

Wiz Khalifa, O.T.T.R.

Try and hand me a joint, Burner
Mm-hmm
Starsky and Hutch minus the fuzz
Mild flat boys, hmh-hmh-hmh
That's what you wanna call us anyway

They're saying it's 'bout time some real niggas made it
And when I go outside, they're saying I'm famous
And some don't understand but listen close and you'll find out
I'm running through them grams, you'll smell the kush when I ride out
I'm moving at top speed, my engine is foreign
I travel across seas where women are gorgeous
And niggas know it's us, we make it tough to mistake it
Just let me roll one up and when it's stuffed up, I'ma blaze it
Then we off to the races

Starsky and Hutch minus the fuzz
Me and Spitta stick together like, huh
Cotton and mud, some chicks counting up buds
Mouth got cotton, proly from the drugs
Lot of pot in my process, love
Don't hate a nigga cause I'm blessed, judge me by my progress, bruh
I obsess with every dollar I get
Fuck you think we made it out the projects for?
The object is to make money and get the most from it
And more money, cause more money ain't enough of it
I know niggas who had money and let it go to nothing
Just blow money and ain't got nothing to show for it, that's fucking stupid
Same as my diamonds and the fact I'm buying all this new shit
Made a million a way, a nigga grind'll be a blueprint
I'm talking champagne shit, Audemar tailor made shit
Look at my jackets, say hand made bitch

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And I'm a pimp, see
Leaning in my ride like how Bun B
Sitting tall on my chrome seat but I'm low in the seat
My girl in the sheet fast asleep, I'm in the street
After the cheddar, peddling melodies, purchasing better things
On the road to the riches, I done drove over niggas
My nigga we major, we been major since independent
Made it to what they saying, we made it but we ain't hearing it
We too busy getting it, hound dog sniffing it out
Twisting a whole pound, celebrating the fact that
Them wack fools had it but this here's the take back
And them haters can't hate that
Salute me from across a crowded club, homie, I take that as love
Real nigga shit the only thing I'm dealing with slim
Bitch you know that I'm the reason that you still in this club
Get out the corner of my eye and get in this truck

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Yelling, "Suck a dick or die hoe"
See your main bitch is my side hoe
Smoking top shelf on the top floor
I'm a boss bitch, I take my time and get it pronto
You probably fucking around
Doing some shit I ain't got time for (pussy boy)
Fuck you and your whole anatomy bitch
My new crib look like an academy bitch
It's Finally Famous the faculty bitch
Killin' these niggas, no casualties
Money and weed is a real nigga salary
Man, these rappers sound like me
And honestly that shit is so flattering bitch
(Thank you, thank you, thank you) They want me to slip up and fall
Crash, burn, but I just keep pissing them off (off)
I got movies to make (make) I got women to call (call)
I got deals on the table, I can't be dealing with y'all, nigga
Rather crash parties and burn money (money)
And if you pick the ashes up, you still can't earn from me (from me)
Bottom line is I never wait in line bitch
And I'm rolling King Kush, I'm your Royal Highness

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