

# Wiz Khalifa, Stay In Ur Lane

(Alright, testing, testing, testing  
Hey, is this thing on!?  
Testing! Test... Is this thing on?  
Can you hear me back there?  
Yeah, well, then shut up!  
Alright? Hey, listen)  
Is that him in the studio?

These dudes better stay in they lanes  
And keep they brains on the right track  
Now you got a check that you can't cash  
And you let your mouth write that  
We ain't playing, man, the shit get real  
Talk slick, get your life snatched  
And don't rest, better guard ya grill  
That's how it is, cause it's like that

Yeah, I move blocks to rude pops and dude drops  
I'm too hot; mix J, Big, and 2Pac  
So move not, I'm way big and dude shot  
Your crew watch, I'm hot bitch and you not  
I'm not a fake, not a  
Nigga that'll pop shit about my cake, holla  
Make dollars  
But you perp, and you make nada  
Not a man, not a cent, ho I stay propa  
Fake scholar, they can let the tre 8's holla  
And punk nigga, play dumb, get your face swallowed  
You not a hustler, dogg  
You don't know what a half a brick means  
In rap, you'll get ate, like half of sixteen  
I'll bash your team, dang I'm sickening  
I'm dope, plus coke that'll smash your trip beam, man  
Before them boys come and lump your face  
With all that tough talkin', pump your brakes  
Ease back shorty

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Uh, your rhyming's a waste can  
I mean that it's basic, look  
The Nin' to your face  
It'll eat through your face, and then  
I breeze through the place  
No heat on my waist, but still  
Will eat through your face  
With knees at his face and grill  
I'm on the move now, high price, big places  
Leave a nigga like them hunned, with the big face, and  
Niggas try to act bad in them rare cases  
Til that metal's in they mouth, like a pair of braces  
Big bro talk slick up in them fake lines  
Same time, he just another fruit up in the grapevine  
You see I laugh, clock math, cause I take time  
And you trash, bust ass than a waistline  
And don't test, cause dude you'll be losing your breath  
Got respect like I'm moving a Tec

And I advise you and your crew be doing your best  
Try and get your mind right, or we'll be moving it left  
Nigga

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You see it's rare that a nigga say he ball, and really got dough  
Rare that he say he push coke, and really got blow  
Common that he claiming that he thug, but he not though  
And when do a nigga say he spit, and really got flow?  
I ain't playing around  
Not a gangster, but if you cross mine, I'll be laying 'em down  
And you talk about poppin' your heat  
But when the beef's on the real OG's will come and rock you to sleep, coward  
In my advice you should think twice  
Before you cross the path of a real nigga, live the street life  
Who pull cards, and they reach for they heat, right  
And you'll get smoked, like the trees in the peace pipe  
Man, they put you in the dirt here  
You steady throwin' up the set, but you ain't never put in work there  
So all that talk about the gang you bang  
Just stay in your lane, before a shot lay in your frame

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