

Wiz Khalifa, Hope (feat. Ty Dolla Sign)

Way before your time the world knew this would happen
Was destiny to many, was just hard work for you
As you were brought into this world
You tried to find out about your surroundings
The people, the feeling of being alive and breathing the air
The smiles you see at that point are the ones you should always remember
Authentic is due to the choices you make for yourself
It'll be a bunch of fake smiles so easy to forget
But some although not healthy for them will create an understanding of what the word real means
Us and never I is one of your greatest attributes
Others before thyself as long as long as thyself is taken care of is well being
And money, well, I know you know how to get money
I'm gonna say this one time only, live young man, you deserve it
Let's celebrate, Blacc Hollywood

And we be in the club, buying all our champagne
Spillin' it on the couches
Me and my niggas deserve this shit
We was there for the come up
I am Blacc Hollywood, I live Blacc Hollywood

Yea, yea, yea
Hope you got thousands in your pocket cause she ain't lookin' for love
Hope you pop a lot of bottles cause she ain't lookin' for love
Hope you drive the newest car because she ain't lookin' for love
Hope you brought a lot of drugs because she ain't lookin' for love
That's no love
That's no love
That's no love
That's no love
Hope you got thousands in your pocket cause she ain't lookin' for love
Hope you pop a lot of bottles cause she ain't lookin' for love

Pull up to the club with my thugs smokin' so strong
Hop out and walk through the back, so high I don't know where I'm at
Them bitches get open, I'm with some niggas who all 'bout that action
Poppin' them bottles, you look outside, see them foreigners
She get them dollars out them niggas cause she ain't lookin' for love
Smoke that loud up by the pound, she get champagne and drink it up
Hope you ain't a Captain Savior cause she ain't lookin' for cuffs
In the club spinnin' face, she in your face, you think it's love
Said you throwin' dubs, bro that ain't enough
Money, clothes, and drugs, that's what bitches love
Rollie cold as fuck, that's what bitches love
Back to the topic, pop that ass and please don't stop it

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That's no love, that's no love
That's your bitch, get her bed in my truck
You ain't give her what she needed, and she ain't lookin' for love
Homie she don't want no flowers, only make her cum

Poppin' ass, kinda naughty, met her ass at the party

Took her to the after party, drink some gin off her body
Spend some ends, now I'm going in
Took her and her friend, hit the skins
Then we smoked again, eyes like I'm Korean
Shots of gin, that's what all this juice is for
In Blacc Hollywood, that's my newest car
I'm like eney meeney, I got plenty
Pockets filled with hundreds, fifties
Nothin' lower, come fuck with a stoner and get stoned

Yea, yea, yea

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