

Wiz Khalifa, Exit Row

Now I don't mean to be rude
But every since I ran into you
I've been thinking about things I wanna do
I told you I've got a room, well
You said you tryna come through
And if your girl trippin' then bring her too!

Cause I, I ain't gon' wait all night long
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One for the money, two for the show
Three rooms, four chicks who brought pounds to smoke
Five times in your city, now your town should know
Six bottles waiting, Seven time
And you know me, I'm VIP smoking tropical
Love the way my diamond shining like Mop and Glo

Take off, take off
She ready for take off
The more you wear to the club the more you gotta take off

And I live fast like the brakes off
Bigger cake in my bank bitch, bake-off
Your pockets on E, weight loss
My goons on top of the beef, steak sauce
And when I'm in the club I blind them hoes like Ray Charles
Used to be your old lady but you got laid off

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