

# Wiz Khalifa, Gangster 101

Anywhere that we go they know us  
I keep some KK in the plane rolled up  
Shawty say that I'm a gangsta, so what?  
If shawty say that I'm a gangsta, so what?  
I do my thing, 100k to show up  
Keep Bombay and lemonade in my cup  
If shawty say that I'm a gangsta, so what?  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Shawty say that I'm a gangsta, so what?  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Called some friends, told her call some friends  
Pour some juice and Gin  
We go in, we be going in  
We don't know the end  
Pour some Gin, she want some more Henn  
I'm late for level ten  
Love again, never love again, never love again  
Niggas talk, they don't really mean it cause it's all for fame  
Look at me, look into my eyes, I been through some pain  
Lost some change, then bounced back again  
Gave some niggas game, y'all some lames, y'all some lames  
Y'all some, y'all some lames  
I'm just counting up this money, rolling up a plane  
Niggas in my lane, so I'm focused on some other things  
When you a boss in the game you show hella patience  
Niggas going on your page, don't know where the bank is  
She keep blowing up my phone, said she wanna play  
Spent one night at my crib, say she wanna stay  
I do what I want to, say what I wanna say  
I been hustlin', hustlin', I been hustlin'

[Wiz Khalifa (King Los):]

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(Yeah, yeah, I shouldn't have hit that KK)

Oh, shit, hold up, hold up, bro I'm focused  
Roll up, blow and choke it  
Water don't approach us  
Fucked the hoe with magic, call it hocus pocus  
Los the dopest spoken, flow and stroke the coldest  
Stroked the hoe and told her, "Whoa, whoa, whoa catch it all"  
Like Pokemon then poke the poke to free 'em  
Hokey Pokey, put your left foot in  
I put the effort in, no don't eff with them  
I chef with the same shit I'm left with  
Cooking with the left, boy, I'm Stephen  
Wicked with the right like I'm Leftwich  
Spit it to a dyke, get the leverage  
Kick it for a night, that's the blessin'  
Might hit it twice if I'm guessin'  
She'll probably bring her wife to the session  
Bitch on wood like Spike at the Knick game  
Nice with the dick game, slurp game, twerk game  
Pipe in a chick frame, twenty-four seven  
More money, more blessings  
I ain't got fifty cents for the bitch

I don't ask her twenty-one questions  
My nigga's flip yayo, I just put the bucks in the bank  
Keep it G with the niggas 'round the way though  
You knit that together, you get that  
You chit-chat too much, you're a bitch ass nigga  
A big ass bitch, that's a BBW  
I'm a eighties baby, that's BB's on BMW's  
You PMS cause you BS, I serve niggas like UPS  
The groupies sweat the coupe  
The Gucci sweats, the retro sneaks  
The groove too fresh, the proven best  
The cool respect the cool  
So who are you, the spectacle  
The new special dude, the next to rule  
The extra ruse, I'm extra rude  
My ex could prove that I had to make an extra move now

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