

Wiz Khalifa, Mezmorized

It's young Khalifa man
Paper Plane Gang
5-0-1 young
Ay, shout out to my brother Spitta, man
I just wanted to say that
And your bitch could see this shit from across the street, nigga
It's pimpin' over here
Macaroni
Ta-Ha!
Kush and Orange Juice, nigga
What up Chevy
Jerm I see you
Cardo On The Beat

Uh, I don't love 'em
I don't chase 'em, I duck 'em
Smoke somethin'
Go to a new state soon as I fuck 'em
Niggas be pressed for pussy
It ain't nothing
Instead of worrying about who that bitch fuckin'
Why don't you get you some money?
9 times out of 10, she see me stuntin'
Game running
Wanna know my hotel
And who phone to ring when she coming
I keep it a hundred
Get love from the hoes, but it's
Money over bitches
Nothing above it
Like the weed loud
Like my engine when I speed up
Bitches holding they weave
Rolling trees
With they pretty feets up
Them suckas often imitate
But they can't be us
So super high
Look in the sky when you wanna see me bruh
Cut my speakers up
Drowning out what the critics say, just
Continue to smoke and remain G as fuck
Polo socks match my Polo hat
She leave once, it's a known fact
That she ain't coming back
Now Taylor Gang that

And ain't shit change
But the amount of horses in my motor
When I switch lanes
And I beat 'em blinding
With them diamonds in my big chain
Heavy in the game, little homie
I'm doing big things
And them bitches, they mesmerized
They recognize
I keep it so G (I keep it so G)
Get you some money, fuckin' with me (fuckin' with me)

I don't love 'em
I don't chase 'em, I duck 'em
Try to get paper
How the fucker don't know shit about her
I take you up where it's cloudy

Ain't one them lames still rockin' Prada
I go to Louie and blow a couple thousand
One of my baddest bitches
Rollin' up while I'm driving
And she don't even smoke
Just hit it once while she light it
My game tight, seal and sign it
Them niggas just playing
Ain't really ballin'
Saying they being honest
Claiming that's your wife
But we can't call it
She all in my hotel suite
At 3 in the morning
Taking her clothes off
Inhaling weed and coughing
Ain't her first time chiefing
But say she don't do this often
Since I was 16
I had all the intentions to keep it G
Take niggas hoes
And smoke hella trees with 'em
As for your team
You niggas in the stands, you just lookin'
I'm a pro to these rookies
And the plan is still paper over... pussy

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Yeah nigga, this shit just don't sound cool
This what we go to sleep to, wake up to
Kush and Orange Juice nigga
Got your bitch cooking them cheese eggs too
Got paper in my pocket
Taylor Gang what's up?
See y'all niggas man
We done fucked over 'em this year, it's a wrap
Hahahaha, yeah
We don't want no more sucker shit, ever