

## Young Boy Talk

Wiz Khalifa

Look nigga I'm the boss, the mo' fuckin animal.  
One war, one phone call is how I handle you. {whew}  
On the grind, you pussy niggas hate, bitch I'm out in diferent  
states bought the ticket gettin cake.  
Fill my lungs with the best weed, pockets with them dolla signs  
,  
run with them niggas holdin glocks like its Columbine. {Pop, Po  
p, Pop}

I'ma star in detroit so I gotta shine, far as Pittsburgh I'm th  
e voice so I gotta Rhyme. {Yaaaa}  
Rhymen all the time, ever since the first day.  
now I'm gettin cake like ay day became my birthday.  
Somethin like an earthquake, the way the shit drop, I be at the  
tip top, postin with a big knot.  
You ain't know me hoe, you sit at home and just watch, less tha  
n hatas, stone cold spectatas.