

# Wiz Khalifa, More Than Ever

Mm-hmm, mm-mm  
My nigga Ben quit playin', haha  
Uh

I put in work  
Reppin' my gang 'til the dirt  
What was in her purse?  
Ain't concerned, what was under her skirt?  
Jump in my car, we're makin' it skrrt  
Stay on my job, they know what I'm worth  
I gotta be the freshest nigga on earth  
Make her eat up, then I give her dessert  
I got numbers on my shirt 'cause I'm a player  
I pay for it, so I own it  
Blow kush smoke, it ain't fair how I took over the game  
Made it through several layers, now these niggas don't mention my name simply 'cause they scare  
My car go quick in the lane  
I get a bitch, I don't cuff her, just give her the game  
And let her make us both rich, nah, we ain't the same  
I rep the gang, you reppin' for niggas that's lame  
Stay up out the way with them lil' vibrations

Pour up some more  
I got a lil' bottle of McQueen out the store (Woah)  
Roll up some more  
I got a lil' pound so we can all come smoke  
Hate it when everything fast  
Like when life move slow, life move slow  
When a bum bitch lie, you never gassed 'cause I got that fire for sure

Who put you onto game?  
Who made sure you had T-G-O-D in your name?  
Who made sure you didn't give a fuck about the fame?  
Diamonds all in our bracelets  
Roll wit' gangsters  
Live the real life, no entertainment  
And if they entertain, we put on a show  
Hundred joints already rolled, smell the kush through the door  
Bomb music, bomb weed, shit, that's all we know  
Don't take pics or expose 'em  
Even though we high, keep this on the low

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She leavin' her man 'cause that nigga lame  
I stick to the plan, make sure I win the game  
Doobie in my hand when I walk on the plane  
Wizzle got wings, Wizzle got everything  
If she come to my crib, she ain't gon' be the same  
Celine draws and Balenciaga shades