

# The Middle Finger

Wale

Now, one of the services you provide is giving them something to talk about.  
Let 'em talk. It makes 'em happy, it makes 'em feel good.  
They don't believe half the shit they say.  
People wanna talk. Yeah, it's fun to talk

Hate to be the bearer of bad news  
But I can't move with too many rap dudes  
I respect dudes from my double M crew  
But I'm just not that dude hanging on to who's who's and such  
Cash rule for some, got room for none  
Can't fool with niggas who put the rumors up  
Wanted to quit, rap music sucks  
But couldn't run a 4.2, so with you I'm stuck  
Went in the booth, truth? the only tool I trust  
And that's sayin' a lot, cause Pro Tools be stuck  
You grindin' hot, they wanna be cool with yah  
They're like consignment shops, they're old news to us

Society, I trip 'em  
Aye well look now  
I got to be the realest  
Aye well look now  
Society, I trip 'em  
Aye well look now  
Should follow no nigga  
Just the god inside of my mirror  
Fuck you, leave me alone (aye well look now)  
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Fightin' for my respect, receive it or nothin' else  
Preachin' and geekin', I kinda think that I'm Malcolm X  
MDMA in my juice, jaws tired and thru  
Now I'm sweatin' cause the bitches, they perspired me to  
Are you judgin' me now? Do you fuck with me now?  
Miscarried my first child, ain't finna come out  
Fuck the therapy route, where the syrup and loud?  
Blue 30 come around, there's the smile  
Opiated, could show up later with more elation  
All my bitches say, "Take it easy, enjoy the paper"  
Try to be with the people, see what I'm fightin'  
Them inner demons, and how it was eatin' me while I be in Vegas  
Yeah, life a gamble anyway jo  
Pop a perc, I could merk through the pain though  
Mind bills pilin' up, drop a single  
Thrill's all gone when that mothafuckin' fame go  
Ever seen a mix J Cole and Django?  
Educated, shit, but he whip like he ain't though  
Black bitches say my shit is so graceful  
White bitches barely know me up in Graystone

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