

# Wiz Khalifa, Pittsburgh Sound (All In My Blood)

(Yeah!)  
It's Wiz Khalifa man (Yeah, yeah!)  
It's that 412 shit!  
I got that Pittsburgh Sound  
Let's get it (Yeah!)

Around these parts  
I'm known as the youngest in charge  
My shit bang out the trunk of your car  
It's the city's known rap spitter  
Semi blown clap niggas  
Skin and bones but really known as that nigga  
I'm known to chase the bucks  
Grind to get my paper up  
In the studio writin' rhymes 'til the paper crunch  
I'm not the type that u would call 'em a thug  
But I'm a hustler, it's all in my blood  
So if it's all for the cheese then I'm in it  
My screws kinda loose so I ease to the finish  
I hop up in the coupe feel the breeze while I'm in it  
Blowin' smoke up out the roof from the trees that I'm spliffing  
Youngin' got the game on lock  
I'm on top, it's a shame y'all not  
You a lame put your brain on pot  
Leave you wet like the rain y'all drop  
I'm gonna rock and I ain't gonna stop, nigga (Y-yeah!)

Who's the kid spittin' flames?  
Changin' the game  
His name, it's Wiz Khalifa man  
From the home of the greats  
Where they known for the cake  
The place, that steel city damn  
I got that Pittsburgh sound  
And I'mma always hold Pittsburgh down  
It's Wiz Khalifa man  
You can't tell by now  
Pittsburgh I'mma swell my town  
That steel city damn

Roll rubber you don't know what you dealin' with  
Oh so innocent but flows so diligent  
My spit game's like a .44 [?] shit  
Know your man warm but the young ball killin' shit  
Realist shit and your main wife dig me  
Game try and hit me  
Kick game like 50 Cent  
Niggas wanna play games I quickly  
Mob with a squad that will bang y'all wit me  
And they want the kid still hurtin'  
Hundred niggas with hammers  
Yeah that's what I call a steel curtain  
Ahead of my time and still workin'  
Put in work couple mill worth in  
And I'm from Pittsburgh where the green  
And the eatin' is good  
And the fiends do everything in the hood  
Every day is like a war so my soldiers ride fatigues in the hood  
And we gettin' all the green like we should (Y-yeah!)

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I'm from the home of the great  
Where they known for the cake  
Where the money stackin' up  
Put a chrome to your face  
You could step out of line nigga  
Thrown 'em into place  
That's why all my homies say  
It's whatever whenever  
I flow so hard and I spit so sick  
Got all of these rap niggas on my tip  
I [?] it ain't none of that homo shit  
And that's word to the Philly guys, spliff  
It's whatever whenever (Yeah!)

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