

Wiz Khalifa, On Me

What's up? What's happening Jeezy? I just touched down
These hoes on me, Jeezy, for real

What I'm supposed to do, these haters on me
They make it so bad, these bitches want me
Spent the whole thirty grand, blew the whole clique, damn
When I fell up in the spot the forty on me
What I'm supposed to do, these haters on me
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There be no hating, no faking, no lying, no snitching
You play with it, you go there, you cross line, I'm tripping
Them hoes try them long clips, I'm going straight loco
Your clique poor, you dead broke, I'm world wide, you local
I'm grinding, I'm shining, I'm stunting, I'm flexing
Them bitches you came with, they all in my section
They smoking, we drinking, they turnt up, they sipping
She spilled Don P on me, I said bitch you tripping
My weed costs, my belt costs, my jeans cost a grip, bitch
And you know that four cal is right here on hip, bitch
Two door cost half mil, that there be rich shit
Don't know me? You hate me? That there be bitch shit

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Keep the shit talking, turn me up a little more, uh
Oh my God, look what I just bought
Another presidential rollie, don't ask what it costs
And you might get lost, come into my crib
I'm just a young nigga, getting it how I live
I'm supposed to stacking, supposed to be grinding
Supposed to be swagging, supposed to be shining
Supposed to be way up ahead of my game
While you in back, or stuck in the line
I'm spending my cash, I'm in this bitch, rolling my grass up
Club's so packed in there, can't no one get past us
Oh, I'm with my whole crew, spent thirty thousand in the club
That's what I'm supposed to do, say fuck the chase
I drink it straight, like what I'm supposed to do
If you made what I made a show you'd probably throw it too

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I told a bitch to bring her friend, like what I'm supposed to do
I bought a bottle, drink it straight, like what I'm supposed to do
I hit the club on hella hoes, like what I'm supposed to do
And V.I.P. be rolling drugs, like what I'm supposed to do
You see me driving foreign cars, like what I'm supposed to do

A hundred deep up in this bitch, can't see me rolling through
This nigga tripping, took his bitch, like what I'm supposed to do
A young rich nigga, I'm buying for my whole crew
And I'll serve a nigga pound if he roll through
Real niggas with me and they well known too
And if I'm smoking one you best believe she smoking too
A million dollars, one summer, what I'm supposed to do, uh

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