

# Routine (feat. Rick Ross & Meek Mill)

## Wale

Yeah

So much money you gotta put that shit on a scale, nigga  
We ain't never goin' back to being broke One time for all my young niggas in the trenches  
(Woo) Ain't chasing a bitch, I'm chasing a dream (You know the routine)  
Ah, damn, look what a nigga done made of the team (You know the routine)  
I know why they jealous, I be on the type of stuff they never seen (You know the routine)  
Whole 'nother level, I shit on them niggas and ain't even mean it (Whoa, whoa) Young nigga  
blowin' old money, spend a milli', make it back (Whoa, whoa)  
Made enough off a old hustle, I don't even gotta rap (Whoa)  
Grind and I get it, stack and I spend it, you know the routine (You know the routine)  
Poppin' them tags, gettin' them bags, you know the routine, hey (You know the routine) Mike  
Amiri put a hole in my jeans  
I ain't playin', in a whole 'nother league  
Go to Philly, then I go to Reddys  
Then I get a Rollie, then I meet a bitch, and then I get a zip  
And then I take a dip into her womaness  
I feel like Carson Wentz, I got the wisdom  
If a nigga sit the bench, I got a funny feeling that you niggas fooling  
Boy, he still the coldest  
This the moment I come different, yeah  
Yeah, BAPE, Folarin, no monkey business, can't H&M, that's no  
Shout out to women in Cape Town  
Africa's always a great time  
Donald said all of us live in huts  
I tell him "Dummy, go to Lagos"  
Oh, you niggas like to play tough?  
You really hatin' 'cause your pay stub  
Philly women really chillin' with me  
Now I really can't stop sayin' jawn  
The double-M-G is back, mo'  
See me with Sneak and with fat boy  
See, they can sleep on my raps, they have  
But who really, really can bag hoes? (Whoa, whoa, Folarin, bitch)  
Young nigga blowin' old money, spend a milli', make it back (Whoa, whoa)  
Made enough off a old hustle, I don't even gotta rap (Whoa)  
Grind and I get it, stack and I spend it, you know the routine (You know the routine)  
Poppin' them tags, gettin' them bags, you know the routine, hey (You know the routine) You  
know how we living, I ain't gotta post it (I don't) I ain't even boastin' (Yeah)  
How many times I gotta tell you 'bout these 'Raris and Wraiths and Ghosts? (Skrrt-skrrt)  
How many times I gotta tell you that I mob, La Cosa Nostra? (The mob)  
How many famous bitches do I gotta fuck for the love of the culture?  
Oh Lord, everything Kosher (Yeah)

Came in this bitch with a chip on my shoulder (Whoa)  
 Took it to Vegas (Vegas)I bet it all at the table at poker (Whoa)  
 Just look at they faces (Faces)  
 I know they don't like how I'm fucking them over (They don't)  
 These niggas is crazy (Crazy)  
 You never gon' catch me out rockin' a choker (No)  
 I'm on some shit right now, I feelin' lit right now (Lit right now)  
 We catch a snake in the grass, he gettin' clipped right down (Brrt, brrt)  
 I got a hundred in cash, I'm 'bout to spend right now (Spend right now)  
 They try to put me in last, but what do it look like now? (Woo)Young nigga blowin' old money,  
 spend a milli', make it back (Whoa, whoa)  
 Made enough off a old hustle, I don't even gotta rap (Whoa)  
 Grind and I get it, stack and I spend it, you know the routine (You know the routine)  
 Poppin' them tags, gettin' them bags, you know the routine, hey (You know the  
 routine)Fingerprints on that dope money  
 Healy sent you to a new crib (Huh)  
 Bad bitch speak pig Latin  
 Tussionex with a new seal (Huh)  
 Sticker price with the white bricksRaekwon with the Wu deal (Woo)  
 Slice a pie and we all eat  
 Stick a straw in my cough syrup  
 I don't fuck with these weirdos  
 Swear to God, it be paranoid  
 Treat a jet like it's a cab fare  
 Sold a brick, came back for itYour whole clique be your pallbearers  
 R-I-P for a small error  
 Black Phantom, blessed pharaoh  
 Black Bo', rest well (Bo)  
 Collins Ave in a high rise  
 Cocaine white skyline  
 What I labeled a memoir  
 To broke niggas is sci-fi  
 Bad bitch on my side line  
 Name tatted on five wives  
 Stackin' money like Mayweather  
 And they heard I got nine livesYoung nigga blowin' old money (Maybach music), spend a  
 milli', make it back (Whoa, whoa)  
 Made enough off a old hustle, I don't even gotta rap (Whoa)  
 Grind and I get it, stack and I spend it, you know the routine (You know the routine)  
 Poppin' them tags, gettin' them bags, you know the routine, hey (You know the routine)

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