

Wiz Khalifa, Ode To Naked Pop Stars

Okay!

Always had a crush on you that you wouldn't even know was there
Let me introduce myself, they call me Young Khalifa man (okay)
Young Khalifa man, call me Young Khalifa man
Next time you're home takin' pictures, call me if you need a hand
I'll be everything you want, spend time alone and be you're friend
Pick you up from lunch and shit, I'll probably beat you to the crib
You gon' have me doin' shit, just solely off them snapshots
I'll lick you from head to toe, go down and eat the snack box
Came home from the studio, seen you with no t-shirt on
And couldn't help but feel like this, I hope that you don't take it wrong
Ain't seen you in person, so I figured I'd just make a song
And anyone that feel the way I feel will probably sing along
You look good with them jeans on
Wasn't for this night I'da never knew you had them rings on
I don't know him, but whoever stole your mack
When I see him, I'mma pat him on the back

Baby, you my everything, you all I ever wanted
We can do it real big, bigger than you ever done it
We can do it real big, bigger than you ever done it
Cause she hold me down every time I hit her up
When I get right I promise that we gonna live it up
And when the day's gone, I look her picture up
And I say the same thing every single time

I think of you undressed, think of you undressed
Think of you undressed, think of you undressed
You the best I ever had, best I ever had
Best I ever had, best I ever had, when I think of you undressed

Future sex love, I be on that Timberlake shit
I be there to download em, every time you take pics
Everything tatted, so they call me Young Travis
We ain't gotta go to the shop, we already matchin'
Paper through the roof, but baby money ain't the topic
I can put it on you til you pray I never stop it
Go through everyday just to get some shit accomplished
But I can't help but think bout them pictures of you topless
Like a nerd with no Macbook
Look how purty that lil cat look
I see them nine lives pokin' from the back
And I'm tryin' to kick the habit, but you gotta nigga crack-hooked
Yeah just know my album is a classic
And out of all the flicks, my favorite pictures when you grabbed it
Standin' with no towel on, wish I was where your hand is
That ring up in your nipple make a nigga think of marriage

Baby, you my everything, you all I ever wanted
We can do it real big, bigger than you ever done it
(Well y'all probably done it pretty big
But I got more than money girl)
Cause she hold me down every time I hit her up
When I get right I promise that we gonna live it up
And when the day's gone, I look her picture up
And I say the same thing every single time

I think of you undressed, think of you undressed
Think of you undressed, think of you undressed
You the best I ever had, best I ever had
Best I ever had, best I ever had, when I think of you undressed

Okay!

I hope you don't take this in a disrespectful way
This how I do, young Taylor Gang)

