

Spotlight

Wiz Khalifa

10 steps ahead of these niggasssss... Fool
Dats why they fuck with me instead of these niggas YEA!
Thahahaha... yeaaaa... dis beat go perfect with ma belt
Hahaha... match ma damier luggage too
Joints rolled up... that's louis vuitton... (UH)... bad bitches and cold drinks
YEAAAA!... you know what it is man... Taylor gang

(UH) No joint roaches in ma car
Play the game smart
We gon' get dis chesse, don't give police ah reason to fuck us off
I done seem the ups
Not a stranger to the downs, buh for now it's smoke divas in my loft
Champagne with bitches with foreign names
Ma homie hit me on da text, he ain't want nothin buh to tell me that I got next
Need keep it G
I'm in yo' town frequently
Got the bottles, bring the trees, watch sum movies, hit dis weed
Yea nigga livin' care free
Please don't blow my fly, pardon the high
Nigga tendencies
Can't duplicate us but the planes what they pretend to be
Through all the bullshit overcame and still remain ah G
(Thaha) Clicquot slow and sour D smoke
She leave the room you smell it on her fingers bro
Asking silly questions bout "Where you been"?
Saying "You look different"
Had the time of her life not to mention
You ain't been this high in ah minute
Took ownership of the air, I'm fly, you niggas just trynna visit

(Yeaaaaaaaa) (YAAAAAAAAAAAA BITCH!)
Where ever that paaaper go, I'm gon' get it, so mami are you with it?
I gotta knooowww, we in da spotlight
Never been high as you are till' you get on my flight
Up and awayyyyyyyyy we go, on my plane
Mama they know my name, everywhere that we gooooo
Need they rep the gang everywhere that we gooooo
Everywhere that we gooooo (uo-ooooohhhh)

While you at home on twitter trynna hackin' her page and shyt
We smoking and crackin jokes on how lame ya is (Uhhh)
Hotel room right up by da water
Even taught her how to use ah joint roller
A tight end became from underground lik ah oiler
Here like I never left, back like ah spoiler
Give my keys to valet
Waiter take ma order
Ya'll been waitin for real niggas to eat the way they ought to' (Heyy) (Kyll y run it)

Me and Khalifa, call it dat gush reefer
Good drank dat'll seat ya
Put chu in ah sleeper, louis' on ma beepers buh I see that bread (Clearly Tho)
G.O.O.D music is the consequence, we legends (Really Tho)

Minus Kanye, buh we got this money in common
We get it day and night
Gutter marijuy don't want it
I'm the shit, no plumbin
Money talk, no hummin
Put the GPS on it
Located, I'm comingggg
I'm in something Paper-Plated
Get it, decapitate it
And if the bomb creams
Super boats swangs fascinated
With the fast life
Haters to the left I got my cash right
Irish spring green make 'em blow it like a bag pipe
Lit up like a flashlight
VVS's is in my necklace lookin like bad dikes
All my bitches bad like
Mike no homo, Amber Rose, Kim Kardash type
5 star chicks, first class like my last flight.

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