

Wiz Khalifa, Stunt'n

Ya'll ready know
When I walk the fuck back
You can't act like
That ain't the flyest thing you've ever seen in your whole entire motherfucking sorry ass life

Can't say I'm not the freshest nigga that you've ever seen
I keep a couple grand – nothin less in my jeans
That's prolly why your bitch keep ringin' phone
And when I pull up she can't leave me alone
Lil homie I grind – No sleep
I'm good in the hood errybody know me
I got my trunk on blast
Hit me when I roll through
Stunt'n like a young nigga supposed to

Stunt'n like I'm supposed to
Riding with my hat cocked
Smokin' something good – 3 blunts and I'm smacked out
City on smash, game on padlock
26 inch rims, chrome on a matchbox
6 bad hoes man I can't choose 1
3 cell phones I just can't use 1
You see how often I spit
You just off bread hun
This the shit they can't do young
Talk fly if you look 'em in the air
Too young, you wonder were I got these Gucci parachute from
A lot of ya'll mad
To me it's just funny
I see why ya'll hatin man the hoes just love me
And you know I'm gettin' shhh
Fuck it I ain't gotta say it
The tab taken care of nigga I ain't gotta pay it
Yea, I'm all day with it, year round
I bet if you was here now

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Got a fat knot, blunt rolled up
Me I ride clean
Neck froze up
Bad bitch on the side
My niggas all rich
Foreign whips what they drive
Yea, I smell like Gucci and big money too
See them guys with me? They gettin' money too
Ride 22's and got heat so
If a nigga try me you a big prob you runnin' into
I smoke a lot need blunt or 2
At a time whole pounds I be runnin' through
Yea, I got a dime bitch coming through
Cause I pimp like I'm supposed to
Wonder how I get it like this, I could show you
Butter soft leather in the whip when I roll through
This year I'm a get shit cleared
Take a look at this kid here

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