

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