## 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