

# Makin Enemies

Wiz Khalifa

(Beat that motherfucker up, Quad)

Yeah

(Ron Ron, do that shit)

Uh-huh

Man, this beat feel like Mike Jackson  
I ain't punch one of you niggas in the face 'cause I like rappin'  
Don't jinx it though 'cause it might happen  
Take some shrooms, roll a joint, then I'm right behind the mic snappin'  
Bitch on my line 'cause she like captain  
Them niggas say they in my lane, but I'm a V12, I move right past 'em  
Céline shades, them the right glasses  
The kind that work out, them the right asses  
If you a member of the gang, fuck it, I might pass it  
Bitch, it's TGOD, they're in a lot of caskets  
I'm with some niggas that fly private and own they masters  
I'm with some bitches that suck me good and throw it backwards  
She want a nigga that go to Vegas and spend it all, the type of nigga that g  
o ghost, so call me Casper  
I bought a engine so my shit could go faster  
I hit the pedal just once and you won't see me after  
She wanna meet on the top floor, I tell her, "Gladly"  
She heard about all this good dick, she want it badly  
But you can't come to my room, you need security  
2023, I'm fuckin' hoes and makin' enemies

Lot of mini-mes

Tryna steal my energy

I ain't chasin' hoes, I want the one that's into me

I ain't fake like those who ain't who they pretend to be

Two R's on the seat

She gon' let me beat (Beat, beat)

Now you wild in the streets

Used to be a good girl, now you a freak

Uh, put that bitch on the map, now she think that she global  
Bitch, don't nobody know you

You a pussy, you a bitch, you a whole ho out here, in case nobody told you

I got no love for a bitch nigga

Oh, he a shooter, he a gunner, he a snitch nigga

I'm outside with the members gettin' rich, nigga

Hood shit, red Kool-Aid, fried fish, nigga (Whoop)

Ayy, I don't say much, niggas know just how I carry it

No fun if the homies can't, so I'm sharin' it

I put that bitch on some fly fashion

Really didn't wanna hit it, I just might smash it, on God

Lot of mini-mes

Tryna steal my energy

I ain't chasin' hoes, I want the one that's into me

I ain't fake like those who ain't who they pretend to be

Two R's on the seat

She gon' let me beat (Beat, beat)

Now you wild in the streets

Used to be a good girl, now you a freak

Yeah, just keep rockin' with us, keep reppin' Taylor Gang

Make sure you guys show up to any event that we have 'cause we gon' be, you know, doin' all of the new music there  
And we would love to enjoy this with you live  
Uh, no matter what country you guys are in, man  
You in Puerto Rico, you in Brazil, you in France, you in Germany, you in Tha island  
See ya