

Wiz Khalifa, Funk Flex

Flyer than ever, rep Taylor Gang where thee higher the better
My lines are clever, and all my bitches dimes or better
I'm 'bout my cheese mozzarella, chains like the old roc-a-fella
I know your girls a freak, but you'll never beat acapella
I got it locked the hell up, sewn
And they need no help I did it on my own
Oughta be pilot all the places that I've flown
If they made anotha me it'd be a million dollar clone
Haters gonna hate, the bitches say I'm on
My moneys like my hair, now its gettin' kinda long uh
Comin' up people sworn they seen us
Now I'm rich needa chick bad as Kanye's Phoenix
So roll up please in flex we trust
Let them lames be lame, we gon' just be us
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