

# Wiz Khalifa, Keys To The City

It's too many cars in the front, pounds in the trunk  
Balling so hard that I think I'm bout to  
I think I'm bout to dump  
I got what they want, liquor in your cup  
Keys to the city and the pound rolled up  
I don't even want her, that's the chick he wanna cuff  
Took her on a trip but, how the fuck is you in love?  
Nigga use the tricks, you know she finish gig is up  
Oh, man, you niggas stuck

Glizzy in the tub tuck  
Gotta keep it with me 'cause theses niggas do you dirty  
Yeah, my city kinda tough  
Ain't interested in bitches I'm too busy counting up  
Won't shine until I'm finished  
I'm the diamond in the rough  
All my dogs yelling rough  
Rolling down the window going chronic out the roof  
Sick and tired of telling niggas bout a nigga look

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Ain't fucking with us but with they was  
Seen how much you spent that wasn't enough  
The gig is up, only in my niggas who I trust  
Plus I never switch up on my niggas just adjust  
Getting all this bread with all my niggas split in the crust  
Dropping hella hits and selling tickets like it's drugs

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