

# Triumph

## Wale

Ladies and gentlemen I ain't tryna be politically correct  
But I won't rest till I'm givin' my respect  
And my vision isn't set on the money I get  
But more less the vest I'm comin' for y'all neck I ain't [Incomprehensible], just feelin' how you  
felt  
When you came more or less change is imminent  
I ask Mr. West for a lil' bit of hope realize us  
New niggas gotta get it ourselves So I dreamed of presentin' myself  
And the only thing I fear is I being shelved  
The cocky, liveliest for nobody  
Booked so many bitches should've been a cum laude Fuck the comradery with B rate artists  
I'm ballin' you niggas is Arliss, so watch this  
Always knew where the pot was  
With no receivers had the pickin' of a option  
Tommie Frazier on the motherfuckin' one or two's  
Or Michael Vick, if y'all bark nigga, y'all through Yea, 25, 25, 25 can I get 30?  
My side Jones is fat and my freak Jones is purdy  
Why? 'Cause I Mac like Bernie  
And she swallow everything like Kirby Not punkette but I hit it then I duck a bitch  
And older women put a nigga on their bucket list  
Me against you the movie of the year  
'Cause you slum dog and I'm the millionaire Their buzz Internet and mines in her net  
Should know I'm winnin' that Chanel fitted cap  
I know they suck I'm just showin you where my city at  
Where fiends always on that water like a lily pad  
But since Mark put a nigga on that lily track  
I had the British shows talkin' 'bout bring him back  
But that's a shitty accent you should've figured that  
'Cause I been drinkin' till the point that I'm a dizzy rap Scab, fix up, look shop Joe  
'Cause I'm a look that part until I'm all broke, yeah

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>