

# Wiz Khalifa, Slim Peter

Uh, leave it to me  
If you want some bomb-ass weed, leave it to me  
If you want a fire-ass verse, leave it to me  
If you want a bad bitch taken, leave her with me  
Uh, freeze up the sleeve  
You would think it's Taco Tuesday, we get the cheese  
I ain't too into her needs, but if she want it, I'ma get it for her  
So much bottles, they askin' what I spend it for  
Well, uhm (Well, uhm)  
If you wanna have a good time, leave it to me  
If you wanna ride down Sunset, leave it to me  
Tip the three-wheeler and we smokin' on good tree

Woo  
We goin' the fuck off right now, haha  
(Statik Selektah)

Grew up like "Boyz N the Hood," shit wasn't all good  
And now my mom got a crib, the backyard is all woods (Hahaha)  
Shout-out to Chevy and my brothers too  
Uh, try to copy my style, but wasn't ready  
I'm at the crib rackin' up plaques and buildin' Chevies  
A lot of food stacked on my plate, I'm gettin' heavy  
I came and took my spot in the game, no one let me  
Now outer space is my destination  
Stuck around niggas who showed love instead of hatin'  
And gettin' money's my occupation, haha  
Look at the time you wastin'  
If you can't roll up a paper, leave it to me  
Turn up the bass and wake up the neighbors, leave it to me  
Makin' sure everyone's safe, leave it to me  
6 AM, gin shot straight, leave it to me  
This exactly where I'm supposed to be  
Hella weed, nothin' but real ones close to me  
Get in the gym and never fold  
Real peaceful nigga, but hands they don't wanna throw with me  
Lotta legends been on the road with me  
Really good aim, I don't use no scope  
One shot and that's all she wrote (And that's all she wrote)