Wiz Khalifa, Text Me When You Make It

Ride a Mercedes, Prada for days
Louis from Virgil, Birkin Baby
Balenciaga, you and the ladies
YSL, you look amazin'
Eight in the mornin', say that you just got on
Just count up your paper
Come to my room and I'll be breakin' you off
And send you home later
I just pulled up to Vegas
I'm fuckin' with you and not the tables
I could be outside later
Baby, send you on your way, just text when you make it

Lately, I been countin' blessings as they come I ain't been takin' no shit from no one I ain't been gettin' nothin' but love And I don't hear talkin', you gotta show us Bags, you gettin' 'em all Ass can't fit, it ain't small Hookah for three in the club It's me, you, and your girl

Don't trip on exes 'cause you used to it Hang on to your cool, you ain't losin' it You ain't intimidated by another bitch You with a real nigga and love the benefits You can barely wait, always safe to say Private destination, brand new Ricky shades Celebrity workout plan, you been losin' weight Again and that shit gettin' thick in all the right places You was underground, but now you mainstream Takin' you to my crib 'cause I don't date The diferrence tween night and day Dinner wherever you want, don't gotta wait You shop more than usual We fuck four times, then you gotta go Say you 'bout to come, you gettin' close Baby, say you love sunset the most

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Yo, what up? It's your boy, Wiz Khalifa, man
The shrooms are kickin' in
There's no tequila in my system so there's nothin' to worry about, or gin either
But you guys wanna drink, make sure y'all fuck with some of that McQueen and pour a shot for me
See Ya