

# Wiz Khalifa, GangBang

This one look like that one...that one match this one...fuck it

Money, money, money  
It's young Khalifa man  
And I got money, hoes, money and hoes  
I got money, hoes, money and hoes  
Sick  
Money and hoes

Big money talking to you  
Motherfucker that's cause big money brought it to you  
I'll be stunting while them little niggas sayin' nothing

High ceilings, high hoes, high prices for my clothes and I don't even pay for it  
Barely know who made this shit  
Need a bitch, take a bitch, straight back to that big crib  
Let you roll some rapper weed, put you on some new shit  
Hit this weed, I show you how I do this  
My excuse is I'm in Cali so my smoke's highly exclusive  
And my bitch bad, my money's through the roof  
Your money short you looking mad  
You Danny Bonaduce bitch  
I'm jumpin' in my coupe  
I'm rollin' something that taste like fruit  
And I hear them niggas talkin' shit but there's nothing much that they can do  
When I got a bitch in your city, you should try when you see her  
Never trippin' on no hoes, nigga what you thought we gettin' money over here

I'm ballin' hard, my niggas in the same gang  
I do it big my niggas do the same thing  
I'm throwin' signs, it's looking like I gang bang  
I'm on the team, it's looking like I gang bang  
I'm rolling up, my niggas roll the same thing  
I'm smokin' weed, my bitch she smoke the same thing  
I'm throwin signs it's looking like I gang bang  
I'm on the team, it's looking like I gang bang

B.I.G. Sean Don, nigga

I tell a bitch bow down to a motherfucking G hoe  
I work hard, I drink slow  
But I never keep drinks low, smokey smokey 'cause I'm a chief ho  
Sippin' on Pinot Grigio, richie ho greedy ho, got everything like I copped me a genie hoe, yeah  
My car look like a building, diamonds dancing on top of my wrist  
Bitch I'm ten feet tall when I'm standing on top of my dick  
You a sucker hoe, sucker hoe  
I'm success, I feel like a million dollars, bitch I'm up next  
Money in my hand, I don't need no hand out  
And they all got their hands up 'cause they fuck with me hands down  
And the car I push got more tent than a camp ground  
And my picture is always on your bitch background  
Like Prada, it's just me and Cyhi  
Young enough to be your son, but she call me big papa  
She gave me her oh nana, now disappear like tada  
She smoking on that tie-dye, now who the fuck gonna stop us

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Yeah that's right, nigga  
Probably got your bitch in a trance  
I do it  
Niggas got me laughin  
Man that shit funny man, damn that shit funny  
Damn my nigga Wiz got this shit, ho, what?