

Wiz Khalifa, Young Boy Talk

Uh huh
Sledgren

Uh -

Look nigga I'm the rawest, the mu'fuckin' animal
Want war? One phone call is how I handle you (whew)
On the grind, you pussy nigga's hate
Bitch I'm out in different states, politic'n, and getting cake
Fill my lungs with the best weed, pockets with them dollar signs
Run with them niggas holding Glocks like it's columbine (pop, pop, pop)
I'm a star, ain't a choice so I gotta shine
Far as Pittsburgh, I'm the voice so I gotta rhyme
Grind all the time ever since the first day
Now I'm getting cake like everyday became my birthday
Something like an earthquake, the way this shit drop
I be at the tip top posted with a big knot
You ain't know ho you sit at home and just watch
Less then haters, stone cold spectating
Same lame's turn out to be investigators
No where near comfortable need extra paper

Got the city on smash, the streets on lock
A hundred real niggas with their heats on cock
Got my pockets on swole still need more gwap
Plus the hood say they love to hear the young boy talk

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Ay, ay

The jeans spent about a buck 45 on them
If he trick the team, buck 45's on him
When we hit the scene, the club hoes just pile on him
You scrubs show them groupies love, I just style on them
Seen me and my guys, blow a couple thou' on em
But don't trip I'm with a clique that's know to wild stump ya
Fuck around dump ya
You ain't heard, we in the Burgh
Nigga's put they gun down, fuck around, jump ya
Leave ya slump with ya block knocked off
I be riding, something classic with the top dropped off
Roll the weed in the Rillo
I made it out of nothing, around them thieves and offenders
Ride with keys in they fenders
Now we all big spenders
You could ask about them they don't know it's me
Cuz you smell dro, blow about a elbow
This shit is fun for me, I been eating
You niggas dumb hungry, I dear one of you to come for me

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