

Be Easy

Wiz Khalifa

Be easy [echo]
Be easy [echo]
Or it'll be a long day

Hold on, let me light my blunt, man
This shit too easy
I'll do it in my sleep

Yeah!
It's a new game
Lame nigga forefit
I'm well ahead thoroughbred
You just horse shit
Flow out of this world
I'm in orbit
More chips
So them hoes chase me like Norbit
I'm more sick
No anidonte
High like manigoat
Flow crack & it's dope
Only talk money, homey
I don't understand the broke
Take something from me
Niggas come & bust yo canalope
I'm out here grindin'
Like a pair of old brakes
Hoe, ain't nothing changed
Na, I rep tha Burg all day
Walk it how I talk it so I talk it how I live it
And if you hear me flowin'
You should know it's not a gimick
If the topic real shit
You should know they count me in it
Your girlfriend want me in her mouth
Like I'm her dentist
The icing on the cake
I'm like the glaze, all finished
Majianna scented
Windows up, truck tinted
You better

Skinny nigga
And I'm tat, tat, tatted up
Run up on me
And get rat, tat, tatted up
That's a promise, not a threat
I'll back it up
Pockets gettin' like the old Star Jones,
Fat as fuck
Got my swagga up
Come at me the wrong way
Like what the song say
It'll be a long day
To pass me you can't see
Got a long way
And even seein' first

I'm comin' 'round that home plate
Come out to the Burg
You'll see that I got it poppin'
If you real, you fuck with me
I ain't gotta an option
See my chain?
They like "how did he get all them rocks in? "
Want me on your song?
I'm a need alot of guap then
Breeze home
And he said he going choppa shoppin'
So if you got a problem
So look to now to stop him
That pistol bangin' shit,
I'm on it
And I don't run the Burg, I own it
You better

(Go 'head & get ready to kill yourself, man)
I'm out her slangin'
Rollin' with these hustlas
Tryna get rid of all you hatas & you bustas
Blowin' my smoke, I get right to it
When they play this,
Everybody in this bitch get stupid
I mean, they just lose it
Wildin' like they pissed off
Find you wrong place or wrong time
You can get lost
Lotta niggas mad
But the hoes love it
Yea, the young'n super bad
You can call me McLovin
I'm gettin' in good
Makin' my spread
And na, I'm never stingy with a plate I break bread
My niggas break heads
And we 25 deep
I see you tryin' hard, nigga
But you not me
I'm fuckin' young stars
There's no question, I be
Hit hard & then I dance on them like I'm Ali
I'm a certified "G"
So don't think that I'm just rappin' to you, homey
You don't really want something happen to you
You better