

Wiz Khalifa, Really And Truly

Mm
Yeah
Let me get it from right here
La Musica De Harry Fraud

She'll never be the same, once she give me the box
Look at my chain and the ice on my watch
Copy on the Gram all things that I rock
Baby, I'm the man and your nigga a flop
"Damn, Khalifa man, where you been at?"
Probably with your bitch, fucking where you pay rent at
If it's a race then I'm finna lap you
I'm in the gym everyday but I'm not finna scrap you
I'm too high to get violent
I'd rather smoke, find a bitch that I can ride with
Fake niggas, I don't vibe with
I'm getting paid, so the bank is where you find me
And a Playa, that's what I be
Makin' moves, stick and move like Ali
Real nigga, don't try me
I wear my own and a nigga ain't gotta sign me
Gang

Tss, I was kicking it with this one bitch, man
I was over at her house and shit
She was, on my motherfucking nerves
And I'm like "Man, what the fuck is you even talking about?"
And I'm runnin' out of weed and shit too
That's the wrong time to fuck with a nigga like that, man
Hold on, baby, let me get my phone

Hold up, I gotta call a new bitch
'Cause I'm a gangsta and you be on some bullshit
She like "Naw, you leave me, imma lose it"
I'm like "Bitch, you just love me 'cause my music"
She like "Naw, I fuck witchu since way back
I can't even believe you would say that"
I'm like "Girl, you know what it is, you know the biz"
She like "Naw, they don't come as real as this"
She rolled the weed up, cook and cleaned the crib
Soon as we leave the club, I be in her ribs
She's like "Think you ever meet a better bitch?"
I fucked her one more time and got in a win

I can't even lie, that shit was great
Shit, and if I ever need it again
Imma call you

Roll some, smoke some
Rolling Papers II
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Rolling Papers... II