

# Wiz Khalifa, Glass House

Don't you wanna rest that ass in this glass house  
Don't, don't you wanna rest that ass in this glass house  
Don't you wanna rest that ass in this glass house  
If you ain't suckin' or fuckin' than get yo ass out

Dash digital situation critical  
Hate to make it so blatant baby  
But I ain't playing  
Maybe you got me confused  
With one of them other dudes  
I ain't none of them  
Under they breath mumbling  
Scared to tell them hoes what it is  
You put yourself in that position  
Out-chea with all that baller fishing  
You fucked around and you caught a shark  
Cold heart tear your feelings apart  
I'm more focused on getting my rims powder-coated  
One of the dopest, I'm schedule one  
You just ibuprofen, what is you smoking?  
Them bogus growers, they got you choking  
The options open, you can hide with them suckas  
Or ride low and get higher than a motherfucka!

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Straight stunting, sucka niggas I take from them  
They bitches that is, get up in the car with Wiz  
They know they gonna bake something, ain't frontin'  
Smoking it all, the eighth onion  
Get it twisted because you see me on your computer screen  
Thinking because you got wireless you get as high as us  
Bitches leaving they lame niggas to ride with us  
Planes over everything in the fly we trust  
Just by the smell it's obvious  
That my connect come from Cali  
I'm good long as the money piling up  
All the while I'm just quick lane pimping  
Big jane twisting  
Walking how I talk it bitch that's Pittsburgh pimping

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Now I was candy-coated, bendin corners  
5th, 5th wheelin' made a killin' with the bumper grill nd' chandelier cellin', plush linen  
Is you fucking, is you sucking  
I was wondering cuz if not  
Don't be pushing on my buttons in my Cutlass  
Unless you cuttin'  
Bitch, I'm just saying  
I ain't tricking is the reason that this porno flick playing  
Trunk shaking knocking pictures off the wall  
Southern mating call, 808 mean no draws  
You got friends, I fuck em' all  
What you mean you ain't nasty  
Why the fuck you came  
Just imagine what you got to do to get up in my plane  
Mississippi pimp mouth piece frigid

Dolomite out of sight  
Show you right, can you dig it, shawty?

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