

# Wiz Khalifa, Stunt'n

Ya'll ready know  
When I walk the fuck back  
You can't act like  
That ain't the flyest thing you've ever seen in your whole entire motherfucking sorry ass life

Can't say I'm not the freshest nigga that you've ever seen  
I keep a couple grand – nothin less in my jeans  
That's prolly why your bitch keep ringin' phone  
And when I pull up she can't leave me alone  
Lil homie I grind – No sleep  
I'm good in the hood errybody know me  
I got my trunk on blast  
Hit me when I roll through  
Stunt'n like a young nigga supposed to

Stunt'n like I'm supposed to  
Riding with my hat cocked  
Smokin' something good – 3 blunts and I'm smacked out  
City on smash, game on padlock  
26 inch rims, chrome on a matchbox  
6 bad hoes man I can't choose 1  
3 cell phones I just can't use 1  
You see how often I spit  
You just off bread hun  
This the shit they can't do young  
Talk fly if you look 'em in the air  
Too young, you wonder were I got these Gucci parachute from  
A lot of ya'll mad  
To me it's just funny  
I see why ya'll hatin man the hoes just love me  
And you know I'm gettin' shhh  
Fuck it I ain't gotta say it  
The tab taken care of nigga I ain't gotta pay it  
Yea, I'm all day with it, year round  
I bet if you was here now

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Got a fat knot, blunt rolled up  
Me I ride clean  
Neck froze up  
Bad bitch on the side  
My niggas all rich  
Foreign whips what they drive  
Yea, I smell like Gucci and big money too  
See them guys with me? They gettin' money too  
Ride 22's and got heat so  
If a nigga try me you a big prob you runnin' into  
I smoke a lot need blunt or 2  
At a time whole pounds I be runnin' through  
Yea, I got a dime bitch coming through  
Cause I pimp like I'm supposed to  
Wonder how I get it like this, I could show you  
Butter soft leather in the whip when I roll through  
This year I'm a get shit cleared  
Take a look at this kid here

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