

The Intro About Nothing

Wale

Time to clock in, baby
Yeah
You ready?
Yes, I was ready last time
We gon' call this "The 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 time 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"
x2
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 time I sing of nothing I pray my girl don't turn to my baby mother yet
But in fact I do, I need my 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 grow, 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 x2
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 time I sing of nothing
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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