

# Wiz Khalifa, Word On The Town (feat. Juicy J, Pi

Yeah, I'm still just hustling, man  
I don't know about y'all, it's going down then  
You see, I've been doing this shit, so, this shit ain't nothing equal  
Let's go

Word on the town, that you niggas snitching  
Word on the town, I'm fucking niggas bitches  
Word on the town, that you ain't selling dope  
Word on the town, that you niggas going broke

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Chop up buzz, we kill this shit  
No twenty-twos, no Emmitt Smith  
Pulled out on you and let it rip  
Killed y'all dogs, like Michael Vick  
Yellow tape, first forty eight  
Don't give a fuck if they catch a case  
Done gunplays in broad daylight  
No mask on they barren face  
Barren face when we get them  
Don't become a victim  
Shoulda used his intuition  
When I caught him slipping  
Open banana peel ass, nigga  
We got your number  
Put them in the trunk  
Treat them like some Louie luggage  
Just in case a nigga think he finna take mine  
Imma give his ass a clip  
Tell the pussy nigga, take five  
Real street niggas, get it how they live  
Cut that gangsta shit out  
'Cause that ain't who you is

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Niggas telling, aw, man, they ain't getting money  
How you get caught up for a strap and tell on your homie  
Nigga, there's rules to this game and you ain't living by them  
Like you don't talk about them drugs, if you really buy them  
You don't talk about them goons, if you really got them  
And you don't talk about them bodies, if they really dropping  
You from where I'm from, you don't do no talking  
When the police come, we just change the topic  
In my hood niggas really robbing  
You get your brains blown off, if you don't use precaution  
Take off your head just be like what the cost is  
In Pittsburgh it's Taylor Gang and nigga I'm a boss man, uh

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Jackers in Port Arthur talking 'bout taking mines  
If you run up on that Bentley, bitch, your life is on the line  
Yeah, bitch, I'm on parole, but that thing in my possession  
Ain't gon' be no ho and pimping, ain't gon' be no disrespecting  
And I don't owe you niggas shit and I don't need no new buddies  
I don't wanna fuck your bitch, cause the ho is too slutty  
Jaws too nutty, kiss her lips, you eat a dick  
I ain't came out here to play, I'm out here representing this shit  
I'm not the king of the south, y'all can fight over the title  
But I got more hoes calling me, than American Idol  
Young Pimp C holding it down, come around with that fuck shit  
We'll leave you shaking on the ground

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