

# Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, Eastside

Uh, I'm from the East Side section of your area  
I ain't bullshittin', corners I be hittin'  
Just the morning edition, champagne, orange juice mixin'  
Fell asleep in the studio, woke up on a mission  
Wall Street wolf, these lil' niggas shook  
When we walked in the room, they ain't know where to look  
That eye contact might result in combat  
My hands clean, I don't know who wrote that contract  
Youngsters huntin', murdin' for hire, doin' numbers  
Trade your life for a Camaro this summer  
Ain't nothin' where I come from, but I come up quite different  
Spittin' that zigzag, raw raps, spit shit  
Major wrist get you that big bag  
All the Ziploc with that motherfuckin' toe tag  
But we the Taylor Gang, Jet Lyfe, us high-flyers never die  
It's 20 inch BMX bikes, stomp pegs, grip pliers  
Now me and Pittsburgh Slim is both post drivers  
Sit by, talkin' shit about us, but you need to get like us  
'Cause you know our shit is always tighter  
Always flyer, we just 2009-ed you

[Wiz Khalifa:]

Uh, no pain, no gain, I treat 'em the same  
If it ain't my strain, it ain't in my brain  
The boss, the man, nothing in between  
Them niggas be gone as soon as they came  
My car go fast, wash it in the rain  
My chain is cold, diamonds in my rings  
I get respect not because of fame  
You hate, you lame, I don't entertain  
My shoes, my fit, cost a little change  
She was your chick, now she with the gang  
Just rolled a zip, now I need a flame  
Well known, it don't gotta be explained  
My Benz, or I'm hoppin' out a plane  
Jet Lyfe the gang, all of it the same  
New crib, put our logo on everything  
Plus worldwide, they know our name  
That's on gang, Lyfe  
Jet Taylor, smoke the best flavors