

It's the boy Wiz Khalifa man
I'm charged like a battery man
Y'all niggas do what you do
I'ma do what I do man

I'm the sickest round here when it come to the spit game
Moving through the track like I do with the whip game
Pull the seat back, cross over and switch lanes
The music straight crack, dope, heroin, cocaine
The flow load needles, numb noses and pump veins
You chumps wanna be us I ain't fucking with those lames
I polly with the niggas that be fucking with dumb change
Riding big wheels, chrome grills and the chunk chains
Hit the studio, burn the last til it's nothing
All I need's a beat, pen and pad and a dutch flame
This is Pistolvania wrong move and the pump aim
Niggas quick to flame you'll all lose when the pump bang
Niggas come at me in this rap, I can guarantee that
I'ma make a million pieces of this one rain
Old ass niggas tryna rap, it's a done thing
I'm way sicker plus I'm probably 'round your son's age

Damn
Ayo, on the real
I know y'all niggas like, this nigga can't be
But he's bout as old as your son nigga!
Y'all motherfuckers better step your game up like a Stairmaster
The nigga Wiz, Kev Tha Hustla
And I'm cosigning too

I see niggas getting mad cause I'm doing the damn thing
Plus I'm a pimp and I'm screwing your damn dame
I heard a lot of talk, thought you [?]
Nigga where's your dough, caught you and your mans [?]
Niggas didn't know, that was you and your man's chain
Reality'll show, nigga you and your mans lame
I pull up slow, sitting low in the [?] thing
Birds move past, yeah this guy is an airplane
Cause I stay fly and I'm high as an airplane
Always on the grind, keep my mind on my campaign
I hit the ground running, go and talk to that damn pay
Doing me, moving anything in my damn way
Niggas talk tough but star struck when the lead spray
Me I keep it hunnid, in the stu every damn day
You can trust that the people love what your man say
Why you think they give a fuck less what you can't say
Niggas show love, roll up when our jams quake
A young boy, but I get respect like a man ay
You niggas heard, and you sweet as syrup on pancakes
You hate, but you niggas can't help but let the jam play
Bitch!

Man you niggas is out your fucking minds man
You should be on your grind fam I got school tomorrow nigga
Get your tracks up or something man, Kev The Hustla man
Show these niggas how the fuck we do it, Pistolvania

You talk, you hot
Fucka you not, so stop fucka
You talk, you shot fucka
Yo Wiz the block love us
Yeah you're a rock pumper
Gunner with four thumpers
Black on black, back to back in 4Runners
It's nothing it's more hunger
You hating your whore love us
You see, I'm here to ruin your flow for sure sucka
Yeah, your girl suck us you dudes ain't on your job
And Wiz if it's a prob, I'm here, let's get it solved
And I roll with gorillas, banana clips we them stealers
Masked up, masked up to stop all your dealings
You could pop if you wanna uh huh
Cause the block man I make that shit hot like an ATL summer
Palms sweating Wayne got his mean mug on
So that mean one thing inf beam you gone
We keep them choppers in the grass, get to popping at your ass
Cuffing all the shooters and the [?] down the ave
You like gravy on the mashed potatoes, a little black tre eight'll
Get you dirt mothafucka for pesos
Riding ratchet on the lap is in the stash spot, your ass shot
Niggas look in this red spot, spray em like chicken pox
Around here it's all snow, December blocks
Athleticism the only thing that I got from pops

Been touching keys on a low [?] like Jamie Foxx
You a fatigue soldier, 40s give you major pain
Fuck around crash quick, bitch tried switching lanes
Giving all the clips to lames
Let em play they movie part
John Claude, long arm blast with a lion heart
Wish you would try to start like keys in the ignition
Trench coat in the trenches posted on the benches
That's your heart listen why it's beating so fast
Looking for you blowing ray up out of freezer bags please
Leave the flow to Kev cause it don't happen over night
Measuring that coke and soda tryna get the product right
Shooters plus my squad'll fight
Get dropped or die tonight
2005 version of [?]
So I deal with you later, haters give you the middle finger
Flip you the bird, yeah youngin I'm absurd

Yeah, it's ya boy Kev nigga
The boy Wiz
Nigga got school tomorrow, nigga
He bout as old as your son too
Fuckin dummy
Holla