

# Wiz Khalifa, Starstruck (Remix)

This your boy Wiz Khalifa man  
And I'm 'a talk my shit, yeah, bitch  
I hope ya'll niggas is used to hearing my voice by now  
And if not, get used to it

I woke up from a California dream again  
Next to someone's daughter who I'll probably never meet again  
You call her a groupie hoe?  
Ask me I say she a fan  
Spending all her hours thinking 'bout what she gonna do and when  
I be on that 747 flying frequent shit  
You get all the press and try to check for when I'm due to land  
And get home in the daytime, wake up by the PM  
Tryin' to finish living out this dream so I be sleeping in  
And they ask me if I'm lonely  
I ain't long as my money good 'cause she my one and only  
Critics got their face up in my business getting nosy  
But I'm just out here putting on for anyone who knows me  
No, I ain't in my position getting comfy  
Drinking big and if you chieffin bring at least an oz  
I stay with me some backup, in case you run up on me  
He gonna play the pastor, make a nigga holy

They call me the 501 Don  
Mr. Know he got a pair of 501's on  
My marijuana strong and these hoes ain't shit but private calls  
Dog I met her at the club, we was fucked-up wilding  
Made it to my crib we was both drunk, driving  
Now you on some lame shit, claiming you're my main bitch  
Do us both a fav, don't text, don't call me, darling  
I was made to ball just like Spaulding, rolling  
They say I'm the bomb and they call me, atomic  
Hotter than New Orleans, or a george foreman grill  
And Chevy eyes cogged like Jalil  
Ill is what I go so I need sudafed,  
Big dog nigga all ya'll poodle fed  
Money in the wall all through the vent  
Still got time to blow