

Cream Corn

Wiz Khalifa

Yup, that's right. I'm running things. I'm running things. Cream corn. That's why they call me that. Smooth. I got more measure for your pleasure. Stick with me, baby. I'll let you fart through silk. And let a nigga mess with me. I'll jump on him. All night, three pounds of pure dynamite.

Ah, soon as the door lift
I roll another spliff, she click her heels and get down to business
No referee, but I'm so official
Baby, wipe your eyes, no more tears use these hundreds for tissue
Dress you like you in magazines, the VIP issue
Rollin' up, enjoyin' the scene, then takes you, I miss you
We outta here, this a missile, smoke clouds got me invisible
Don't really fuck with the crowd, I'm individual
Online shoppin' for products, my money digital
So we can talk about it
I'm taking nugs out the draw till I'm unconscious
I'm making the mall see multiple colors when the watch lift
Learn how to ball, I don't sit with y'all I'm in the cockpit
Rolling a joint big as a cigar
Wishing I'd fall, sorry dawg
You gon' need a new pawn to throw your change in
You too small

Soon as we coming we be back in the wall to wall
Anything happen if it's action I call my dogs
She hit the back and ran it back cause she falling in love
Real nigga that's a fact I'm all of your bub (Oh)
Real nigga that's a fact I'm all of your bub
Real ones bad bitches that's what this is for
(Bad bitches that's what this is for)
Down to spin it on we weed, asking what it cost
Party at the after party
I'ma throw this money, make your back bend shorty

My hotel really don't care about the smell
Say you tryna hit the weed, but you don't inhale
Take it slow, girl, be careful with yourself
Got some wax, Dr. Dab You gon' need a nap
Starting to think your phone tapped
You nigga know everything, location been disclosed
Even watchin' the footage from your ring
Gettin' all suspicious cause you actin' single
My passwords work anywhere, what you wanna see?
Smokin' with breakfast on the terrace, you should come with me
Was supposed to kick it for a day, you stay for a week
Your homegirls gettin' nervous, they barely see you
Got you shoppin' for a vizu
Japanese denim, take em off, I'm sliding in you
What's on the room service menu?
Need some more papers, I'ma send you

Soon as we coming we be back in the wall to wall
Anything happen if it's action I call my dogs
She hit the back and ran it back cause she falling in love
Real nigga that's a fact I'm all of your bub (Oh)
Real nigga that's a fact I'm all of your bub
Real ones bad bitches that's what this is for

(Bad bitches that's what this is for)
Down to spin it on we weed, asking what it cost
Party at the after party
I'ma throw this money, make your back bend shorty