

Wiz Khalifa, Be Easy

Hold on, let me light my blunt, man
This shit too easy
I'll do it in my sleep

Yeah!

It's a new game, lame nigga forfeit
I'm well ahead, thoroughbred, you just horse shit
Flow out of this world, I'm in orbit
More chips, so them hoes chase me like Norbit
I'm more sick, no antidote
High like Manigault
Flow crack & it's dope
Only talk money, homey I don't understand the broke
Take something from me niggas come & bust yo canalope
I'm out here grindin', like a pair of old brakes
Ho, ain't nothing changed, na, I rep tha Burg all day
Walk it how I talk it so I talk it how I live it
And if you hear me flowin' you should know it's not a gimmick
If the topic real shit, you should know they count me in it
Your girlfriend want me in her mouth, like I'm her dentist
The icing on the cake
I'm like the glaze, or a finished
Marijuana scented, windows up, truck tinted
You better

Be easy be easy
Or it will be a long day
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Skinny nigga and I'm tat, tat, tatted up
Run up on me and get rat, tat, tatted up
That's a promise, not a threat I'll back it up
Pockets gettin' like the old Star Jones, fat as fuck
Got my swagga up, come at me the wrong way
Like what the song say, it'll be a long day
To pass me, you can't see, got a long way
And even seein' first and I'm comin' 'round that home plate
Come out to the Burg and you'll see that I got it poppin'
If you real, you fuck with me you ain't got an option
See my chain they like "how did he get all them rocks in? "
Want me on your song? I'm a need a lot of gwuap then
Breeze home and he said he going choppa shoppin'
So if you got a problem to look to now to stop him
That Pistolvania shit, I'm on it
And I don't run the Burgh, I own it
You better

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(Go 'head & get ready to kill yourself, man)
I'm out her slangin' rollin' with these hustlas
Tryna get rid of all you hatas & you bustas

Blowin' my smoke, I get right to it
When they play this, everybody in this bitch get stupid
I mean they just lose it, wildin' like they pissed off
Find you wrong place or wrong time, you can get lost
Lotta niggas mad, but all the hoes love it
Yea, the young'n super bad, you can call me McLovin
I'm gettin' it good, makin' my spread
And na, I'm never stingy with a plate, I break bread
My niggas break heads and we 25 deep
I see you tryin' hard, nigga but you not me
I'm fuckin' young star there's no question, I be
Hit hard and then I dance on them like I'm Ali
I'm a certified "G"
So don't think that I'm just rappin' to you
Homey you don't really want something happen to you
You better

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