

Wiz Khalifa, Soulmate

Taylor Gang or Die
FFC
Crowd Cloud
Heavy Hustle
Rostrum Records
Yeah. Me

Big money, small money
Short money, tall money

Soon after we locked eyes
I had a vision of me inside
I stimulate your mind and give your body everything that it wants
Private school her whole life
Got an infatuation with being bad
You take her out to shop
To spend it all 'cause she don't see those tags
I get deep inside her soul though
If she was a guitar I'd treat her like a solo
And put my fingers through your hair
And last night was amazing I can honestly say that you the best I ever had
And you don't remember 'cause you weren't even there
But your soul was

Keep going

Just.. just catch up with the next one

Ay
Ay ay
Ay

We don't make love I touch your soul girl

She don't party where the rest go
You need to be able to let your hair down so you can feel good
Here you can buy your own drinks, drive your own car, purchase the Louis bags on your own
Her parents money long but since she grown she'd rather spend yours
I get deep inside her soul though
Go into the drag and beat it like I'm bolo
Until you think it's to much
And even though now you figuring out how or what we shouldn't did
To your friends you'll admit that we had fun.. OK

Ay ay
Ay ay

Let's ride to the gate so you can meet the man
Call me Peter Pan I'mma take you to never never land
When your all dried up here's an ocean to wet the sand
Of course I'mma see what's good with your physical

I'm relighting in the dark to her lock I got the key
And niggas down to get a copy
Damn
How does it feel this great when your not even here
And you climax with the thought of me
That mean we gotta be