Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, Eastside

Uh, I'm from the East Side section of your area
I ain't bullshittin', corners I be hittin'
Just the morning edition, champagne, orange juice mixin'
Fell asleep in the studio, woke up on a mission
Wall Street wolf, these lil' niggas shook
When we walked in the room, they ain't know where to look
That eye contact might result in combat
My hands clean, I don't know who wrote that contract
Youngsters huntin', murdin' for hire, doin' numbers
Trade your life for a Camaro this summer
Ain't nothin' where I come from, but I come up quite different
Spittin' that zigzag, raw raps, spit shit
Major wrist get you that big bag
All the Ziploc with that motherfuckin' toe tag
But we the Taylor Gang, Jet Lyfe, us high-flyers never die
It's 20 inch BMX bikes, stomp pegs, grip pliers
Now me and Pittsburgh Slim is both post drivers
Sit by, talkin' shit about us, but you need to get like us
'Cause you know our shit is always tighter
Always flyer, we just 2009-ed you

[Wiz Khalifa:]
Uh, no pain, no gain, I treat 'em the same
If it ain't my strain, it ain't in my brain
The boss, the man, nothing in between
Them niggas be gone as soon as they came
My car go fast, wash it in the rain
My chain is cold, diamonds in my rings
I get respect not because of fame
You hate, you lame, I don't entertain
My shoes, my fit, cost a little change
She was your chick, now she with the gang
Just rolled a zip, now I need a flame
Well known, it don't gotta be explained
My Benz, or I'm hoppin' out a plane
Jet Lyfe the gang, all of it the same
New crib, put our logo on everything
Plus worldwide, they know our name
That's on gang, Lyfe
Jet Taylor, smoke the best flavors