

# 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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