone
Now she strippin' for that pot of gold
Another fish in the bowl
They say her mother never played her role
I heard her mother always on the roll
Her mother always wearin' gold
Where I'm from I guess that's how it goes Rich niggas makin' poor decisions
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Damn
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions
All my little homies up in prison
Lupe gotta tell 'em how you livin'The Beloved T-Rex says
Grown man bars is somethin' you gotta deal with
Whole hand cards but nothin' that you can build with
That sound like bullshit from out a bull mouth
Even the tepee is a full house
Simple shelter keep you out the cold
If you hold it close together, we'll never fold

Why you lettin' the devil beat you out your soul
You don't believe in God then at least believe in odds
This house of our is just a house of cards
Just without the yards, and nice adjacent parks
We was born black but that shit'll make you dark
Even with a handful of hearts
Mind on the club just to find a little love, my regards
Cause when your P-O-V is poverty
It's like D-O-C a lottery, that D-O-C be lock and key
Finna D-O-P-E bob and weave
And the boxer boxin' free
Up out them rings like it was Rocky 3
Caught up in the game now
Look at how we came out like olly olly oxen free
That ain't why they watchin' me, yeah, yeah
Poor decider since like 4, 5 or sugar coated, colored edibles
Instead of buildin' up a habit in them vegetables
Now early 30s, my blood pressure's incredible
Medical, yeah nigga I'm tellin' you
Coveting cars over community
Rappers influence your shootin' sprees
Turn around and publish bars like it ain't got shit to do with me
Easy to record so ruthlessly
Rich niggas Rich niggas makin' poor decisions
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions Can't tell you 'bout that H dude
But I'll tell you 'bout this hate dude
And I'll show you where they raise a tool
I have a nigga late for the labels or the latest shoes
I'm from an era where gold trinkets could buy attention
And the hoes thinking might blow your winky for a known emblem
Label whores that'll fuck a sale and suck a store
Lust apparel, who dream of Rolls, but can't Accord
Or afford, a Dodge, or a Ford
Where she end up on your knob cause she has never been adored
Lord help us, my generation come to an end
Cause we all selfish, but livin' shallow, how we gon' swim?
I mean really why should I pretend?
Walk a day up in my tennis; my soul is possessed
I'm reppin' my set, no matter who posin' against
Once I got hot, they only good option to vent Aye Ricky I'mma flip the mission
How 'bout poor niggas makin' rich decisions?
Poor niggas makin' rich decisions
That shit right there is more efficient
I think that might be a better description

Poor niggas makin' rich decisions
Can't afford 'em but you still gon' get 'em
That's a poor nigga making rich decisions
Buyin' jewelry but you know you're vision

Yeah!

On a mission

Yeah!

Maybe part 2

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