

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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