

Wiz Khalifa, Wont Stop

In the trap with some killers on the real
Real man, I am man

On the real, I'm in the trap with some killers
On the real, I'mma stack me a million
On the real, I'mma fuck this nigga broad
On the real, I just won't stop going hard
On the real, on it, on it
On the real, on it, on it
On the real, damn
On the real, on it, on it

Kush in my hands, wake up smoking them grams
She say I'm the man, can't keep her face out my pants
Hand full of rings, gold on my sink
Don't even fuck with you, fuck what you think
Covered in ink
Bitches in love with me cause of my money
I know there'd be days like this
But, never knew I would wake up, roll a joint, do my thing, and get paid like this
I walk in the bank, the shark out the tank
I give 'em that thing, he gone aim and don't blink
He aimin', don't blink
I'm doing everything that you can't

Talkin' G's but you ain't 'round none
Get a pound in your city man, it ain't 'bout nothin'
If I gotta send it on a plane, I'mma get it
Give a fuck what a nigga think, boy I'm with it

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You niggas some haters
You niggas not playas, you niggas is fakers
You niggas is faker than ghosts by
You niggas did salty, high sodium
The fuck is you sayin'?
I'm focused on camera, the fuck is you sayin'?
You suckers is pussy
You focused on fuckin' the plans
Roll through the city, I'm rollin' with your ho
My nigga have no hope
I'm fuckin' your bitch and her pussy is so-so, be rolling up your dough
Your niggas ain't loyal, your whole crew was po-po but one of them rich
The rest of them ..., but most of you flex
A nigga that don't know you, don't know
My niggas got six cal's more than your four-four
Pop up your top, one more shot to the top of your block
With that chop, you drop
You be talkin' no mo'
My bitches get bitches that come with more bitches, ya'll niggas ain't got no hoes
We come to your city, we takin' your biddies and leavin' out with bolos
Your niggas is smokin' that 50, ya'll ain't even keepin' that shit hunna

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