

Gullible

Wale

Would you believe that?
If you believe that
TV killed the radio
TV killed the radio
Let's get it

What if they tell you this music was bogus?
The government run it, they controlling the culture
Would you believe that if you read that?
What if they tell you the iPhone was tapped?
And see all of your browse and I know you viewing your apps
And Twitter and Instagram is really like middle man
And internet soldiers, everybody was carrying max
And when they said Obama was in a raid
He actually got a good ass tan and the swag to appear black
Would you believe that? Niggas impeach that, look
How bout they tell you you dying if you ain't voting?
So now you vote for one in reline
I got a motion and believe that
You know you doing what you eat
What if they make a list? Telling you what is dope
Talking you what's here but never let they mother jump
Part in the flow with consistence control they many souls
I thought it's it, loaded by television shows
Opinion show with Muslims see what they loving boy
A little gossip makes little people feel more important
So don't believe so how they are breaking the law?
A lot of bullets are prodigal to the gullible

I'm turning on the radio just to turn the TV on (on, on)
I live my whole life in stereo, always singing my own song (song, song)
As it flows into my vein
As it flows into my vein

TV killed the radio
TV killed the radio
TV killed the radio
And then the internet slit the television throat

And the world star model fell up out the orbit
That's what that brought a rapping artist behind his mortgage
And now the rappers would visit Shawty, Shawty keep going
And everybody be laughing at him, he doesn't know it
'Cause he believed her, thought he couldn't be G but such a squeaker
News flash, news flash, it's a cruel world
And no one's too thorough to lose it on to a girl
Uh, what if they told you your chick was a groupie
You know, like a hoe, the type I've been shooting
You gon' play it like nah homie, soon as the car pull up
Tell er you'll holler at er so get in you gonna lose it

TV killed the radio
TV killed the radio
TV killed the radio
And then the internet slit the television throat

When I moved forward I gave birth to several episodes

Our generation is turned, we got too many clones
We just believe they gon' repeat what niggas told
And all the bullets are prodigal to the gullible

I'm turning on the radio just to turn the TV on (on, on)
I live my whole life in stereo, always singing my own song (song, song)
As it flows into my vein
As it flows into my vein

I'd like to thank all the beautiful people that came out here tonight
There's Reese, yea I see you in the bag baby
Oh yea
You hear that? Uh, here to adapt things in the back
Young Dallas
I feel good right now
I just want something bout people but I appreciate
I'm to believe it
You done