

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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