

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