

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 Lippet 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. Yaaa'. This is my beautiful, u
hh.
This is my beautiful, uhh. This is my beautiful, uhh.)

[Thanks to bo, Jon for correcting these lyrics]