Wiz Khalifa, In My Car (Tha Puff Bus)

When I'm ridin', I'm high
Got my drink poured, my weed rolled
I creep slow, my bitch on my side and
Wherever that change go, this gang go
Some talk it, they lame though
Hoes on it, they want it, they say so
Whenever we roll by, so
Won't you jump yo pretty ass in my car, in my car
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Girl

My car match what year it is It's hard not to hear the shit Just know I'm gone no matter what gear I'm in Eyes closed when I'm steerin', blowin' O's out the window Suede on the floor, doors plus the ceiling And I keep it clean Hoes wanna get in they gotta wipe they feet Go over a few things then I'mma light this weed Don't want no burn marks sweetheart So hang it out the window If you gotta fuck up once I get you outta here Uh, I'm talkin' loud pipes and rally stripes So much paper I mistake and have to count it twice Yellow car come out at night, all the hoes be into it Remote control starter, that bitch runnin' when I get to it Watch yo bitches run up 'til they get to it And girl there's only one you ain't gon' get two of it So ride wit' the nigga gettin' high, sittin' 22 inches fly Who the shit

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Smokin' on some taylor shit, lookin for a thirsty bitch Ridin' on 26's, my pockets never empty I'm high and always tipsy, ecstasy there plenty Model chick, stripper bitch, I be fuckin' many Every car paid cash, I don't pay no lease fee But I get my dick sucked, Monica Lewinsky Y'all niggas the toilet bowl, I do all the shittin' Lamborghini flyin' doors, gone wit' the wings in I pop a lotta pills, I pop a lotta seals I pop a lotta pussy niggas that are not real When you see my jewelry game, you gon' get the chills Got hoes like Hilary and smoke like Bill Bitch

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