

Wiz Khalifa, Extra Extra Credit

(Ay)
Yeah buddy
(Yea, yea)
You know what we do around this time
(Yeah)
Through the roof swag on you fuck niggas
(Yea, yea)

I ain't gon' deny it
I be on some fly shit
See it, and I want it
Like it, then I buy it
You paying for it
I can make it priceless
I told you all this money ain't for show
I let it go
If you get money
Then you know just what I'm talking 'bout

I got a bad bitch
Her name, you don't need to know
If you can take her off of me
That mean I don't need the ho
Yeah, I'm like the number three
Something you ain't seen before
So we get it smackin'
Once we get back to my vehicle
I got so much drink to pour
And I got my reefer rolled
Girl, I'd love to stay
But gotta pack my things so we can go
They call me sayin' they need to know
How everyday I'm workin'
But my life just like the weekend though
And when we in the club
The owners gon' acknowledge us
Me, I'm drunk as hell
Throwing champagne bottles up
Yeah, we superstars
So the camera crews follow us
And all my diamonds traffic jam
They give you some kinda rush
Baby I'm a star
You can join this constellation
Shit wherever I want
Can't deal with constipation
Any chick that I handle
I teach 'em patience
How not to win the award
But be glad for your nominations
If getting money's the case, then I'm guilty
Need a shower, filthy
Wipe me down
I'm famous
All the bad hoes like me now
They don't just wanna fuck
They wanna become wifey now
You trying to make a name
But me, I got my own cloud
And I can't share no air space
See, I'm so Taylor Gang

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Yeah
All this money got me feelin' bold
And niggas staring like they're scared the speakers' getting old
You look decent but your girlfriend's a centerfold
I keep my mind closed for bitches whose tryin' dig for gold
Big cake, y'all dinner rolls
You just sink, boy, I been afloat
I been in this game and E gave me the sticks
Now I'm in control
And I'm playing on difficult
Hop another plane
New day, another ticket
So we smoke to the life
Write my name in the Swisher smoke
Niggas know
If they don't, then their bitch does
Rosé bottles spree, until they free my big Cuz
I tell her that she drunk
She say she just buzzed
Half a bottle later, she saying she in love
Some will say it's the fame
Some will say the drugs
Got you losing your brain
And doing these things in public
(Teheheh) Yeah
I'm on some own-world other shit
And you gon' have to find
Some decent shelter to get cover in
If she got no panties on, then let her in
And her set of friends
Meet the gang, whoa

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