

Wiz Khalifa, Mr. Williams, Where Is The Love

Don't fear
Just love me under the moonlight
The shine on your body
So bright, yeah
Your beauty's blinding
But baby, tonight I hope
My sight's alright
In the night, I'm in my zone
You gon' regret this if you don't so
Let's get to lovin'
Let's get to lovin'
Let's get to lovin', babe

I'm fresh off the dank, got more to bake
Never running out, same goes for the bank
Gas in the tank, top rank
About the cake, we don't use brakes
Too blazed, pilots say we can't get on the plane
No debate, pounds are putting on, I'm making weight
Money safe, put it in there for a rainy day
Niggas hate, don't fuck with them anyway
I hustle too many ways to get comfortable
You know how I'm coming
Call your girl, let's get into something
Money discussions, take my time, I ain't rushing
Want someone you could trust in
Me, I'ma fuck, and get up in the dusk
Got work tomorrow that's two of us
I feel like I can't lose
KK joints 'till I can't move
She happy I came through
Giving rolling lessons to a crew
Smoke like I do
No lie, we the truth
So high, leave the room, gang

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Big money in it or count me out
Burying safes with undisclosed amounts
They all over the place
Plus I fuck with the banks
I got a couple accounts
She got a million dollar mouth
She was born with it
She went to Dr. Miami for the rest of the shit
Stacked out, renegade on the Vegas strip
But she pay me for the game that I gave the bitch
A level headed gentleman with a crazy wrist
Boss player, thirty points plus twenty assists
I'm not selfish 'cause I throw all my niggas in the mix
Don't cuff none
Introduce my homie to the bitch if she want some

Chick will come through, get done, spend money, bang bitches but I don't love one
Hustle 'till the cops come, Ferrari, drive out run
Pull up, hop out
Car stunts I've done

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Tapping fools out, Bruce in his first bout
I ain't searching for clout, bringing cars out
Large amounts of money, guard the vaults 'cause we stars
Chase paper, smoke strong
All my bitches get along, well informed
What's your nigga doing
Cut your phone off, hit you in the morn'
Said he borin', ain't important
True color showing
My whip look comfortable, don't it
Keep them papers rolling, don't see my opponents
Stay focused

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Hit me up-up, up-up, yeah
Hit me up-up, up-up, yeah
Hit me up-up, up-up, yeah
Hit me up-up, up-up, yeah

Diamond rings, Diamond chains
Diamonds on everything
Spend some quarters, dropping chains
Hop on to a private plane
Pay the cost to be the boss
Now I need some time to floss
I hear 'em, don't believe them tho
Paper, I just get and go
Making conversation, problems facing
Not them niggas round the way
I keep a nice long jay
It's no police so I'ma blaze it
I'm taking niggas out the waste
Always rolling up, my killing
Try to get another million in my safe

Said they'll be there when you need 'em
But I just don't see them, where's the love
And if you down for me, I'll be right there
When you need me, hit me up
Said they'll be there when you need 'em
But I just don't see her, where's the love
And if you down for me, I'll be right there
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Couple bangs, popping
Got a couple chain options
Look like rain drops in every ring that I'm rocking
Niggas want me falling off but nigga we ain't stopping
Always hit the mark, 'cause I know how to stay in pocket
Now they stare, mind is clear
I seen yours, mine is rare
Money long, not a care
Blowing strong, down to share
When I'm home, I'm the mayor
Rims gold, like a player
Really cold rocking carats

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