

[Chevy Woods]

10-4 am I coming through clear
Just give me bout a month or two and I'll be right here
Tryna avoid police in riot gear
Heavyweight cash and you just a light year
I got a buzz and that's with no buzz yeah
Couldn't even walk in these shoes right here
And you acting like you don't see all this
Like ooh shit, look at the stones
They flawless, and the bitch that I'm with she gorgeous
I see you giant money, mines enormous
Don't even trip when I'm out I'll be very gone
My pockets fat like the head on Barry Bonds
You sit and chill, stack it up for a rainy day
A n-gga like me gotta pay to play
When I was gettin' it minor, they aint have shit to say
Now they scream cause I get it in a major way

[Hook]

I see 'em hatin' cause my paper right, right
I tell 'em hold on
She see all this and wanna stay the night, night
Had nothing like this in so long
She say she wanna ride with a G
So hop up in my passenger girl, we could be gone, gone
Don't ask yourself
Cause you not

[Chevy Woods - Verse 2]

You know I got Taylor stripes like Adidas
So these girls go wild like Mardi Gras
On my pimp shit so my pink show when I'm sippin' slow
High chance that them people coming so I'm gettin' low
They all thought they gettin' dough
Who cookin' the pot?
Sweet, potato on the tray, are you living to die?
On some OG Bobby Johnson South Central shit
Nigga, tell me who you really f-cking with
It's the bread man, cash top dead man
From the city where you need a bullet proof headband
Go go gadget the money stretching long
Cash in plastic cause I get it long
What you flip, that's diamonds zig zag money
And what I get, c an't fit it in the bag dummy

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Cause you not

[Hook]

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[Wiz Khalifa - verse 3]
Uhh, EZ Wider twisting
Easy Prada slip in's
Niggas tell me I look like Eazy prol cause it's easy for 'em
I'm bobbin' weavin' on 'em, Ali and Foreman
All of my n-ggas ballin' got TGOD across em
Money countin', countin' my dollars
Got no creases on 'em
My weed is awesome, paid the cost now they callin' me the bossman
"You should be more like Khalifa"
That's what they boss sayin'
But they aint outta style, these niggas all?
All playin', thrity thousand feet up, rollin' weed up
Try and kill a track I told Jerm's we cut the beat up
These niggas aint heard the best of me
Say she a fan her nigga think she want me sexually
Hoe, get your man
I'm out here gettin it, spendin' it
Spittin' the illest shit you ever heard in your life
Thinkin' to yourself Chevy be killin' shit
Nigga I murder it twice
My money is right
And when my Champagne come, they serving on ice
This the life

[Hook]