

# Wiz Khalifa, Boss

Yeaaa... yeaaaa... it's young wiz, the young boss

Uhh.. the young boss man, ask around I get it poppin  
In the hood everyday that's where my shit is knockin  
My fitted cocked 'n what, my city lockdown, leaning to the side, Pittsburg, diddy boppin  
I'm so fly tryin hide from the shitty drop in  
I get dough and get low, cuz the jiggy watching  
Takin is not an option, more like an obligation  
So my advice, get yours and stop your hatin  
The cops quittin for a nigga to slip (nigga to slip)  
Everything on the strip so you won't find shit in the whip  
Except the bad bitch twistin my spliff  
You pigs ain't worried bout weed, then let me off for a pinch of da piff  
Then it's back to the hood again, Pittsburg hooligans  
Hard to find someone to trust, you don't know who friends  
And the mottos get money and get lost  
So any motherfucker rap funny and get tossed

I do big things, pull up in trucks and them cars  
On my own tours, nah, I ain't fucking with yall  
You can call me the boss, you can call me the boss  
You can call me the boss, you can call me the boss  
I'm in the getting cake so where them dollars at  
If you ain't talking paper then homie holler back  
Nigga, you can call me the boss, you can call me the boss  
You can call me the boss, you can call me the boss

I smoke big blunts and write the sickest raps  
Ain't the deal with rush too quick to get them stacks  
What up Benji? You got a problem, it's a fact  
With no solution, watch the dough movin  
But still keep a watch on the cops patrol cruisin  
Young wiz number one spot you all loosin  
I'm hearing all the what you bastards say  
Don't really want to go to war, you like Kashis clay  
And only go to school half the day  
Show the passin grades and told them crackers I got cash to make  
So I'm back in the stu again, hood near you again  
Gotta let the world know the 4.1.2 in here  
Why wouldn't I be proud of my city, a young nigga gettin' cake on every side of my city  
And I sure wouldn't advise you to lie for my city  
From the east side some niggers ride down for da city

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If you know me I'm a humble guy  
But we can take it there, call up a couple guys  
So we can make it fair  
I ain't a custom to all this talking exchangin here  
You birds just be rapping, the bird be gettin smackin  
Full of niggers with big cake, they get it trappin  
Snitches quick to switch face, the nigga yappin  
No cameras or lights here, where action is right here  
The whole town banging they pipes here  
A long white tee and some Nike airs  
I crack a cigar, fill it with trees, no seeds and some bright hairs  
And let it put me in my right mind

Some niggas question how I write mine  
It's well known that a youngin is on his grind  
Hustling all the time with his mind on his money and his money on his mind  
I'm too used to having things grindin and havin green for me to live the life of a average teen

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