

Wiz Khalifa, Talk To Ya

Yeah

So I seen her from afar

I'm saying to her, "come over to the car" and she said

"You some kind of star", I'm like "naw naw naw, chill chill"

K'naw saying, that's that name, figured I'd put a little bit of this game all in her brain, told her I ain't

Damn sure ain't tryna control you, but I'll mold you

Ya dug?

She looked at me like she ain't believe me, so I figure I show you

Uh, said she never felt like this before

When I'm home we get it on. I'm on the road, she miss the ball

And you thick for sure, know how to work them hips right

Level with my swisher says, I show her how to twist right

And when I gotta make moves, she keeps her lips tight

Know that money gotta stack, so she let me get right

And that sex get good on the late night

Nothing but thumbs up like a hitch hike

Yes I'm the shit like you ain't never heard of

And you know how I do, act like you don't but now I learn ya

I'm talking about teaching ya, how about schooling ya

Go and do your thang, gimme brains, I'll tutor ya

Fuckin' wit them lames, a real nigga's something new to ya

Now you telling all your friends what I do to ya

But it's cool, ya know? I leave her spine broke

When I'm up inside, make her breath and hit a high note

Like

Yeah

So I'm standing on the corner

Shorty ride through

She pushed the whip, like ya know?

Me and my nigga Wiz

Blowing on that good, I'm like

"We gotta stop shawty"

See... jump out

Yeah

And now I approached her, like "what's your name?"

You get the picture shawty, I really like your frame

That Coke bottle shape and them Asian eyes

You half black, half you ain't gotta tell the guy

You shouldn't wonder why I approached ya

I wanna get to know ya but I ain't trying to hold you

Back from all your dreams and high hopes

You smell that mami, yeah that's real smoke

Listen I got plans too, you know how your man do

I'll get ghost before I try to cuff hands boo

You in the latest, yeah, that's my favorite

Room lit like Vegas, he point like painting

Mami body amazing, lights off, no cable

I found out she a mind freak like Criss Angel

Bed, broken tables, giving her all she handles

I swear to God, the room sounded like this damn sample

Yes, so I seen my man Kev Tha Hustla over there on somethin' bad

I mean bad

So I mean, I finish rollin' up my Ray

Hop out the car, I see a couple of little ones over there lookin' kind of lonely

Ya dug?

I'm sayin' I catch me one, she looking at me

I see her smilin' and all that

Like she know who a nigga is

So you know what I do, I walk straight up to her like

Ay ay, shawty I just wanna talk to ya
Usually keep it moving but I had to stop for ya
And let you know anything less than me is not for ya
No time to waste but got patience like a doctor do
And this may be a lot for you
So why don't you fall in, hit some of this weed and soak it all in
Got game like the ball in
And we balling, going state to state call me Rawlings
Look darling, I ain't tryna start nothing
She laughed and said "ain't you some kinda star or something?"
I'm like nah, I'm playing with you, ma, I'm fronting
They call me young Wiz, now get up in my car or something
We could talk about your day while I'm cigar stuffing
Here's my phone, give me a number that I can call or something
Get you back to your crib and have them walls jumping
Screamin' at the top of your lungs like