Wiz Khalifa, More Than Ever

Mm-hmm, mm-mm
My nigga Ben quit playin', haha
Uh

I put in work
Reppin' my gang 'til the dirt
What was in her purse?
Ain't concerned, what was under her skirt?
Jump in my car, we're makin' it skrrt
Stay on my job, they know what I'm worth
I gotta be the freshest nigga on earth
Make her eat up, then I give her dessert
I got numbers on my shirt 'cause I'm a player
I pay for it, so I own it
Blow kush smoke, it ain't fair how I took over the game
Made it through several layers, now these niggas don't mention my name simply 'cause they scare
My car go quick in the lane
I get a bitch, I don't cuff her, just give her the game
And let her make us both rich, nah, we ain't the same
I rep the gang, you reppin' for niggas that's lame
Stay up out the way with them lil' vibrations

Pour up some more
I got a lil' bottle of McQueen out the store (Woah)
Roll up some more
I got a lil' pound so we can all come smoke
Hate it when everything fast
Like when life move slow, life move slow
When a bum bitch lie, you never gassed 'cause I got that fire for sure

Who put you onto game?
Who made sure you had T-G-O-D in your name?
Who made sure you didn't give a fuck about the fame?
Diamonds all in our bracelets
Roll wit' gangsters
Live the real life, no entertainment
And if they entertain, we put on a show
Hundred joints already rolled, smell the kush through the door
Bomb music, bomb weed, shit, that's all we know
Don't take pics or expose 'em
Even though we high, keep this on the low

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She leavin' her man 'cause that nigga lame
I stick to the plan, make sure I win the game
Doobie in my hand when I walk on the plane
Wizzle got wings, Wizzle got everything
If she come to my crib, she ain't gon' be the same
Celine draws and Balenciaga shades