

Wiz Khalifa, Fans Takin Pictures

The fans takin pictures of me
Can't keep these bitches off me
Police up and down the street, but I'm still spliffin homie
Breeze keep a glicker on em, do a nigga wrong boy
Niggas want my head now that my money gettin long boy
More than Just a song boy, thinkin I'm just rappin to you
Niggas keep they ratchet, this is real shit that can happen to you
Come out here and ask em do you, know about the nigga Wiz
Ever heard of rostrum records, know who Kev the hustla is
So bitch act like ya know me
A youngin bro, but my dough stack like I'm grownin
I'm the black Steve Austin
I pull up and I stunna
And do just what I wanna, drunk and full of marijuana
Your shine low
I'm somethin like a high beam, gotta be as high as me, to see things how I see
I don't even drive no more, I let the
Ho's ride me
After I see ID
Ain't goin Kelly rob me
I'm just bein honest, bein modest I dun tried bein
But niggas hate it so I throw it in they faces
Let em get outta line we goin show em to they places
These shots ain't straight up, they come with a couple chasers
And the baddest hoes chase us
I'm runnin to the money
In the back dime bitch up in my lap gettin blunted
Ya dugg?

The work raw so I'm coppin now for old money
Hustlin since I was born and think you gettin old money
Look dummy, see I'm all
About a meal to gain
Youngin off the porch for that young money like Lil Wayne
And all this smoke got my eyes on yao ming
Street pharmaceutical, damn shoot it and shoulder lean
I'm only bout that green, weed, and currency
Ignorant flow, no I never
Show em courtesy
Cause I'm a star too, doin what the stars do, roll em back to back and then I climb to the stars who
Yeah you
Thought the boy was slippin but I wasn't
I connect like the movies get it cheaper by the dozen
Gotta freak with some cousins
They be always on call
Like the wnba them ho's love balls
I got em trained like 1, 2 suck and blow
Ice box cold wrist, wiz roll another
O!