

# Wiz Khalifa, Out In Space (feat. Quavo)

Stackin' my paper up, no, I ain't make enough  
Won't let these niggas up, smoke when I'm wakin' up  
No, I ain't fake enough, money, I'm rakin' up  
Time, I ain't takin' up, got your girl bakin' up  
Your bed, she makin' up, my crib, I'm takin' up  
Pillow, her face in it, whole lot of space in it  
My car, I'm racin' it, crash and replacin' it  
Don't want the basics in, smokin' and facin' it  
Came from the bottom, I know where the basement is  
Real G's move in silence, my niggas are dangerous  
Smoke every day and I don't miss a plane  
Stack everythin', at the club, make it rain  
Got a new broad and she gettin' me paid  
Fuck niggas hate, guess that come with the game

Got a new car and a bustdown  
I was down bad, but I'm up now  
And I puff loud when I come 'round  
And we just met, she in love now  
I'm a straight player, I don't cuff now  
I get to the bag, I just run 'round  
I'm on KK, I need one pound  
When I call a play, it's a touchdown  
I'ma beat it down, money, need a pile of it  
Blowin' strong and I even fly with it  
Team that I'm with, they don't violate it  
Got a man, but she couldn't hide in it  
Say she can't get enough, late night, I hit her up  
Smokin', not drinkin', so I'm 'bout to pick her up  
Had me one rolled soon as her nigga left  
Like when I choke her, don't let her get her breath

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Connected, my Cookie, that's what Huncho rollin' up  
Walk around Takeoff, do not kick his double cup  
Offset so crazy, you might end up poured up (Pour 'em up)  
Lookin' for your bitch, she out somewhere cuddled up  
Circle is tight, look like a huddle-up  
Tryna get right, young nigga double up (Double up)  
I paid for the bitch to go get a new tummy tuck  
Gang come in first, we don't run with runner-ups  
Walk in the club with my motherfuckin' burner tucked (Burner tucked, grraw)  
I am your leader, your favorite achiever  
I bought the baguettes, the Pave is cheaper  
Quavo Huncho, I'm trappin' with Wiz Khalifa

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(Jerm on the boards)