

# Beautiful Bliss

Wale

Babe, you know it gets no better than this,  
It's like sunshine on a rainy day,  
It's like a, "How could you take me away?"  
"Take me away."  
"Away."

It's a beautiful bliss.  
When you feel like this (beautiful bliss)  
When you spill out hits (beautiful bliss)  
When you fly as a bitch  
And you ride with tits  
And you aint bothered a bit now baby.

Fresh out the airport  
Fresh out the tan with the clippers  
Like Sean Lippert thinking, hmm  
I'm trying to get it like Sean get it  
If lord giveth a mill and a milf like skibbit  
Its slight blemishes and life system  
But I'm giving it foundation when I write lyric  
That anvil night hard mine is bright knickers  
Maybe not quite the star but my hearts in it  
When Brett Hart meet Brett Favre  
A sharp shooter well exceeding any figure four  
You see my figure more or less stick some more  
On your vest then my larynx and lungs and this voice I project  
My pro-ject is like what pros inject  
And niggas so fly I should be droved in jets  
It's ironic they call me a fresh breath no joke  
You see them boys sign me to the 'Scope, right?

I fall whole to the real they wanna' know just how it feel  
Who woulda thought a lil' nigga from the ville could get a deal  
And tell them niggas at the top we want yo spot we are for real  
And yet we heard you got it locked but like them socks we on your heels  
So you best be on your toes nigga  
Especially on your flows nigga  
'Cause man they keep on checking for me especially all your hoes nigga  
Catch me on your doorstep  
You see me let me in  
All I wanna' do is eat  
I'm like the freaky lesbian  
Know all I wanna' do is ball on TV knee ESPN  
They heard I'm bout to blow so all my enemies say, "Let's be friends."  
And all these rappers know just where I'm 'bout to go so catch me then  
Where all the girls that we knew scream, "Fuck you"  
Gon' let me in  
I'm definitely in a class of my own  
And dinner with Hov  
Hoping that he pass the baton  
He just pass the Patron  
And he aint givin' dog is earned  
If you just live in dog you learn  
I let you niggas see the light  
I'm like the prison yard I yearn  
For that living large but mama I aint done yet  
Sit back and watch your son rise  
Kick back and know your son set

Forever I aint run yet  
And never will  
Nas told me life's a bitch  
Pac said, "Fuck the world and I aint come yet."  
You up yet?  
My punchlines like gut checks  
I'm raw dog  
I'm rough sex  
I'm on deck  
I'm up next  
I'm godbless  
I'm success  
So fuck stress  
You can get the fuck from around me  
And if you listening know you wondering  
Where the fuck they found me  
Im from the ville boy  
(Ay Wale, good looking.)

Another day up in my ES  
Wish it was an LS  
But e-lastic is my wallet  
Fuck it  
I don't be stressed like relaxed muscles  
Your feedback aint flexing  
Then you can keep it running  
Like a muffler  
When we not in summer  
They like A list actors  
They not no stunners  
Too much practice now for me to malfunction  
So any beat that function  
I breathe on and puncture  
Leave it like a female Dijon a puncture  
Waiting showing you her beauty if she's naked  
It's like the view of a paintin' or a lakehead  
This shits how beautiful my day is  
Peep me how I'm raising up the capital for Nathan  
Capital I'm raising like I'm through punctuating  
Or shift keys or it I placement 'cause  
Shift the keys get your capital raised up  
(Mother fucker)

(Ha, yeah. Bump it, bump it. To my beautiful, uhh. This is my beautiful, uhh  
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This is my beautiful, uhh. Attention Deficit. Yeaa'. This is my beautiful, u  
hh.  
This is my beautiful, uhh. This is my beautiful, uhh.)

[Thanks to bo, Jon for correcting these lyrics]