

The Intro About Nothing

Wale

Time to clock in, baby

Yeah

You ready?

Yes, I was ready last time

We gon' call this "The Intro About Nothing." It's gon' go like this:

Lord, my all, what you think of it?

Been on this long road accumulating luggage

As time proceeds, preoccupied with everything

I think it's 'bout that I sing of nothing

Sipping wine, sipping wine, cause my Henny finished

Hard to be friendly with women who've seen too many niggas

So I keep my circle small, you need reduction

Never too much friends, what is your circumference?

I swear to God, times is hard, but they're getting better

Tryna enjoy every moment, but see we so competitive

Gubana made the level, and I never missed a supper

But still my hunger's like a fucking model at a buffet

I'm with these broads who in love, they ain't seen any better

But dollar signs never mind, and he keep a zero

And if my heart could speak, it would talk to freaks

And leave the room when a nigga try to sleep with 'em

Getting high, getting by, watching time fly

Tell my niggas, I'ma get 'em if they gon' ride

Young, wild nigga living the dream

Although I'm not who I'm destined to be

They keep saying, "Grow up"

Lord, my all, what you think of it?

Been on this long road accumulating luggage

As time proceeds, preoccupied with everything

I think it's 'bout that I sing of nothing

I pray my girl don't turn to my baby mother yet

But in fact I do, I need by boo to keep my shit in check

And shit get easier when dreams of chasing respect

Get realized, and ain't no team invading your set

Getting high, getting by as my mind fly

Just bought my homie a Roley simply to pass time

And on top it's lonely so keep your homies right by your side

And if life is short then we'll be the shorts of the Fab Five

Severed ties with any nigga who covet mine

And all the stunting got me looking ugly in momma's eyes

But I gotta do it, these niggas need provocative music

And as a youth momma worked too much to have an influence

Rapping and music, a bunch of bitches acting too foolish

You gotta be stupid, even Tim Allen had him a tooly

Getting high, sitting down, thinking out loud

It's a shame niggas lame, but I'mma hold it down

Let my bread roll, never let my friends go

That's why I let these dreads grow, I'll never fit your fucking crown

Getting high, getting by, watching time fly

Tell these niggas I'mma get 'em every other time

Young, wild niggas sit in your seat

Know every weekend every liquor for free

With chilly roller for leaf, nothing so silly, bitch, I sow what I reap

Double M Genius, make these bitches so deep
I make these niggas' opinion on younger lyricists consistently weak
Put my cardio in the audio and you missin' the beat
I'm out, standing in every avenue, I'm good in the streets
Outstanding, shitting on niggas, but you sit when you pee
Hold up

I figure, they don't care nothing 'bout albums.
So why not give 'em an album about - [chuckles].
Hey, you better sing that shit, nigga.
This how you start the motherfucking show.
My fourth joint in a row.
The moon's in the motherfuckin' sky, all rise

Lord, my all, what you think of it?
Been on this long road accumulating luggage
As time proceeds, preoccupied with everything
I think it's 'bout that I sing of nothing