

# Wiz Khalifa, Extra Extra Credit

(Ay)

Yeah buddy

(Yea, yea)

You know what we do around this time

(Yeah)

Through the roof swag on you fuck niggas

(Yea, yea)

I ain't gon' deny it

I be on some fly shit

See it, and I want it

Like it, then I buy it

You paying for it

I can make it priceless

I told you all this money ain't for show

I let it go

If you get money

Then you know just what I'm talking 'bout

I got a bad bitch

Her name, you don't need to know

If you can take her off of me

That mean I don't need the ho

Yeah, I'm like the number three

Something you ain't seen before

So we get it smackin'

Once we get back to my vehicle

I got so much drink to pour

And I got my reefer rolled

Girl, I'd love to stay

But gotta pack my things so we can go

They call me sayin' they need to know

How everyday I'm workin'

But my life just like the weekend though

And when we in the club

The owners gon' acknowledge us

Me, I'm drunk as hell

Throwing champagne bottles up

Yeah, we superstars

So the camera crews follow us

And all my diamonds traffic jam

They give you some kinda rush

Baby I'm a star

You can join this constellation

Shit wherever I want

Can't deal with constipation

Any chick that I handle

I teach 'em patience

How not to win the award

But be glad for your nominations

If getting money's the case, then I'm guilty

Need a shower, filthy

Wipe me down

I'm famous

All the bad hoes like me now

They don't just wanna fuck

They wanna become wifey now

You trying to make a name

But me, I got my own cloud

And I can't share no air space

See, I'm so Taylor Gang

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You paying for it  
I can make it priceless  
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I let it go  
If you get money  
Then you know just what I'm talking 'bout

Yeah  
All this money got me feelin' bold  
And niggas staring like they're scared the speakers' getting old  
You look decent but your girlfriend's a centerfold  
I keep my mind closed for bitches whose tryin' dig for gold  
Big cake, y'all dinner rolls  
You just sink, boy, I been afloat  
I been in this game and E gave me the sticks  
Now I'm in control  
And I'm playing on difficult  
Hop another plane  
New day, another ticket  
So we smoke to the life  
Write my name in the Swisher smoke  
Niggas know  
If they don't, then their bitch does  
Rosé bottles spree, until they free my big Cuz  
I tell her that she drunk  
She say she just buzzed  
Half a bottle later, she saying she in love  
Some will say it's the fame  
Some will say the drugs  
Got you losing your brain  
And doing these things in public  
(Teheheh) Yeah  
I'm on some own-world other shit  
And you gon' have to find  
Some decent shelter to get cover in  
If she got no panties on, then let her in  
And her set of friends  
Meet the gang, whoa

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