

# Contemplate

Wale

Dear sweetheart, wassup boo  
Whatchu up to?  
More club moves?  
I call her, no answer  
Her phone in the bag, she dancing  
Its four now, the clubs over  
I call her, but oh hold up  
Yall know what? ignore button  
Or the phone die, lets hope for it  
That damier bag I bought her  
Caught the attention of those niggas on it  
That cellphone that I bought  
Is probably filled with some other niggas numbers  
So it leaves me to wonder  
Why do I still promise to love her?  
Cut me off every time I'm talking  
Which means she ain't never hear nothing  
I say "stay", she wanna leave  
She get her point across so I gotta let her be  
Ima let her be by herself in peace  
But five years from now I bet she see  
When the club gets played  
The things you crave are no longer escapes  
And no longing for dates  
You want a husband, but no one has a cape  
Now you wondering "wait"  
And I aint trying to hear what you wanting to say  
It feels good to be over you, babe  
So play this shit while you contemplate, contemplate, contemplate  
play this shit while you contemplate  
play this shit while you contemplate

Who am I living for?  
Is this my limit?  
Can I endure some more?  
Chances are giving  
Questions existing

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Them people, they talking  
Them lights, they on me  
This life I chose  
But I aint know, til I found it  
To be honest, I'm modest  
One hater for every nigga on it  
One day everybody is applauding  
The next day you is everybody target  
Why bother? why talk to em?  
Where God at? I need to call Him  
My knees on the ground, Dear Father  
Don't let me break, please make me stronger  
How much longer, will it linger?

Well my heart is giving will they believe it  
When my song is over will they need me?  
Watch how quickly they find a new leader  
Questioning the whole meaning  
In the viper room with just me and river phoenix  
With courtney love and late washington  
With a note there and I'm thinking of reading  
This aint her, chris benoit  
Heath ledger said the nights gonna be dark  
Feel the size of a fellas ...? & low  
Apollo theater I might just not go  
Franky lymon the lime light gets old  
Cold so in a while I'm schitzo  
I cant cope, I cant think  
I cant breathe, this aint me  
This aint easy, I'm thinking  
Am I doing this for them or me?  
I cant think, am I doing this for them or me?

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