

# Wiz Khalifa, In My Car (Tha Puff Bus)

When I'm ridin', I'm high  
Got my drink poured, my weed rolled  
I creep slow, my bitch on my side and  
Wherever that change go, this gang go  
Some talk it, they lame though  
Hoes on it, they want it, they say so  
Whenever we roll by, so  
Won't you jump yo pretty ass in my car, in my car  
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Girl

My car match what year it is  
It's hard not to hear the shit  
Just know I'm gone no matter what gear I'm in  
Eyes closed when I'm steerin', blowin' O's out the window  
Suede on the floor, doors plus the ceiling  
And I keep it clean  
Hoes wanna get in they gotta wipe they feet  
Go over a few things then I'mma light this weed  
Don't want no burn marks sweetheart  
So hang it out the window  
If you gotta fuck up once I get you outta here  
Uh, I'm talkin' loud pipes and rally stripes  
So much paper I mistake and have to count it twice  
Yellow car come out at night, all the hoes be into it  
Remote control starter, that bitch runnin' when I get to it  
Watch yo bitches run up 'til they get to it  
And girl there's only one you ain't gon' get two of it  
So ride wit' the nigga gettin' high, sittin' 22 inches fly  
Who the shit

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Smokin' on some taylor shit, lookin for a thirsty bitch  
Ridin' on 26's, my pockets never empty  
I'm high and always tipsy, ecstasy there plenty  
Model chick, stripper bitch, I be fuckin' many  
Every car paid cash, I don't pay no lease fee  
But I get my dick sucked, Monica Lewinsky  
Y'all niggas the toilet bowl, I do all the shittin'  
Lamborghini flyin' doors, gone wit' the wings in  
I pop a lotta pills, I pop a lotta seals  
I pop a lotta pussy niggas that are not real  
When you see my jewelry game, you gon' get the chills  
Got hoes like Hilary and smoke like Bill  
Bitch

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