

Wiz Khalifa, Slim Peter

Uh, leave it to me
If you want some bomb-ass weed, leave it to me
If you want a fire-ass verse, leave it to me
If you want a bad bitch taken, leave her with me
Uh, freeze up the sleeve
You would think it's Taco Tuesday, we get the cheese
I ain't too into her needs, but if she want it, I'ma get it for her
So much bottles, they askin' what I spend it for
Well, uhm (Well, uhm)
If you wanna have a good time, leave it to me
If you wanna ride down Sunset, leave it to me
Tip the three-wheeler and we smokin' on good tree

Woo
We goin' the fuck off right now, haha
(Statik Selektah)

Grew up like "Boyz N the Hood," shit wasn't all good
And now my mom got a crib, the backyard is all woods (Hahaha)
Shout-out to Chevy and my brothers too
Uh, try to copy my style, but wasn't ready
I'm at the crib rackin' up plaques and buildin' Chevies
A lot of food stacked on my plate, I'm gettin' heavy
I came and took my spot in the game, no one let me
Now outer space is my destination
Stuck around niggas who showed love instead of hatin'
And gettin' money's my occupation, haha
Look at the time you wastin'
If you can't roll up a paper, leave it to me
Turn up the bass and wake up the neighbors, leave it to me
Makin' sure everyone's safe, leave it to me
6 AM, gin shot straight, leave it to me
This exactly where I'm supposed to be
Hella weed, nothin' but real ones close to me
Get in the gym and never fold
Real peaceful nigga, but hands they don't wanna throw with me
Lotta legends been on the road with me
Really good aim, I don't use no scope
One shot and that's all she wrote (And that's all she wrote)