Wiz Khalifa, Let'R

Fresh outta that
Back to the trap
808 Mafia
808
Metro Boomin want some more nigga?

Hey, I fuck her once, forget her I pull up and upset em Smoke kush, it make me feel better Your bitch choosin', just let her Your bitch choosin', just let her Your bitch choosin', just let her Your bitch choosin', just let her

Uh, Whole lotta Kush, whole lotta cars
Whole lotta hoes, whole lotta cash
Whole lotta planes, whole lotta spots
Whole lotta rooms, whole lotta pot
And it ain't gonna stop
My niggas got (all in)
My niggas got (all in)
My niggas came (up in here)
My niggas came (up in here)
Your niggas ain't (ballin')
Your niggas ain't (ballin')
That's why your bitch want
(A real nigga to call in)

Hey, I fuck her once, forget her I pull up and upset em Smoke kush, it make me feel better Your bitch choosin', just let her Your bitch choosin', just let her

Ugh, at me like a lighter in the wind Tryna find out where I'm going Your girl's figured out what I'm driving You're out on the town and your nigga don't know Rollin' up, tryna keep it on the low You ain't on Instagram taking pictures Tryna make the best of the moment Parents don't know and your boss might kill ya Man these hoes so familiar One minute on the team, next minute they ain't withcha Like the ho from the Clippers Laid up watchin' movies in my Bathing Ape slippers I got all this I got a crib with a court in the back, motherfucker I'm ballin' Kush conin', at the table taking shots and it's gone then As I called it (Your bitch want me, whoa Aw man, shit, aye! 28 grams nigga) And my sweats cost more than your whole outfit Shit I got on, it ain't from the store Let her put it on while she rollin' Raw's Young Khalifa man, all on the walls

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Your bitch choosin', just let her Your bitch choosin', just let her

Hahahahaha Oh my god Hahahahaha