

# 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 toppey 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