

Let'R

Wiz Khalifa

Fresh outta that
Back to the trap
808, y'll really want some more nigga?

Hey, I fuck her once, forget her
I pull up in them setup
Smoke kush, it make me feel better
Your bitch choosin', just let her
Your bitch choosin', just let her
Your bitch choosin', just let her
Your bitch choosin', just let her

Ugh, all that Kush, whole lotta cars
Whole lotta hoes, whole lotta cash
Whole lotta planes, whole lotta spice
Whole lotta rooms, whole lotta pot
And it ain't gonna stop

My niggas got (all in)
My niggas got (all in)
My niggas came (up in here)
My niggas came (up in here)
Your niggas ain't (ballin')
Your niggas ain't (ballin')
That's why your bitch want
(A real nigga to call in)

Ugh, at me like a lighter in the wind
Tryna find out where I'm going
Your girl's figured out what I'm driving
You're out on the town and your nigga don't know
Rollin' up, tryna keep it on the low
You ain't on Instragram taking pictures
Tryna make the best of the moment
Parents don't know when your boss might kill ya
Many hoes so familiar
One minute on the team, next minute they ain't withcha
Like the ho from the Clippers
Laid up watchin' movies in my bed in they slippers
I got all this
I got a crib with a court in the back, motherfucker I'm ballin'
Kush conin', at the table taking shots and it's gone then
As I called it
(Your bitch want me, woah
Aw man, shit, ey! 28 grams nigga)
And my sweats cost more than your whole outfit
Shit I got on, it ain't from the store
Let her put it on while she rollin' Raw's
Young Khalifa man, all on the walls

Hahahahaha
Oh my God
Hahahahaha