

# The Curse of the Gifted

Wale

Life's better when your niggas good, and your mama straight  
I'm honestly still looking for some type of balance  
Cuz the status got me jah tripping  
Cuz I like my bitch, but I love these bitches on my dick  
When spitting tell me what you feeling different knowing you's the bread winner  
And it's rare you hear niggas say they can't feel you  
But in your ears like he dope, just not dope enough  
And the closest ho would be probin you to open up  
And to do so you must roll one up  
And it's lonely at the top  
They say me that they feelin me  
I eat this game and shit this out  
My dirty draws got winning streaks  
I'm in too deep, this industry is sayin to a nigga  
Got change like them, just but ain't changed like them nigga nigga  
The only shit on my old shit cuz I'm on shit  
But I was pumpin in '06 with the slow shit  
Now my dreams is nothing more than minimal thoughts  
Machine gon fluctuate those speakers to God  
And I'm tired though  
And I'm high too  
But it's like my music made these niggas turn they pride to fool  
Yea, yall don't even gotta love us  
But you better respect this motherfucker ah, you don't know shit

Satisfaction's for suckers  
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And yall don't even gotta love us  
But you will respect this motherfuckin hustle, real shit

See life better when you know you real  
I know some niggas is winnin but ain't been home in years  
Pray to not know the feeling, sitting on a couple million  
Sipping pretentious liquids  
Ease with they money when hella finding is on the trippin  
Like you were flow'd I bet yourself that you worth 60 mill  
So we keep that circle small and never let no squares in there  
It's double M G, I hope they know the set  
Don't you cop a second whip unless yo mama out of debt  
Shout out to my girls in Bola, be home in a minute yep  
My nigga's at the rivers correctional, that's me in that vent  
They thought I wasn't winning, the crew full of troubles  
But I do, I fucked the game and came out a gold rapper  
I should be loving my accomplishments  
But a brand new Maserati got me plottin on another hit  
Success is like a neverending battle  
Well whoever at the top and if that's you you who you tryna hear  
The top of my last shit, it's all that I ask er  
I pray you forgive me if I don't bask in this chapter  
I'm a legend out Georgetown, we talkin bout practice  
Cuz in this establishment you ain't never established

(2x):

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This is the story about the price of fame

But the love for the dollar

Is because they cannot change