Wiz Khalifa, Smoke Screen

It's not supposed to be happenin' now What is she callin' about? What you doin'? I have no idea

Oh, pull up, door open I ain't gotta say much (Oh whoa, ooh whoa, ooh whoa) They be tryna catch up New whip, that's us Bad bitch, she rollin' up No time for the player haters On my grind, I can't lay up

I think rich, so I gotta keep my bucks long Thousand dollar fits but still got some blue Chucks on You gon' jog or you gon' stampede? We in the diamond lane, breaded, all my niggas smell like good leaves Bitch that back talk, I love the way she badass We be on the grind, full speed, I need an asset I'm in a circle full of cold niggas Don't gotta say much, we pull up, the dips is gon' roll with us Doors open up like Lamborghini She a light weight she with it, she gon' go up off a Martini I need it all, don't want the half, I don't slow step We be in the foreign, she gon' bob until her throat stretch

Oh, pull up, door open I ain't gotta say much (Oh whoa, ooh whoa, ooh whoa) They be tryna catch up New whip, that's us Bad bitch, she rollin' up No time for the players, haters On my grind (Okay), I can't lay up

If they only knew, what that thing do See a million dollars everytime I think of you Take my business to the top, dream come true Want me to drop the top, no clouds, sky blue Red sixty-one or sixty-nine, Skyblue Pull up on Snoop, watch a movie when we drive through Get you some ice, pull it out, you look surprised A real winner, I can see it in your eyes Don't make our moves too fast 'cause we strategize Grade A, G-shit, when they categorize Spend that money then your picture off in private Put some diamonds on my wrist, that's perfect timin'

Oh, pull up, door open (Haha) I ain't gotta say much (Oh whoa, ooh whoa, ooh whoa) They be tryna catch up (Don't compete with each other, man) (Y'all just do the same thing, y'all get the same shit, haha) New whip, that's us Bad bitch, she rollin' up No time for the players, haters On my grind, I can't lay up