

Wiz Khalifa, Text Me When You Make It

Ride a Mercedes, Prada for days
Louis from Virgil, Birkin Baby
Balenciaga, you and the ladies
YSL, you look amazin'
Eight in the mornin', say that you just got on
Just count up your paper
Come to my room and I'll be breakin' you off
And send you home later
I just pulled up to Vegas
I'm fuckin' with you and not the tables
I could be outside later
Baby, send you on your way, just text when you make it

Lately, I been countin' blessings as they come
I ain't been takin' no shit from no one
I ain't been gettin' nothin' but love
And I don't hear talkin', you gotta show us
Bags, you gettin' 'em all
Ass can't fit, it ain't small
Hookah for three in the club
It's me, you, and your girl

Don't trip on exes 'cause you used to it
Hang on to your cool, you ain't losin' it
You ain't intimidated by another bitch
You with a real nigga and love the benefits
You can barely wait, always safe to say
Private destination, brand new Ricky shades
Celebrity workout plan, you been losin' weight
Again and that shit gettin' thick in all the right places
Lately
You was underground, but now you mainstream
Takin' you to my crib 'cause I don't date
The difference 'tween night and day
Dinner wherever you want, don't gotta wait
You shop more than usual
We fuck four times, then you gotta go
Say you 'bout to come, you gettin' close
Baby, say you love sunset the most

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Yo, what up? It's your boy, Wiz Khalifa, man
The shrooms are kickin' in
There's no tequila in my system so there's nothin' to worry about, or gin either
But you guys wanna drink, make sure y'all fuck with some of that McQueen and pour a shot for me
See Ya