

Wiz Khalifa, Who Run It Freestyle

Niggas keep acting like they gang or something
I'ma make them niggas take your chain or something
Up front money, I don't do no fronting
I'ma make your bitch give me brain or something
Out on the West with my new bitch
I'm on fire, I'm too lit
Eight-ball's on me, no pool stick
Blue flag on me I'm too Crip

I done made a movie
Parked my car and sparked a doobie
It's just me and my new bitch
Cause my whip only got two seats
I'm too stuck up in my ways to these haters move me
Famous bitches in my DM
They just don't amuse me
All about 'bout paper, get my paper
By the door it's loose leaf
All of my niggas gettin' paid
All of my broads exclusive

Look I just want the toppy baby
Don't be acting stupid
I could of bought a four door foreign
But I had to coupe it
Ay bitch, this a brand new chain
Put her in Vera Wang
She got a crazy top
I let her go insane

G-shit in my veins
Limited seats on my plane
Get to the country they know my name
I could pay for anything I'm ordering
Whether it's bitches, California weed, fourth down
Got 20 inches
I'm rolling up hella green by the pound
You wanna pinch this
Wondering what the stench is
Always played my position
We balling cause we the realest