

Wiz Khalifa, Nothin' Like The Rest (feat. French Montana)

I pull up with your bitch in the Rolls
Don't even get it twisted 'cause it's already rolled
Ain't nothin' like the rest of 'em, you rollin' with the best though
Rollin' up the best smoke, rollin' up the best smoke
I pull up with your bitch in the Rolls
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Uh
Doin' a hundred through the desert
Yeah my car come from the past, you could call it a time machine
'Cause it's right here in the present
In the game and I got leverage
Ain't the same as none of you niggas
If I was close to you I would be 'shamed of you
Get a hundred mill's what I came to do
I guess all this money look lame to you
So I spend it on shoppin', all of this shit that I'm coppin'
Don't even go to the store, my outfit it ain't even droppin'
Pedal to the floor, smokin' in my new SS
Seen a lot of bumps on the road to success
But that ain't stop a nigga from cruisin' up
Pullin' weed out the ashtray, cuttin' the music up
Smokin', chillin'
Used to be underground but now we on top of the buildin'

I pull up with your bitch in the Rolls (Uh)
Don't even get it twisted 'cause it's already rolled
Ain't nothin' like the rest of 'em, you rollin' with the best though (Ha)
Rollin' up the best smoke, rollin' up the best smoke (Ha)
I pull up with your bitch in the Rolls
Don't even get it twisted 'cause it's already rolled
Ain't nothin' like the rest of 'em, you rollin' with the best though
Rollin' up the best smoke, rollin' up the best smoke (Ha)

Never had a limit (Ha), small face spender (Ha)
Everything was cashed out, I ain't ever rent it
Brown bag sinner (Ha), shawty love a winner
Beat that pussy up, now that pussy trendin'
Pull up in the dealer (Dealer) lookin' like a dealer (Dealer)
Young nigga, high as shit, five hundred milla
Need me on it? Then you gotta step the bill up (Ah)
Winter time, hoodie on, drop chinchilla (Ah)
Lookin' like a killer (Ah)
Used to hit the block, fiends lookin' like Thriller (Ah)
Shooter like Miller, nah I mean Billups (Billups)
Pull up in the Porsches (Porsches), bad bitch talkin' 'bout 500 horses
Started from the bottom, nigga was a filler (Filler)
Now you need my name so your show could fill up
Keep my cup fill up, black card to fill up
Nigga small-talkin', tell 'em put a mill up (Ah)

I pull up with your bitch in the Rolls
Don't even get it twisted 'cause it's already rolled
Ha, ah