

Me

Wiz Khalifa

Now everybody wanna know, know, know who that kid
Young boss how them thoughts run through that wig
You have the cars I can move that quick
So don't get put in the dirt, cause putting in work, I do that shit
When I fall up in the spot niggas frown that face
Probably cause I grabbed their main squeeze 'round that waist
Off to the side, light a spliff, down that case
Let's get it popping 'till the lights on
Beat him 'till his life gone
Now everybody wanna know my name
It's W-I-Z, and for sure I'm flame
When trouble you find me, in the lab with the sickest flow
Or on the ave, clockin' math, with a stick of dro
Or on the creep, gettin' freak, by the thickest hoe
See I'm a beast you should act like you niggas know
Get out of line and I'm stopping your clock
The boy's hot I'mma take this from the block to the top

Who is on his grind? (Me)
Winning all the time? (Me)
'Bout them dollar signs? (Me)
I go hard nigga (You)
Like to talk it out
Nothing we can talk about (Naw)
We gon' spark it out
That's what the squad about (Woah)

They love them wild youngins that won't settle for less
You see my jewel this true well force you to dip set
And Kev never backing down
Pow be that clapping sound
Hit your whip, reload the clip, and spin the car back around
Plus we in for breaking bread
Shit, you gotta bang your head
And Wiz, it's no problem in the club, we got them bangers in
Making sure my homies straight
Youngin' be the best escape
Shoot you and the rest escape
Mad so it's not a case
Hustla and Wiz Khalifa
Ma we don't never need her
Comment from every reader
Old school I'm burning reefer
I'll make you a bleeder
Pipe I'm banging your diva
Nice we shooting them heaters
The lake we probably leave you
Where the fishes swim
Youngin' we did it again
Stomp your face in with them Tims
If ever fucking with him
We pull them hammers out
Crack I be handing it out
Raw uncut sixteens it's never a drought

Who be pumping work? (Me)
Who's a hustler? (Me)

Who be touching her? (Me)
Handcuffing her? (You)
Stay in touch with her
Never fall in love with her
Call her phone all night like young Kev fucking her

I'm a Steel City veteran
Tools like a Leatherman
End up with some numbers on your chest like a letterman
Jacket when the ratchet let
One up in your eggshell
The tool he's like Whitney and them, waiting to exhale
The goonies got plenty of them
He trip the kid's a goner
I got plenty of wolves
Don't make me sick them on you
I'm that sick, but I arrive at ease
Relax it, with a bad chick twisting my trees
And count cheese 'till it's stacked to the sky
These dudes mad at the guy
I talk shit and I'm actually fly
Yeah I back it up
Couple grand dog I'll help you wrap it up
No, you ain't the shit but I'mma take the shit, pack it up
It's young Wiz and Tha Hustla
Ain't a damn motherfucker up in here they could buck with us
This that real Steel City boy rap
Can any boy clap
Steel City on, map

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