

Wiz Khalifa, Starstruck (Remix)

This your boy Wiz Khalifa man
And I'm 'a talk my shit, yeah, bitch
I hope ya'll niggas is used to hearing my voice by now
And if not, get used to it

I woke up from a California dream again
Next to someone's daughter who I'll probably never meet again
You call her a groupie hoe?
Ask me I say she a fan
Spending all her hours thinking 'bout what she gonna do and when
I be on that 747 flying frequent shit
You get all the press and try to check for when I'm due to land
And get home in the daytime, wake up by the PM
Tryin' to finish living out this dream so I be sleeping in
And they ask me if I'm lonely
I ain't long as my money good 'cause she my one and only
Critics got their face up in my business getting nosy
But I'm just out here putting on for anyone who knows me
No, I ain't in my position getting comfy
Drinking big and if you chiefin bring at least an oz
I stay with me some backup, in case you run up on me
He gonna play the pastor, make a nigga holy

They call me the 501 Don
Mr. Know he got a pair of 501's on
My marijuana strong and these hoes ain't shit but private calls
Dog I met her at the club, we was fucked-up wilding
Made it to my crib we was both drunk, driving
Now you on some lame shit, claiming you're my main bitch
Do us both a fav, don't text, don't call me, darling
I was made to ball just like Spaulding, rolling
They say I'm the bomb and they call me, atomic
Hotter than New Orleans, or a geoge foreman grill
And Chevy eyes cogged like Jalil
Ill is what I go so I need sudafed,
Big dog nigga all ya'll poodle fed
Money in the wall all through the vent
Still got time to blow