

# Weak

King Los

So what you talking about, what you talking about  
All that bullshit, you...  
I'm catching bodies in my sleep, killing niggas call the police  
Hundred bottles all on me  
That shit so, that shit so weak

Walk up in the club, they're like "oh, goddamn it!"  
Got a whole lot of Jane and a whole lot of rings on  
Just made another two milli' off a deal  
So I'm 'bout to go crazy, get my fuckin' champagne on  
Thirty-five bottles when I walk up in the Greystone  
Certified platinum anything I put my name on  
Pockets fat, so they showed me love, collar, fades on  
Grammy-nominated from a song about a pay phone  
Stuntin', stuntin' - I'm rollin' up like it's nothin'  
If I want it, I'm gon' pay for it  
I get it if I want it  
My car foreign, I drop back  
The roof let the sun in  
Game's what a nigga runnin'  
Get a check then I'm dumbin'  
Ooh, fly nigga, smoke papers only  
I'm a made nigga, I be with made men  
Fuck niggas I stay away from, dog  
They never play me, I never save them  
Smoke 'til I pass out, my eyes be all lazy  
Keep bringing more bottles, they say you so crazy  
I'm like "ten more"  
The waitress looked at me like "10-4"  
If you ain't spendin' no ends up  
Fuck you niggas up in here for?  
I'm drunk, can't drive my Benz  
High, can't find my friends  
Damn near out my mind  
Goin' out again, heard how much I made  
Watch how much I spend...

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All that bullshit you...  
I'm catching bodies in my sleep  
Killin' niggas, call the police  
A hundred bottles, all on me  
That shit's so, that shit's so weak  
Talk shit about me, then speak  
That shit's so, that shit's so weak  
We done spent your mortgage on weed  
I'm catching bodies in my sleep  
Killin' niggas, call the police  
You swear you ballin' out in these streets  
That shit's so, that shit's so weak

They should take the dollar bill and put a fly nigga on it  
Yacht, brought Ciroc, but my nigga on it  
I'm the shit, in the crib, hella bad  
With a motherfuckin' helipad, two fly niggas on it  
Poppin' tags, pockets fat as the bitch Cadisha  
In my custom Cutty so smokin' I call it Wiz Khalifa

Get your dough and throw that cheese up, man  
That's how we makin' pizza  
If it's poppin' and I profit, I could probably make a feature  
I could probably make a teacher go "what?!"  
Rather take a piece of history than a piece of your love  
Let me tell you 'bout love, bitch, I love to ball, bitch  
I love to ball, bitch, I love to fall, bitch  
Cause you get the trap, bitch, I love 'em all  
Bet you love your bitch, bet you love 'em all  
Bet you rub 'em all on the back like that  
She was just up in my section  
Checkin' for niggas who really gettin' checks  
And who really got whips in the parking lot  
Like they look like the Jetsons  
I'm fresher than freshman in a Letterman  
Them niggas buyin' the bottles?  
I mean, who the fuck let 'em in?  
We on the couch like Family Guy  
I got a brand new Lambi with Brandy's eyes  
Got brand design, I got that too legit to quit  
I got that hammer time, I got that grammer mind  
That mean my bitch is ballin' too, nigga  
You know what my bitches is callin' you niggas?  
They callin' you bitches, callin' you niggas  
Out, no top on the Coupe, call it wiggin'  
Ow, can you dig it?  
Jump back and kiss myself  
Man, every second I miss myself  
When I think about the illest niggas they say ever did it  
I get inconsiderate like it is just myself  
Man, I twist myself a little doobie and do me  
So do me no favours, I do it like I'm doing a movie

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