

# Tap

Wiz Khalifa

Do you mind if I play somethin' for you?

Oh, I'm on top, my block is off  
Soon as you walk up to me, I'ma make her count it  
She wouldn't know what to do without me (Oh)  
We in love, we get to the paper  
And if another one choose you don't trip  
Thats how I know you a down ass bitch (Okay)

You ain't gotta stop, go hard, don't quit  
Chillin' at the crib, when you out, you that bitch  
Used to be skinny, now you gettin' thick  
Used to want a boyfriend, now you want dick  
You a bad lil bitch  
Tryna rack up, tryna get rich  
Tryna get money for a new Birkin  
Tryna secure the trip for your girlfriend  
Tryna lock down the D like a permit  
Other girls try to hit, you determined  
When the bitches come around, you make 'em nervous  
Make them other niggas pay for your service  
Me?

I'm on top, my block is off  
Soon as you walk up to me, I'ma make her count it (Uh huh)  
She wouldn't know what to do without me (I see who you with)  
We in love, we get to the paper (I see who you wanna be with)  
And if another one choose you don't trip (Oh)  
Thats how I know you a down ass bitch (Uh)

I'ma show her what these racks do  
Gettin' top in my homeboy's bathroom  
She got all that ass on her when she pass through  
Good brain, she the smartest in the classroom  
She gon' bust it for a nigga, I'ma throw them ones  
I'ma need a replay, baby, not just once  
Told her, we just getting started, and the nights still young  
We gon' need more shots 'til we both get drunk  
Look, I'm a fool with it  
You paid the doctor for it, what you gon' do with it?  
Its brand new to me, I don't care who hit it  
No kids, sorry, I can't let loose in it  
You be cuffin' on a bitch, I let her choose, nigga

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Soon as you walk up to me, I'ma make her count it  
She wouldn't know what to do without me (Oh)  
We in love, we get to the paper (Oh)  
And if another one choose, you don't trip (Oh)  
Thats how I know you a down ass bitch

He thought he was rich 'til I made him richer  
He thought he was really winnin' 'til he met a winner  
My nigga in the summer ain't my nigga in the winter  
Spend that cash on a nigga if you really fuckin' with it  
Its just me and mine we countin' this money all day  
We so in line, don't matter what nobody say

And I'll flip a brick quick instead of talkin' shit  
With the shit, slap a bitch if she too up in my mix  
On my nigga, all up on his dick, bitch, get a grip  
I heard you thirsty for the tea, bitch, I know you wanna sip  
Want a sip

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