

## Prove It

Wiz Khalifa

(Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
She don't like comin' out the crib (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
I said baby girl that's where that money is (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
Two shots we gon' sip (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
After this joint we gon' dip (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
Top down in my whip (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
Always with my bitch (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
Go to sleep with you wake up in the mornin' (Ok!)  
Go 'n get some more (Get some more)

It's levels to this shit  
I never met a bitch that roll it up and treat a nigga better than you can (Than you can)  
Say you tired of switch shifts  
It ain't about me, you ain't interested  
Come to your spot, them bitches can't fit  
My spot on the throne soemwhere they can't sit  
When you keep practicin' girl, you can't miss  
Losin' your spot, that's somethin' you can't risk  
You the female me, we do the same shit  
You don't be bringin' me problems, you bring a bitch  
Peel her purse back and break her quick  
They fall off if they can't commit  
Real player shit  
Drop the top hit a switch if they ain't convinced  
Been here for a while, so you seasoned  
She get cash from you, but fuck with me for different reasons  
Prove yo' self

(Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
She don't like comin' out the crib (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh; haha)  
I said baby girl that's where that money is (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh; ayy)  
Two shots we gon' sip (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh; too much paper ain't enough, baby)  
After this joint we gon' dip (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh; time to get to work)  
Top down in my whip (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
Always with my bitch (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
Go to sleep with you wake up in the mornin'  
Go 'n get some more (Get some more)

More money than I can count (Money than I can count)  
More weed than I can smoke (Weed than I can smoke)  
More cars than I can drive (Cars than I can drive)  
But still I want mo' (Stil I want mo')  
Got dollar sign eyes (Dollar sign eyes)  
Got a 63, got a 64 and I got a 65 (Got a 65)  
Got a 62 and I'm lookin' for a 61 right now (1 right now)  
Top down on a 68 with like a ounce on me (Ounce on me)  
Cheverlets bounce on streets  
Down niggas recognize OG (-nize OG)  
One the way to the back, Rolex watches (Rolex watches)  
Saftey deposit boxes (Yeah)  
No, we don't talk to outsiders  
We dress fly, fly private  
Roll the carpet out when we land  
My bitch bad behind the mask  
My hands on the ass, my mind on the stash  
Her hand on the baby 9

Dawg, you better hope she don't blast (Blast)  
I don't bring a bush, it cross my path (My path)  
Baby girl, nah, only bring me the cash (Cash)  
That's what I asked, layin' the pad  
Open the bag, rollin' up fast  
Smokin' 'em back to back  
'Til i get a call concernin' them stacks and then I'ma scam  
She lookin' mad, but she lookin' good  
So I'ma come back to smash  
4 AM in the S-  
class, park that bitch right across the grass (Across the grass)

(Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
She don't like comin' out the crib (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
I said baby girl that's what where that money is (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
Two shots we gon' sip (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
After this join we gon' dip (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
Top down in my whip (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
Always with my bItch (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)  
Go to sleep with you wake up in the mornin' (Ok!)  
Go 'n get some more (Get some more)