

# The Helium Balloon

## Wale

So you're the balloon, you've got that helium, and we travel with you through the string. So we're going up there with you even though we're on the ground. We can't fly, I can't sing, I can't make music, but I can get a-- I can buy it. So I can get a balloon. I can't fly, but I can get a helium balloon I used to put my faith in the yarn, and now communication is gone

I agree we've gone distant, my new location the charts  
Naw, mm, can't count the days, but let's just say five  
Years, coming of age, it make you blow by your day job  
So cry for me, wild for me  
It's a horror story, eyes 20/20s that I-M-E your normal C  
And I'd be different gettin' diplomas in peace  
But gettin' applause and across, I'm hittin' Diplo for a beat  
Slight work to Dahi, it's a purpose y'all see  
In a world of doppelgangers, niggas ain't worth the copy  
You capiche? You got me cold  
Niggas'll fly you up this high, won't let you fly to the moon  
Goin' up!

They love your moves made 'til you make moves  
Achievin' new feats every few 8 shoes  
16, took a nigga dream different  
Had SOBs lookin' like it's new Supreme in it  
See that the line's been beastin'  
The main attraction, I got 'em hangin' their cleats up  
I've been keepin' it G  
It's levels to this fellow, hello I resemble the cheat codes  
Some shit good, some shit fly  
Some love to see you blow, they don't want see you pop  
Shit good, some shit nah  
Some shit recycled like second timers in Tour de France  
First you picked up, now you pick the part  
You get too fun 'til your core fans au revoir  
They like, "You stuck with us, cause you let him fly"  
Swear this life is like a helium balloon, I'm sorry  
But I gotta fly

Now when a kid gets a helium balloon, he's holding that string and he's keeping this balloon from going anywhere. But he also wants to let it go Gave you a contract, stay true through all that

Came through with Ross, writin' bangers for y'all  
But I ain't lose my content, fuck all that nonsense  
Diverse with rappin', I'm a writer with passion  
Tell the purist that laugh I don't reach out for daps  
Cause "No Hands" triple platinum  
Better writings for retail, why not see my detail?

Gettin' box office spins, only box I fit in  
Is by thigh on a female  
So they hatin' me for that, sayin' I just make women songs  
It's perfect style every, versatile got me right where her walls at  
Still know what my core needs, so fuck who ignores me  
For I need niggas, I purchased 3 mirrors and show y'all what's for me  
So he wants to let it go  
and he wants to catch it. Eventually he loses it, he doesn't want to lose it  
Why they give a fuck  
about the songs I write?  
As long as my tugs and my fans been nice  
Movin' forward with my life  
Crucify me, man of Jesus Christ  
Man I do 'em no favor  
Cause 'nough of them are traitor  
Them a real bite, biter  
Them are try take your glory and your energy  
Buffalo soldier  
Send us a sentimental gangster  
I mean a sinner, boy me 'fraid of  
Them are try take your glory and your energy  
Whatever, tell 'em it's whatever  
Wanna see me good or never see me better?  
Fuck 'em, can't say nothin'  
Cause the same hand heal you might cut you  
Fuck 'em, you ain't sayin' nothin'  
Cause the same hand heal you might cut you  
Whatever, tell 'em it's whatever  
Wanna see me good or never see me better?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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