

Post Up

Wiz Khalifa

I took your bitch, that's right
Money keep coming, that's right
Only ride foreign, that's right
Whole team on, that's right
My niggas gon' ride, that's right
My niggas gon' shoot, not fight
Whether wrong or right
That's right, that's right

Two clubs in one night
25 bands, one night
Kush up in that Raw
Purple in that Sprite
Them hoes in rotation
Money my motivation
Money make her cum
And I'mma make her taste it
Put it in the neck, I'ma make her gag on it
Head in the 'Rari, that's how you blow a hundred
Hoes come and go
I'ma fuck and then I want 'em
Hoes like J's, wear 'em once then I don't want 'em
Swerve, hit the corner, in the California
Running through these hoes, like I play for Minnesota (A.P!)
She turn off her phone, cause nigga you a sucker
Police ass niggas tellem' stop cuffin'

That's right she posted in my whip
Posted on my dick
She supposed to be with her nigga
But she posted with my clique
Right her posted in my whip
Posted on my dick
She supposed to be in your work
But she posted with my clique
I told her, post up here
I told her, post up here

Girl your face looking gorgeous
And my cash is retarded
Need a 5 year plan, cause that ass is enormous
They keep telling you to stop
Bet this cash make you want it
Girl quit acting you like shy
Grab this dick and jump up on it
I was way out in New York
We were smoking California
She can't wait to tell her friends
Talk about in the morning
Beat it like she stole it
Sleeping like she in a coma
You just wish, she wanna be a fool
Think you control her
Couple grand in a rubber band, you know I'm the man
What you saying, baby what you saying
Tell me what's the plan

Is you playin?, is that bitch a ten?
Bands will make her dance
Seen my ex, she was not a fan
Damn...