

# Won't Stop

Wiz Khalifa

In the trap with some killers on the real  
Real man, I am man  
On the real, I'm in the trap with some killers  
On the real, I'mma stack me a million  
On the real, I'mma fuck this nigga broad  
On the real, I just won't stop going hard  
On the real, on it, on it  
On the real, on it, on it

Kush in my hands, wake up smoking them grams  
She say I'm the man, can't keep her face out my pants  
Hand full of rings, gold on my saint  
Don't even fuck with you, fuck what you think  
Covered in ink  
Bitches are loving me because of my money  
I know there'd be days like this  
But, never knew I would wake up, roll a joint, do my thing, and get paid like this  
I walk in the bank, the shark out the tank  
I give 'em that thing, he gone aim and don't blink  
He aimin', don't blink  
I'm doing everything that you can't

Talkin' G's but you ain't 'round none  
Get a pound in your city man, it ain't 'bout nothin'  
If I gotta send it on a plane, I'mma get it  
Give a fuck what a nigga think, boy I'm with it

You niggas some haters  
You niggas not playas, you niggas is fakers  
You niggas is faker than [?]  
You niggas did salty, high sodium  
The fuck is you sayin'?  
I'm focused on camera, the fuck is you sayin'?  
You suckers is pussy  
You focused on fuckin' the plans  
Rollin' through [?] I'm rollin' with your ho  
My nigga have no hope  
I'm fuckin' your bitch in the pussy and [?] be rolling up your dough  
Your niggas ain't loyal, your whole crew was [?] but one of them rich  
The rest of them [?] but most of you flex  
A nigga that don't know, you don't know  
My niggas got six cals more than your four-four  
Pop up your top, one more shot to the top of your block  
With that chop, you drop  
You be talkin' no mo'  
My bitches get bitches that come with more bitches, ya'll niggas ain't got no hoes  
We come to your city, we takin' your [?] and leavin' out with bolos  
Your niggas is smokin' that 50, ya'll ain't even keepin' that shit hunna