

# Poor Decisions (feat. Rick Ross & Lupe Fiasco)

## Wale

Rich niggas makin' poor decisions  
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions  
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions  
Damn  
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions  
All my little homies up in prison  
I'mma let you know just how I'm livin' I can tell you 'bout the Mach Five  
I can show you what them blocks buy  
I can tell you 'bout my block ties  
I can take you to the far side  
Poor decision makin' plagued you niggas' lives  
You sellin' crack up on your momma porch  
While she still goin' through her new divorce  
He has a thrill as he raise his voice  
When he really needs to raise his boys  
Young thugs with so much talent  
Young thugs havin' no balance  
Young niggas havin' no fathers  
Young niggas catchin' dope charges  
Growin' up she say she felt alone  
Now she strippin' for that pot of gold  
Another fish in the bowl  
They say her mother never played her role  
I heard her mother always on the roll  
Her mother always wearin' gold  
Where I'm from I guess that's how it goes  
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions  
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Rich niggas makin' poor decisions  
Damn  
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions  
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions  
All my little homies up in prison  
Lupe gotta tell 'em how you livin' The Beloved T-Rex says  
Grown man bars is somethin' you gotta deal with  
Whole hand cards but nothin' that you can build with  
That sound like bullshit from out a bull mouth  
Even the tepee is a full house  
Simple shelter keep you out the cold  
If you hold it close together, we'll never fold  
Why you lettin' the devil beat you out your soul  
You don't believe in God then at least believe in odds

This house of our is just a house of cards  
Just without the yards, and nice adjacent parks  
We was born black but that shit'll make you dark  
Even with a handful of hearts  
Mind on the club just to find a little love, my regards  
Cause when your P-O-V is poverty  
It's like D-O-C a lottery, that D-O-C be lock and key  
Finna D-O-P-E bob and weave  
And the boxer boxin' free  
Up out them rings like it was Rocky 3  
Caught up in the game now  
Look at how we came out like olly olly oxen free  
That ain't why they watchin' me, yeah, yeah  
Poor decider since like 4, 5 or sugar coated, colored edibles  
Instead of buildin' up a habit in them vegetables  
Now early 30s, my blood pressure's incredible  
Medical, yeah nigga I'm tellin' you  
Coveting cars over community  
Rappers influence your shootin' spree  
Turn around and publish bars like it ain't got shit to do with me  
Easy to record so ruthlessly  
Rich niggas  
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions  
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions  
Rich niggas makin' poor decisions Can't tell you 'bout that H dude  
But I'll tell you 'bout this hate dude  
And I'll show you where they raise a tool  
I have a nigga late for the labels or the latest shoes  
I'm from an era where gold trinkets could buy attention  
And the hoes thinking might blow your winkie for a known emblem  
Label whores that'll fuck a sale and suck a store  
Lust apparel, who dream of Rolls, but can't Accord  
Or afford, a Dodge, or a Ford  
Where she end up on your knob cause she has never been adored  
Lord help us, my generation come to an end  
Cause we all selfish, but livin' shallow, how we gon' swim?  
I mean really why should I pretend?  
Walk a day up in my tennis; my soul is possessed  
I'm reppin' my set, no matter who posin' against  
Once I got hot, they only good option to vent Aye Ricky I'mma flip the mission  
How 'bout poor niggas makin' rich decisions?  
Poor niggas makin' rich decisions  
That shit right there is more efficient  
I think that might be a better description  
Poor niggas makin' rich decisions  
Can't afford 'em but you still gon' get 'em  
That's a poor nigga making rich decisions  
Buyin' jewelry but you know you're vision  
Yeah!

On a mission  
Yeah!  
Maybe part 2

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