

Wiz Khalifa, Karate, Never Hesitate (feat. Chevy Chase)

Cup full of gin, I want her and her friend
I might fuck once, but I never ever call again
Fucked your bitch in my vans, slapped the shit up out yo' man
Fuck the police, I go HAM
Hit her from the back like, "Damn!"

Damn! How you get all that?
All that OG in my joint, how you hit all that?
I be always movin' forward, I ain't never movin' backwards
Natural with the talent, I don't ever have to practice
And since we talkin' practice bitch, I'm ballin' just like Iverson
My new bitch immaculate and I'm so used to traffickin'
I be with the baddest bitch and best believe I'm stabbin' it
I hit her with the magic stick, my car could do a magic trick
You can't lock me down baby, let me live my life
Whip a four into a six, 'cause baby I'm not nice
Ayy, you ain't bossed up nigga, you can't change that price
Tried to short me, got him on the phone like, "Make that right"
Got a plane to catch, we can only fuck for 30 minutes
Say she got a man, but she say she love me when I'm in it
I'm a real nigga, scratch my tattoos when I hit it
Fuck her real good, make her call a Uber when I'm finished
That's my nigga Chev, I get to the bag
Flight came wit' a bed, yo' bitch give me head
Like, "Ooh!", ooh she smart
This a spaceship, this a robot, watch it park

Cup full of gin, now we're huntin' her friend
I might fuck once, but I never ever call again
Fucked your bitch in my vans, slapped the shit up out yo' man
Fuck the police, I go HAM
Hit her from the back like, "Damn!", (ooh)

I can see the plot (ooh)
Ooh, I just bagged a thot (ooh)
Diamonds, they be dancing macarena in my watch
Sippin' Faygo, servin' Legos baby, you know I have blocks, ayy
Mother-fuck the neighbours, they was wishin' that it stop, woo
Gun in my crib and we gettin' it André
Gettin' them Benjamins all day
No I ain't payin' attention, my charm is a artist, my chain a magician
Pourin' and drinkin', I'm sippin', I'm in there one time roll that dank and I'm finished
And my bitch bad like Dennis the Menace, I gave her the business
I just fucked your baby mama, ooh boy, you the enemy
Text and said she sick and need the dick, she want the remedy
I just want the headshot, I just want the Kennedy
Got to rappin' like I'm Wopo, don't know what got into me

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Fuck the police, I go HAM
Hit her from the back like, "Damn!"

Pounds of good smoke
Used to smoke blunts, but now it's paper she roll (two)
And I'm with some gangstas, gangstas
And I'm with some gangstas

Uh, heaven and glory
She so high tellin' me stories
Puttin' on for the G's before me
We the motherfucking gang, Army, Navy, Air Force
Blowin' KK got me airborne

Gettin' comfortable's what I'm here for
Confidence in my approach, the fans wanna hear more
Therefore, I built this whole belief that I'ma stand on the foundation, that's real
Smokin' on what Beatrix wanted to do to Bill
Chill, as my driver turns the wheel
Rollin' papers, never let the paper stand still
I'm on a mission and I can, will
Eliminate the competition to destroy the enemy, just gotta break the image

How do I anticipate
What I need in my relationship with you
How do I never hesitate
When I'm afraid and don't understand what to do

Got your nigga emotional
Goin' through his feelings
Never fit in but always manage to get my dividends
We at the crib, bring your friends
I could show you how I live
Say you want to fuck but it depends
I met her at Penn, leave 'em in the wind
Hardly ever call them again
Swedish bitch, call her Harley Quinn
Nigga, your squad hardly win
I could just send out one call them hoes fallin' in
They cheerin' for the kid 'cause I'm ballin'
Winter, spring, summer, fall, I just want it all
Got a joint rolled for each and every one of y'all
All my clothes is recent, all my hoes is decent
Can't join us or beat us

How do I anticipate
What I need in my relationship with you
How do I never hesitate
When I'm afraid and don't understand what to do

Got you rollin' papers, got you rollin' papers
Pullin' up to Ubers, wakin' up the neighbors
Got you rollin' papers, got you rollin' papers
Got you rollin' papers, got you rollin' papers
Fallin' asleep, wakin' up days later
Huh-huh-huh-huh
And it ain't about the clout nigga
It's about getting paid and smokin' out
That's what we about
Hah-hah-hah-hah