

40 Bars

Wiz Khalifa

Yeah
Y'all niggas doing out here, man?
Can't be serious
Ta-ha-ha-ha
It's what you want (Yes)
OK!
Yeah

Motherfucker it's, W-I
Act up, knuckles'll fly
Swing somethin' that'll bubble your eye
I've been trouble since the day I was born, a couple mix-ups
So I switched up, made it a song
Put your fists up, say that it's on
You know the style, get wild
Like a child I was raised in the corn, nigga
And everybody wanna face-off, until they face off
I'm like a jet when I take off
I'm the one that grip the beat, youngin'
No bullshit, I spit the heat, youngin'
Hit the streets, youngin'
You'll hear my name ring bells
At your face, I aim these shells
Young Wiz, hey pimpin'
Prince of the city of steel ain't trippin'
Pricks try to claim to be real, straight simpin'
Y'all niggas ain't listenin'... hold up!
Who you... know realer? Flow iller?
Move with a team of goons and go-rillas
Bruise all the crews that choose they don't feel us
Dudes probably thought I'd lose, no, nigga!
Go figga, man I'm playin' to win
If a nigga act up, then I'm layin' him in
You can see a little change from the way that it's been
Said it before, I'll say it again...
Motherfucker it's W-I (Dot) Z (Dot), playa!
Cowards all stuck, I'm up at the top layer
Half of y'all suck, it's nothin' to drop haters
Stackin' all bucks, man fuck it, it's not fa-ir
Cause my team keep winnin', keep women
Keep coming out with amounts of dollars, and keep spendin' em
From the home where the hammers' shootin'
Cats all day, hand-in-hand, we're moving
They can't swing like a fan was movin'
Get chopped up like a jam in Houston
It's young Wiz, huh, Steel City, yeah!
Pittsburgh-fitted low, I'm the rookie of the year
Yeah! And I rock and roll
'Till the kid rock Rollies, and my pockets swole
Getting paid's not an optional
I tell chicks, C.D.C
Cash Daddy's Checks and roll

These niggas crazy, man
It's ya boy Wiz Khalifa, the boss, man
Do this shit with my eyes closed, b
Ta-ha-ha-ha, WOOO!

What up [?], yeah
That Pistolvania shit
Bang, bang... BANG!