

Wiz Khalifa, On My Lap

(Beat that motherfucker up, Quad)

Uh

(Menace on the beat)

Huh

Mm-mm-mm

Uh

Who wanna party? Heard your best friend naughty
With my white friends on a jet getting gnarly
We in the room or the hotel lobby
I'd probably get kicked out if they saw me
I'm on tour, but you'd think we in an army
Young Wiz got a bunch of angels like Charlie
Dread head, my chain is alarming
My dick made her pass out, I think she a zombie
Where you going, girl? Your ass too fat
Fuck a couple hundred, here's a stack
On her back, playing with her cat
Bring it here, put it on my lap

Make it go left cheek, right cheek, left cheek, right cheek, left cheek, right cheek, left cheek
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Make it go left cheek, right cheek, left cheek, right cheek, left cheek, right cheek, left cheek
Make it go left cheek, right cheek, left cheek, right cheek, left cheek, right cheek, left cheek, make i

Up, down, like a Chevrolet
Do it in you heels like Beverley
I can make you come, but you can never stay
I can make you come, but you can never stay
Best friends, they on the way
Say they do straight shit, but now they turned gay
You got a backbone, you ain't a weak ho
But the Casamigo turn you to a freak ho
My penthouse, we on the top floor
You say you ain't been here before
That ass look amazing for sure
But I'ma need more

Make it go left cheek, right cheek, left cheek, right cheek, left cheek, right cheek, left cheek
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We still here, we still linin' it up, it's still Quad on the beat
Um, my nigga Deji in this bitch, you know what it is
We got shrooms on shrooms and pounds on pounds, see ya