

# Wiz Khalifa, Exit Row

Now I don't mean to be rude  
But every since I ran into you  
I've been thinking about things I wanna do  
I told you I've got a room, well  
You said you tryna come through  
And if your girl trippin' then bring her too!

Cause I, I ain't gon' wait all night long  
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One for the money, two for the show  
Three rooms, four chicks who brought pounds to smoke  
Five times in your city, now your town should know  
Six bottles waiting, Seven time  
And you know me, I'm VIP smoking tropical  
Love the way my diamond shining like Mop and Glo

Take off, take off  
She ready for take off  
The more you wear to the club the more you gotta take off

And I live fast like the brakes off  
Bigger cake in my bank bitch, bake-off  
Your pockets on E, weight loss  
My goons on top of the beef, steak sauce  
And when I'm in the club I blind them hoes like Ray Charles  
Used to be your old lady but you got laid off

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