Wiz Khalifa, No Social Media

I said let's go, not let's wait

Girl I'm tryna fuck with you with no social media Take you to a private place with no social media Girl you look so good when you got no social media Bring my friends, you bring some too, just no social media

My word is bond, my kush is strong
My money long, my dick the bomb
I'm still the same, I'll never change
I'll still fuck a bitch out a wedding ring on everything
Dark skin, got a light skin friend poppin'
In the '62 coupé, ass droppin'
Baby press silent, we don't need our phones
And mothafuck a charger, you can leave it home
Don't keep going on your phone, I'm starting to getting upset
Cause you wouldn't be shit without the internet
I don't give a fuck bout how many likes you get
Fuck a selfie stick, suck a healthy dick, bitch!

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Jumped out the back of a black Sprinter van On Crip cuz, headed to the strip club Walked in bad bitches all in my face, want a pick, want some dick Want some Henny, have a taste on me So G, I ain't fucking with no TMZ Get your girls and you follow me, all on me, swallow me Slide out, bout to dip, take a trip, plead the fifth Ride out, back door, black tint, beat me there, don't meet me there You and your girl need to fuck with a G but no social media Leave your purse and your phone at the door on the low Ain't no social media (tell 'em Wiz)

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Oh no-oh-woah, oh no-oh-woah Let's do this on the low-oh-woah, yeah Oh no-oh-woah, oh no-oh-woah Let's do this on the low-oh-woah, yeah Oh no-oh-woah, oh no-oh-woah Let's do this on the low-oh-woah Let's do this on the low-oh-woah, yeah