

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...

So what you talkin' 'bout, what you talkin' 'bout?
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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