

Heaven's Afternoon (feat. Meek Mill)

Wale

In the grand scheme of things
We never were supposed to have shit
Born to lose, built to win
Folarin, let's get it in We ain't supposed to never have nothing
We ain't supposed to never have shit
See the growth in my rhymes
See my focus ain't on them
Nah, at the top is just us, right
Let's get it
PRPs or some dunks you ain't on
Givenchy, but no kilt, mi amor
We can't leave, for we love the allure
Hold mine down and stay above what you on
On, I'm appeased and obliged
Scorpio freaks quantity Gemini
I'mma need me a light
Ridin' through the cap, Cap STEEZ on the mind
I ain't know him but I wish I did
Each one, teach one, may the youth live
On that, Joey Bad please hold your head
Lost one last summer, livin' ain't fair
While them niggas scared, we forever here
Hate to see you smile, money everywhere
Dream killers out, I see them in the rear
Before I put them in a song, put them in a prayer
Amen
Yeah, I'm focused, it's Folarin here
I reckon your barbershop talk of this
Heavenly father, may the spirit of God
Help whoever at odds get your guidance quick
All we need Keisha, all we need Becky
All we need is God, and fed free fetti
My little buddy livestrong, young nigga peddle
He ain't make it in the leagues, so the streets wet him
Gettin' wet up on the corner in whatever weather
Before see the jail again, he gonna see the devil
Been a week since he seen his mother
And 18 since he seen the other
I'mma pray for him
It's safe to say, he got some pain within
It ain't too much that I can say to him
Cause my bank statement don't relate to him I was so fresh, so clean when I stepped on that

scene

Pulled up Aston Martin, you could ask them ya'll seen
When I came through this bitch
Paper tagging on lean
Baddest bitch in the game
Nigga that was ya'll dream
Hold up, let me get a feel
Like Jackson, hold up
I don't feel these niggas, nah
Hey WallaceYap, what's the problem? I'm focused
I'm Kobe, I kill these niggas
I ain't scared of these niggas
Getting higher than Shaquille O'Neal's field goal percentage
Yeah me nigga
Till the brokest nigga with got a mill plus interest
Meek keep living
Get emWhen I was dead broke used to always tell myself I'mma still be the shit
Till my P.O she locked me up
I'mma do the time come home and still be this rich
Still see the bricks, I'mma still be a Mitch
Got these RICO niggas tryna kill me and shit
Hol' up, tryna kill me and shit
Let me get the flow back, I was killing this shit
We was killing them strips, drop heads -- no ceilings and shit
Ain't talking 'bout Wayne, bitch I'm talking them things
300 in chains a million in whips, niggaStarted from the bottom nigga
But now we grinding till the law come get us
For the money and them commas nigga
But can't forget about vagina nigga
Started from that bottom nigga
But now I got it it's a problem nigga
For that money and them dollars nigga
And I ain't rich but I'm still shining nigga
I'm still shining nigga
I'm still shining nigga
Shining nigga
We still shining nigga
Shining nigga
We still shining nigga
Shining nigga
Let me shine my nigga

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

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