

Wiz Khalifa, Uber Driver

What's the time zone?

I could count this money with my eyes closed

No he didn't, baby I know

Cop another ride off of my iPhone

High off marijuana but I ride low

Crocodile seats, ho don't pocket dial me

Riding down the street, I hit the switch if I'm too drunk

Call an Uber for the night, your broad with me

KK in the jar, juggling all through the city

Let your bitch put this bape hoodie on when they get chilly

Then take it off

All this money I make and I'm going stronger

And you fake and I roll a joint and I bake it

Ain't shit a nigga got to say I went to rich from living basic

Work for everything you can't take it

All we know is big money, our bitches rolling our planes with

Apple TV and Netflix hooked up playing our favorites, same shit

I'm tryna find a way that I can spend all of this paper

I'm riding round I'm chiefting loud I'm tryna keep my pockets on swole

I do just what I want don't see myself answering to no one

Ain't bout the money, then I'm not involved

Bong rips, double SSs

Oh yes it's the OG, bitch you guessed it, no question

Smith and Wesson flip, lyrical weapons finnesin'

That's how we bring them checks in

Balcony sexing, then it's on to the next one

Her best friend, rolling more blessings

Got doobies in my Louie for protection

But you still smell them

I'm too gone off this Veuve to maneuver, I might have to call a Uber

Get me through the, traffic, a lighter and a cool ass driver

So we got action, I'm not about to pass it

I got various, pick one out this batch and you can have it

I run off, fuck this meeting for an hour or so

Talking million dollars you know

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