

Wiz Khalifa, Chewy

Yeah
That's exactly what I tell these hoes
A roof to rug type of brother
Fly head to toe (Woo)
I got a lot of swag
Need a professional
And get this doggy bag
Let's get some head to go
Yeah, I rap
But all the hoes wanna sing to me
Do a couple things to me
Make her bring the team to me
I don't wanna fuck (Nope!)
It might seem bougie (It might)
Your little attitude
Probably got a mean chewy (Wow)
You a bad bitch
With a couple bad friends
I could let you rock the mic
She can do the ad libs
They say I'm arrogant
Nah ho, I'm getting paid (Money)
Shine, while them young boys in the shade
So your best bet's to hop your ass in the 'Lade
Fix your doobie up
And start to chew me up
You wanna screw me, what?
Fuck your old man
Getting top notch with no hand, 'cause
Two

Shorty, what you doin' tonight?
Doin' tonight?
Doin' tonight?
I'm hollerin' 'cause you lookin' right
You lookin' right
You lookin' right
Keep sayin' that you wouldn't
But I know that you might
I know that you might
I know that you might
See I'm tryin' to get a chewy tonight
Tonight
A good night

And that's exactly what I tell the bitch
Ain't got the time to ease your mind
I'm on some other shit
Know what you're fucking with? (What?)
A young star, baby
Ever met a nigga like me? (Nope!)
Not at all, baby (Yeah)
A coach player
I could show you how to ball, baby
And live today
'Cause I ain't worried about tomorrow, baby (Nah)
You heard my song lately
You seen my face around
So now it's you and me
So take this good weed and break it down
The spot poppin'
Shorty talkin' 'bout skating now
And give me brains
Let me know just what she thinking 'bout (Wow)

Burning trees
Courtesy of my Jamaican pal
Gettin' all this money
With these hundreds I could make a pile
Now I could make you smile
Or I can make you moan
Turn you into my number one fan
If I take you home
Want me to break you off?
I'm thinking more about the money
The money's what I'm thinking 'bout

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It's The Prince
Two, yep
Two, Two, Two
This the 4-1-2
Say, Two
Yeah
Sing, Two
Oh