

# Sharp (feat. Torae and Kingpin Slim)

## Wale & 9th Wonder

[Intro - Wale talking]

K.B. what up? Jonas what up? Haha. Check it. Uh[Chorus - Wale]

And it weighs a ton

Dub A.L.E., such a son of a gun

And I master every trade under the sun

Talk sharp like a razor blade under the tongue, nigga

And it weighs a ton

Dub A.L.E., such a son of a gun

And I master every trade under the sun

Talk sharp like a razor blade

Ha, uh

[Verse 1 - Wale]

It's nothin' like where I come from

That's why I shed light on the darker I come from

Nigeria inspired to talk drum

The soul proprietor on the globe from our sun

I own it

Now everybody on it

My mind's so bright when that when I go in you can't notice it no mo'

So if I talk down to a man

Not only do I enlighten but I provide a tan

Hoppin' out a van

Braggin' because I am

Draped in green and red like flag of Sudan

While you pretend, and you niggas so pretentious

I love a Tracey Ross but I don't keep a girlfriend, look

Warm is a pen from the hand from the head

That whatever it creates it will land in the hand

In the pack of the group

They lack what I do

You would think that I had a match for a tooth

And I snap like Bob Backland in the booth

To bad bitches I'm about as bashful as Luke

I Freaknik's and the Swishers

Two dyke bitches while I'm filmin' them picnic, yum

The District's son

Prodigal, the Prodigy

That's Mobb Deep and that is no pun

Do

Straight bad bitches I run, through  
I put out when I'm cummin'  
I love to be redundant  
So I'm hopin' that your period is punc-tual  
On time  
One rhyme  
Wale Folarin huh  
Holler at me  
[Chorus - Wale]  
And it weighs a ton  
Dub A.L.E., such a son of a gun  
And I master every trade under the sun  
Talk sharp like a razor blade under the tongue, nigga  
And it weighs a ton  
Dub A.L.E., such a son of a gun  
And I master every trade under the sun  
Talk sharp like a razor blade  
Ha[Verse 2 - Torae]  
The bars razor blade sharp and no  
Cold, Antarctic flow, rap nigga, you want to know  
See my name on a flier then you ought to go  
My arsenal, makes for an awesome show  
And the discography, somethin' you got to see  
It's like I snatched names off of classic LP's  
I guess I sort of did and I call it Daily  
Conversation, abbreviation I made it D.C.  
The home of Wale, formerly home of me  
I did a little stint, shout out to the south east  
And slid back north of course to pen more  
Awesome thoughts, record and forward to y'all  
Underrated so I over charge  
Bars is over y'all  
They hot now, when Tor' drop it's over for 'em  
I'm light years ahead of you right tiers  
So the homie Wale can leave the hook right  
Jeah[Chorus - Wale]  
And it weighs a ton  
Dub A.L.E., such a son of a gun  
And I master every trade under the sun  
Talk sharp like a razor blade under the tongue, nigga  
And it weighs a ton  
Dub A.L.E., such a son of a gun  
And I master every trade under the sun  
Talk sharp like a razor blade  
Ha, uh[Chorus 2 - Kingpin Slim]

And it weighs a ton  
My name's Kingpin Slim and I'ma son of a gun  
And I master every trade under the sun  
Talk sharp like a razor blade  
Ha[Verse 3 - Kingpin Slim]  
I'm important to the impostors  
Boppers  
They impressed with my pimp posture  
Team shine hard, you'll squint at the roster  
Fuck around you gon' need a stint at the doctors  
Clown be careful  
Fuck boys you should fearful  
We tote toast like we careful  
Cheers  
I flash smiles at the mean looks  
Got a little too much confidence and seem shook  
Use my watch as a pawn to get your queen took  
I got a fetish for fresh, I'm a clean crook  
And I don't need a coupon when I cop a Coupe  
Cause I'm a baller all y'all niggas do is lock the hoop  
You're sayin' that's your girl  
She's a prostitute  
I treat Arnette like a net when I stop and shoot  
Swish  
Even if I miss she gon' rebound  
Homie, got the industry watchin' DMV now  
I know they gon' see me unless they senile  
I pray I stay up out the grave and the penile  
Meanwhile  
I'm convertible coastin'  
I ain't play no more I converted to coachin'  
And I rarely get credit so I keep cash with me  
Cocaine is a hell of drug, ask Whitney  
Yeah, this is creativity on Creatine  
D.C. about to blow, we know cause we the guillotine[Chorus - Wale]  
And it weighs a ton  
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And I master every trade under the sun  
Talk sharp like a razor blade under the tongue, nigga  
And it weighs a ton  
Dub A.L.E., such a son of a gun  
And I master every trade under the sun  
Talk sharp like a razor blade

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