

## Wiz Khalifa (April)

Robb Bank\$

You know what I want to do?  
Yeah  
What do I want to do?  
You want to fuck me

(I think I might be happy)

Flying on an eagle's quest  
On the way to a rebel's den  
With the song name upon my chest  
Because of lies from a so called friend  
The sensation in my palms (smoke on a bowl)  
Tells me that I'm all alone (and sip on some more)  
All for this I can take the blame  
So I guess I'll start Today

Nah, You gon' suck my dick, I just know  
So hit them lights, and close that door  
Sacks of grass, playing Pendergrass  
Lace cover that ass, but bitch let me ask (what)  
Fuck is you looking at? (what)  
Like you ain't seen enough  
Ms. Honey Brown, I melt you down  
And pour your ass over my blunt  
I hit your center, find that gold, trying gain control, and you screaming "g  
o"  
Dick belong in a rodeo, Bone thug fuck you 'till you got polio  
Polo t-shirt, polo draws, fire in my pole until it's soft (pause)  
You know what I mean  
Syrup and weed, that's the cause  
And the cx-cause, got you gone  
But at the same time, it got you next to me  
That's OBP until I die, but bitch you gon' be the death of me  
But you won't be the best of me, so pardon me if I don't get that shit  
Biting in her sheets, yeah you can be my pillow pet

I Asked her what that mouth do, and then she did it  
Talking while we fucking, smoking while I'm sipping  
I asked her what that mouth do, and then she did it  
Talking while we fucking, smoking while we

And I don't care how much you love Khalifa, nah you can't roll my shit  
German thread, on Jamaican mats  
Dutch cigars, remember who you came here with  
Calling her friend, can't hear here through the music  
And she keep coughing from that mist  
Well what you fucking with, you too fine to be laying down in bed alone  
In my Drake voice, but don't compare our songs  
Too classy to drink out of styrofoam  
Well look at you, ain't you cute, what about if I gave you two?  
And I see some ladies tonight that should be having my baby, baby  
I take advantage of you get you drunk, because you probably play me, play me

Come here, let me tell you a little something  
I ain't going nowhere, I ain't rushing  
Why you like that? Why you staying fronting?  
I know you like that, because you stay blushing

(Ay tell these hoes what's really happening bruh)  
So ho what you want? What you need?  
Array of these things involving me  
They say don't fuck around with a nigga like me  
What that mean? What, that's Chris?  
Word around that you fucked that bitch  
Walking around like you run this shit  
Wait run that back, what you talking about?  
Fuck that, ain't no sense of us talking it out  
Got a whole lot of bitches that wanting me out  
And I ain't fuck them yet, but I'm fucking her now  
Why you gotta act so stupid?  
Saying all we talk about is music  
Yeah, what is music gonna pay me?  
And all them things I can't handle  
So I be fucking them shones, you can't stand ho  
Now you never have to wonder where your man go  
Yeah, stop saying, all these things I don't really give a fuck about  
These hoes, they know, they know a nigga single  
So the calling me now  
Ayo Robb, what they calling about?

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