

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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