

# Wiz Khalifa, Head To The Sky

I represent rostrum records  
I represent heavy hustle records  
I represent G.O.V  
I represent Pittsburgh man! Its a whole movement  
It's a lot of niggas out here grinding, we all doing are thing so we have to support ourselves and co  
Shout-out to ID Labs, Shout-out to ID management  
We gonna do this shit like a fucking prince of the city

I got my ear to the streets, head to the sky  
Niggas wanna hate and I don't understand why  
I'm just tryna get money, Money!  
And have the whole world remember me  
So touch mine and become a memory

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They ain't heard about me, although they got to be dead  
With no soul in they body cause this how I lives  
We middle finger cops like who y'all rolling on  
Straight conversation I ain't with that holding on  
You see me ho, I'm gone yeah that's that ray I roll  
And ten patron shots, I'm way outta control  
Just like a bad defender I'm way out of my zone  
And this is what I tell 'em  
Ugh, like what the fuck you yelling 'bout  
This music shit will be the only time I'm selling out  
No I can't sell you shit, your phone bling crazy  
I keep them magnums I ain't trying to hear "that's Kev's baby"  
I'm on my griz a couple shooter kids  
I guarantee you hear some shots  
U fuck would knock there I ain't knocking shit  
U hear me knocking, cops coming nigga let me in!

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Yeah! You see I'm fly like a bitch drunk like a mothafucka  
High as a kite bout to roll me up another one  
Bought a couple stacks So team came to blow something shorty why u shaking like that go and sh  
Young but I'm stunting know I stay bossed up ho I got game fuck around and get crossed up  
She ain't believe me so I did her like hot sauce left her in the wind and her friend got knocked off  
A lot of niggas getting mad cause I'm out here making large amounts of paper but it ain't gonna sto  
I'm either on the road making money or the lab with Kev Tha Hustla, sledgren, lonnie or my nigga y  
Getting stupid cash call this a dumb knock, I'm living that life little nigga your not  
Instead of worrying about me could be getting more gwap, bitch I got mines, u should get yours, yo

I got my ear to the streets, head to the sky  
Niggas wanna hate and I don't understand why  
I'm just tryna get money, Money!  
And have the whole world remember me  
So touch mine and become a memory

Keep my ears to the streets, head to the sky, niggas keep hating and they must wanna die  
Mad cause I get it and they hate that I'm fly my shoes say Gucci ride 745  
I'm all about the money, u can see it in my eyes I'mma always keep it real I ain't never told a lie  
Your boy speak the truth every time I spit a rhyme  
My finger on the trigger keep the paper on my mind

PGH where I'm from niggas stay on the grind  
My city ain't safe niggas stay clapping iron  
412 we on the map now baby and money off music spitting raps all crazy  
Still rolling blunts yes I stay hazy  
Your dude 8 sticks now my eyes all lazy  
I was real nigga so how could ya hate me  
King of the pitt so why try to play me