

Wiz Khalifa, We Dem Boyz (Tyga Remix)

Hol up, we dem boyz
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Hol up, hol up, hol up, we makin' noise
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Hol up, hol up, hol up, pop a bottle
Hol up, hol up, hol up, if you suck then swallow
Smell that marijuana, they gon' follow
Throwin money on her like she won the lotto
Pussy must be serious
Scared of heights come face your fears
Do it just like Nicki gon' and bend it over
Say she never smoked I turned her to a stoner
Young nigga but I'm ready
Oh, foreign girls call me sexy
And white girls gimme becky
But first I gotta roll this joint, baby hol' up

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Hol up, hol up, had to check the rollie
You know what time it is, bad bitches only
My nigga caught a case bailed out in the morning
Cause we got dollars bitch, so don't you dial The Police
I'm repping and mixing my time like nigga what is you saying
Come fly to LA and I'll show you, i got a wood mansion
We at the story, now the star island
Mianmi and mollys, the young rich king I'm wildin'
Hol up, hol up, hol up, tryna' be so fucking bout it
You want my life style, just don't read the comments
Plotting on a hundred mill, couple milfs up in here ballin
Sh rocking with a cold nigga, now that bitch excited
This ain't no plain Jane, make ten mill of hatch tho, that shits my cash flow but i want mo'
Taylor gang and them last kings, bitches know my name raw on my license plate

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Hol up, hol up, hol up, you drive me crazy
Number 1, bitch you can't replace me
Leave the club these hoes be tryin to chase me
You got a ass so fat lets make a baby
Damn, I'm smokin weed in my mercedes
Hol up, these niggas broke, these niggas lazy
Man they money slim, they actin shady
I'm in my brand new car, who wanna race
Ho, bitch you ain't call my phone so why you showin up
I'm takin them shots all my niggas stay loaded up
Man on the low all these hoes be actin so material
Hol up, man did you see her interior

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