

Wiz Khalifa, Hello Kitty (On Tha Pill, feat. Kev Tha Hustla)

Shawty make me feel like we fucking on the pill
Sha-shawty make me feel like we fucking on the pill

So baby come fly with a nigga who space surf
She know how to dive, she don't jump its face first
I let her log on and play with my laptop
"We so high up Heinz Field in the backdrop
I roll a bat she catch balls like a backstop
D-12 baby and ya man just a matchbox
I get cash really honey this is me
I'm the drug she's a plug, she in love with tha D
Never give it to her raw, no seeds like the weed
So don't be blind to the fact, baby girl come and see
I get money with an attitude that's mad cash
But when you walked past, I was like damn
She want me to give her my all
I'm talkin' one night, no feelings involved
Early morn no passion
Show her my flight school skills, no crashin'

Girl ya loving got me gone, me gone, me gone
You're like a drug to me I'm on, I'm on, I'm on
I'm rolling, I'm rollin', I'm rollin', I'm rollin'
I'm rollin', I'm rollin', I'm rollin', I'm rollin'
Shawty make me feel like we fucking on the pill
Shawty-shawty make me feel like we fucking on the pill
Shawty make me feel like we fucking on the pill
Shawty-shawty make me feel like we fucking on the pill
Shawty make me feel like we fucking on the pill (I'm rolling, I'm rolling)
Shawty-shawty make me feel like we fucking on the pill (I'm rolling, I'm rolling)
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Shawty-shawty make me feel like we fucking on the pill (I'm rolling, I'm rolling)

Okay!
Uh oh, everything Taylor'd, room with no neighbors
Hop inside and we'll fly where a bird or a plane is
What your name is, and who ya came with, listen
I'mma take you out and put in the right position, oh
And tell your nigga I ain't tripping
Never fallin' off, I ain't slackin' on my pimpin'
Niggas call me weirdo, bitches call me different
Send me naked pics when I'm on the road
Just to let you know, I think it's beautiful
Soon as I get home, I'm rushin' over like a head start
Fresh up out the shower to the sofa, skip the bed part
A sharp shooter, young Bret Hart
Probably would like to, Hollywood night you
Red eye flight you, somewhere near we can get lost
And let you pop off, gone

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