

# Wiz Khalifa, Post Up

I took your bitch, that's right  
Money keep coming, that's right  
Only ride foreign, that's right  
Whole team on, that's right  
My niggas gon' ride, that's right  
My niggas gon' shoot, not fight  
Whether wrong or right  
That's right, that's right

Two clubs in one night  
25 bands, one night  
Kush up in that Raw  
Purple in that Sprite  
Them hoes in rotation  
Money my motivation  
Money make her cum  
And I'mma make her taste it  
Put it in the neck, I'ma make her gag on it  
Head in the 'Rari, that's how you blow a hundred  
Hoes come and go  
I'ma fuck and then I want 'em  
Hoes like J's, wear 'em once then I don't want 'em  
Swerve, hit the corner, in the California  
Running through these hoes, like I play for Minnesota (A.P!)  
She turn off her phone, cause nigga you a sucker  
Police ass niggas tellem' stop cuffin'

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That's right she posted in my whip  
Posted on my dick  
She supposed to be with her nigga  
But she posted with my clique  
Right her posted in my whip  
Posted on my dick  
She supposed to be in your work  
But she posted with my clique  
I told her, post up here  
I told her, post up here

Girl your face looking gorgeous  
And my cash is retarded  
Need a 5 year plan, cause that ass is enormous  
They keep telling you to stop  
Bet this cash make you want it  
Girl quit acting you like shy  
Grab this dick and jump up on it  
I was way out in New York  
We were smoking California  
She can't wait to tell her friends  
Talk about in the morning  
Beat it like she stole it  
Sleeping like she in a coma  
You just wish, she wanna be a fool  
Think you control her  
Couple grand in a rubber band, you know I'm the man  
What you saying, baby what you saying

Tell me what's the plan  
Is you playin? Is that bitch a ten?  
Bands will make her dance  
Seen my ex, she was not a fan  
Damn

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Yeah