

## Rotation

Wale

Ooooh... tryin' to stay in my zone  
Watching enemies close; they be doing the most  
So I go through the motions, yeah...  
Five blunts in rotation, five blunts... (4x)

(Yeah, 2 Chainz!)

Good head is my motivation  
Gas her up like a service station  
Purple drank on you perpetratin'  
While you perpetrating, I'm renegotiatin'  
Ah, let me think about it... Ah, it's like a bank around me  
When the soldiers with me it's like a tank around me  
And I don't like niggas saying "can't" around me - I define the odds  
Two Glock nines is my bodyguards, ain't nothing slick to a can of oil  
Roll up, I'm high as fuck, some of you niggas ain't try enough  
Some of you niggas ain't buy enough, you smoking good, put your light  
ers up

Uh, a nigga like me don't smoke blunts so I keep those joints in rota  
tion  
Bad bitches calling the radio, keep my joints in rotation  
Keep throwing money on her ass, she keep that joint in rotation  
First I'm in a car and then another car, I keep them joints in rotati  
on  
And I'm hella faded - getting elevated  
She give me them good brains - I'm getting well educated  
Soon as them hoes see my car, they wanna jump right in  
If you see my crib, you would think I was Malibu Ken  
Pour a shot or two of gin, go and invite a few friends;  
we done tried a few things now you tryna move in  
You ain't gotta dude and so I got a few fans,  
I'm a roll a few grams and follow through with the plan  
Hold up! Pour some gin in her cup - she taking shots  
Bend her down to the front - she taking shots

One more to get my lungs warm, two more to get me numb to it  
Let me tell you niggas: feel this, he'll realize I gotta deodorize al  
l the unsure  
Made millions with Shawn Corey, (Chief) a lot, shout out (Reese) and  
them  
Shout out Gleesh and Lil Meech, and peach Ciroc, can't see a nigga wr  
iting like an old sharpie  
Like a nigga out the globe, with a nigga throwed, like a cornerback i  
n the flat, nigga in the zone  
Like an ornament on a tree, home in the tree; how you gonna eat? Carn  
ivores need beef; well I need Beats  
Been doing this, been proving it, now these niggas give it up like th  
ey do at Lent  
I just be like "Yep!" then I get a rest, haters trying to fuck with m  
e, give 'em nuts like a stewardess  
Ooooh (hahaha)... tryna stay in my zone (heh)  
I ain't ready to go, and I thought I was on

'Til I seen Puffy Combs (Whattup Puff?)  
Five blunts, nigga fired up, nigga might slide off with y'all joint  
I got some later joints, and now joints, I got emergency hoes, like f  
iretrucks  
You a wannabe clone, you never authentic, you never boss up, we never  
see y'all out  
You be frontin' too hard, you ain't viagra, you just wanna be hard 't  
il you see all us, ho

[Chorus 1.5x]