

Wiz Khalifa, Studio Lovin

Hello, yeah I'm the studio right now
Oh, you trying to come through?
(Yeah, I wanna give you some studio loving)
Alright well um... I'm a finish up this last little joint
And I'm a um... I'm a give you a call. I'm a text you or sum
Yeah, nah don't bother putting that on

Girl let me take you to my studio
Give you everything you want and need
Lay you flat like a piano
If you let me stroke your keys
You going be saying things you never said
Matter fact you going be playing melodies you never play
We ain't in no bed
We in the lab
And I'm reclining in my seat
You can just climb on top of me and ride me like this beat
You say you need this (loving)
Well I'mma grab your waistline
And if you like it deep
I could hit you with that bass line
I ain't trying to waste time
For me and your sake
Plus I'm paying for this session
I need more than one take
I make the boards shake like how I'm suppose to
I'll have you sounding good
Little ma, I got them pro tools
Now you in the mood
I got you doing this and trying that
Beating your drum
While I'm playing with your high hat
You like that
So you don't want to, I just make you do it
Got you in love, 'cause when we fuck it's like we making music, gon' lose it

I don't want to be unusual
But there's a lot of things that I can see me doing to you
Here in my studio oh oh, oh oh, oh oh, oh yeah
You say you gotta work tomorrow, you can make it though
And even though there's probably other places we can go
We in my studio, oh oh, oh oh, oh oh, oh yeah

And no it ain't gon' stop
I keep this song on replay
Putting all them scratches on my back
I'm like go DJ
Be my guitar
I'll pluck your g-string
Pull it to the side
I'mma make them vocals drop
I'm gripping on your thighs
We tangled like some cables
From the front look in your eyes
Then I turn you like some tables
No you fiending for this (loving)
That's what you gon' get
And I can't sing, but I see you
And know I'm gon' hit, yeah
Let's do the verses now
Worry about the beat later
Heard you be going off that head
You don't need paper
Play you an e-major, a-minor

Girl your rhythm straight
And I say you got great timing
Feel your heart rate climbing
Like when my speakers quake
More than okay or straight
You got that eight oh eight
You say you can't
But I do something that just make you do it
Me and you don't fuck
We make music, yeah

I don't want to be unusual
But there's a lot of things that I can see me doing to you
Up in my studio oh oh, oh oh, oh oh, oh yeah
You say you gotta work tomorrow, you can make it though
And even thought there's probably other places we can go
We in my studio, oh oh, oh oh, oh oh, oh yeah

So shorty tell me what you think about it, think about it
Me and you can make a album, let's make a album
Shorty we can make a album, let's make a album
Darling we can make a album, let's make a album
Shorty what you think about it, think about it
Me and you can make a album, make a album
Shorty we can make a album, let's make a album
Darling we can make a album (ha ha) yea

I wanna give you some, studio loving
Studio lovin', oh yeah