

Wiz Khalifa, Say U Will

Hey hey hey hey
Don't say you will
You will, you will
Hey hey hey hey (Okay!)
Please say you will (hahah, yeah)
For real (Ay, ay)
I pray you will (ay)

And they say don't say it 'less you mean it
Back when I was young
I said "I will be the one", people said they couldn't see it
But on the other hand, there was some saying I be this
Nigga on top, soon as you say I'm defeated
T-Pain, they saying they couldn't believe it
Funny 'cause now they say the same thing when they see me
The way I spit you would say I was bulimic
And this beat so hard, I had to say I did a remix
Niggas hate, they don't say it but they think it
When you lame, I can't hear what you saying when you speaking
Another plane, my mother saying "get some sleep in"
I can't, I'm living out what others saying they dream is
Now the hoes say that I'm conceited
'Cause they wanna give me brains, and I say that I don't need it
I'm getting paid and paying so much attention
To what radios playing and what they saying in meetings
I ain't saying I'm that deep in
But I'm saying I got my feet in
In a year they gon' say I'm Michael Phelps
And you gon' think to yourself, before you jump in that deep end
It was said that my city sleeping
Out of state, I had to say what that P meant
"I put on" like Kan' said on that Jeezy
Come to where I live, the kids say I'm like He-Man
Doing everything that you say I can't
Not a stroke of luck, player, you can say I plan
Tired of saying shit to make these niggas understand
So I'll be everything that you say I am
Very strange, yes
You niggas too plain, I'm a Taylor Gang Jet
And my lane's left, I talk money so I save breath
And niggas say I'm lucky, I say that I'm blessed

Every goddamn day
Yeah, and I work hard too
You know, I ain't just pop up out of nowhere
Been doing this shit
Hahahah
T-G-O-D Boiii
Yeah
(Matter of fact... Okay)

Hundreds on the mattress, twenties on the floor
Kids with dirty handguns posted by the door
When I was 14 they used to send me to the store
To bring back blunts, now I'm the one rollin' up
Speakers bump, iPhone plug-in for my truck
E. Knieval, showing you niggas how to stunt
I mess up flows like waves and potholes
West Coast, I fuck hoes and eat Roscoes
Got gold with diamonds in it
All the finest linen
Versace, City tryna lock me (Hahahaha)
That's my Biggie flow right there
I dunno if y'all caught that but that's that Biggie flow though

Yeah, bitch!
Khalifa man, '09 star year
Got what you need right here, boy
Quit tryna be somebody and be yourself
Yeah (Hahaha)
And um... I don't know
Just look out for the next one
Bitch