

Wiz Khalifa, Spotlight (feat. Killa Kyleon)

Ten steps ahead of these niggas... fool
That's why they fuck with me instead of these niggas
Yeah!
Ahahaha yeah
This beat go perfect with my belt
Hahaha
They match my Damier luggage too
Joints rolled up
That's Louis Vuitton
Uh
Bad bitches & cold drinks
"Cav?" you know what it is man
Taylor gang
Uh

[Wiz Khalifa:]
No joint roaches in my car
Play the game smart
We gone get this cheese
Don't give police a reason to fuck us off
I done seen the ups
Not a stranger to the downs
But for now we smoke divas in my loft
Champagne with bitches with foreign names
My homie hit me on a text
He ain't want nothin' just to tell me that I got next
And keep it G
I'm in your town frequently
Got the bottle, bring the trees
Watch some movies hit this weed
Yea a nigga livin' care free
Please don't blow my fly pardon the high nigga tendencies
Can't duplicate us but the planes what they pretend to be
Through all the bullshit overcame and still remained a G
Clicquot slow and sour D's smoke
She leave the room, you smell it on her fingers bro
Askin' silly questions, bout where you been
Saying you look different
Had the time of her life not to mention
You ain't been this high in a minute
Took ownership of the air
I'm fly, You niggas just trying to visit
Yea... Yea bitch

Where ever that paper go
I'm gon' get it, so mommy are you with it?
I gotta know
We in the spotlight
Never been high as you are 'til you get on my flight
Up and away we go
On my plane, mama they know my name
Everywhere that we go
And they rep the gang everywhere that we go
Everywhere that we go
Ohohh

While you at home on twitter tryna hack in her page and shit
We smoking and crackin' jokes at how lame you is, uh
Hotel room right up by the water even taught her how to use a joint roller
A Titan but came from underground like a oiler
Here like I never left back like a spoiler
Give my keys to valet, waiter take my order
Y'all been waitin' for real niggas to eat the way they oughta
Kyleon

[Killa Kyleon:]
Young Khalifa, cooler than kush reefer
Good drink that'll seat ya
Put you in a sleeper
Louis on my peepers but I see that bread (Clearly tho)
Good music is the consequence we legends (Really Doe)
Minus Kanye, but we got this money in common
We get it day and night
Could've married to it no woman
I'm the shit, no bummin'
Money talk, no hummin'
Put the GPS on it, locate it, I'm comin'
I'm in somethin' paper plated
Get it, decapitate it
Ichabod Crane
Super boats swangs fascinated
With the fast life
Haters to the left I got my cash right
Irish spring green make 'em blow me like a bag pipe
Lit up like a flashlight
VVSs in my necklace looking like bad dikes
All my bitches bad like
Mike no homo, Amber Rose, Kim Kardash type
5 star chicks, first class like my last flight

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