

Wiz Khalifa, Lose Control

Oh... Oh... Oh
Oh... Oh... Oh
Yeah... Yeah... It's Young Kha... Khalifa
Man... Man... Man... It's Young Khalifa Man
Man... Man... Man
Taylor Gang Or Die

I see you staring, I'm at the bar
You tired of them lames you wanna be with a star
I got a place if, you wanna go
Don't reach out for them other guys, with me you lose control
Control... control, you lose control
Control... control... you lose control
You lose control... you lose control
Control... control... you lose control

She don't know me, but I know her
I met plenty of her type before
Love a nigga with a fancy car
Live your life like a movie star
Got a thing for expensive clothing
Fuck with it if it's frozen
You got it all
And worry 'bout a thing, no not at all
The music was on, had that sour smoke in the air
Her nigga was jockin', I told her 'come over here'
To my section, he make sure the runway is clear
Then we take off, leave the extra baggage girl so we can float on

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I'm vibing, you vibing
I roll while, you driving
You tired of them lames
Saying he gon' try, and never change
Now you out flying with the planes
So what if they're watching us?
I hope that they're watching us
They could see what I see
Girl what you do to me
People tryna talk to us
But no ain't no stopping us
It's hard to unlock me from
The hold that you got, on... on... on me

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