

# Wiz Khalifa, Extra Credit

The Kush lit  
Yeah buddy  
You already know  
Taylor gang  
Taylor made  
Taylor made  
Money gang  
Yeah bitch

Super fresh and my swag so official  
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And my swag so official  
Swag swag, so official  
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The world turns, the kush burns  
I touch paper, more paper than a bookworm  
So look, learn  
All I need's my cake  
A blunt, and a pretty face  
Then I'm straight like a good perm  
And her swag so official  
Taylor made, money gang  
I'm the General  
And all my weed strong like Kimbo Slice  
The money's the only thing I do twice  
I'm in the fast lane, yellow chain, blue lights  
And you gon' need shades, they say I'm too bright  
I'm shitting on the game, so bring through wipes  
And you can clean up and try to beat us  
I'm sure you niggas is balling, that's what they all say  
But "Me" plus "Getting money" gon' equal "All day"  
My seats parkay  
Bitch from the Caribbean  
She say "Por que"  
Wizzle K, H, A

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Pewm-pewm  
The swag just left the room  
And I ain't even pressed  
Got you feeling under-dressed  
Any time you find him in the building, I'm a threat  
Got some Gucci Chuck Tay's you ain't seen yet  
Yellow Ice, so I may seem fresh

But if you did what I'm doing  
Nigga, you'd be feeling spoiled rotten  
In my city I got pull  
So don't tug, or get drugged  
Through the mud probably  
Like my weed rolled  
My steak done properly  
I put my team on  
And now we own property  
And my swag so official  
No magazines, so my cash not a issue  
Tell the Ref to throw a flag, blow the whistle  
'Cause your style's outta date  
That's a foul on the play  
And your words don't hurt him  
'Cause I'm flying out the way  
What you make a month  
I probably spent today  
Pewm

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