

# Stay In Your Lane

Wiz Khalifa

These dudes better stay in they lane  
And get there brain on the right track  
Now you gotta check that you can't cash  
And you let ya mouth write that  
We ain't playin' when the shit get real  
Talk shit get your life snatched  
And don't rest better guard ya grill  
Thats how it is cause its like that

I move blocks to rude pops and dude drops  
I'm too hot mix J, Big, and 2Pac  
So move not I'm way big and dude shot  
Ya crew watch I'm hot bitch and you not  
I'm not a fake matter  
Nigga I don't pop shit about my cake holla  
Make dollars but you perp and you make nada  
Not a man, not a cent ho I stay propa  
Face scholar nigga let the trey 8's holla  
And punk nigga play dumb get ya face swallowed  
You not a hustla dog  
You don't know what half a brick means  
In rap, you get eight like half of sixteen  
I'll bash ya team dang I'm sickening  
I'm dope plus coke will smash ya trip beam man  
But before all them balls come and lump ya face  
With all that tuff talk and pump ya brakes  
Ease back shawty

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Ya rhyming's a waste can I mean with this basic look  
The mean to face it'll eat through ya face and then  
I breeze through this place  
No heat on my waste, but still  
Will eat through your face with knees in this place  
I'm on the move now, high price big places  
Leave them niggas like 100 with the big faces  
Niggas try to act bad in them red cases  
Till that metals in they mouth like a pair of braces  
Big road talk slick up in them fake lies  
Same time he just another fruit up in the grape vine  
You see I laugh clock math cause I take time  
And you trash plus ass at the waste line  
And don't test, cause dude you'll be loosing your breathe  
Got respect like I movin' the tech  
And I advise you and your crew to doin' your best  
Try and get your mind right or we'll be movin it left

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You see its real when a nigga say  
Ballin, really got dough, real that he say he push coke  
But really got blow  
Common that he claimin that he thug but he not doe  
And when do a nigga say he spittin' really got flow  
I ain't playin around  
I'm not a gangster  
But if you cross mine I'll be layin' them down  
Yeah, you talk about poppin' ya heat  
But when the beefs on them real OG's  
Will come and rock you to sleep  
Coward, In my advice you should think twice  
Before you cross the path of a real nigga, live the street life  
Who pull cards and reach for they heat right  
'N you'll get smoked like them tree in the peace pipe  
Man they put you in the dirt yeah  
You steady throwin' up the set  
But you ain't never put in work there  
So all that talk about the game you bang  
Just stay in your lane before a shot lay in your frame

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