

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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