# Wiz Khalifa, Boss

Yeaaa... yeaaaa... it's young wiz, the young boss

Uhh.. the young boss man, ask around I get it poppin
In the hood everyday that's where my shit is knockin
My fitted cocked 'n what, my city lockdown, leaning to the side, Pittsburg, diddy boppin
I'm so fly tryin hide from the shitty drop in
I get dough and get low, cuz the jiggy watching
Takin is not an option, more like an obligation
So my advice, get yours and stop your hatin
The cops quittin for a nigga to slip (nigga to slip)
Everything on the strip so you won't find shit in the whip
Except the bad bitch twistin my spliff
You pigs ain't worried bout weed, then let me off for a pinch of da piff
Then it's back to the hood again, Pittsburg hooligans
Hard to find someone to trust, you don't know who friends
And the mottos get money and get lost
So any motherfucker rap funny and get tossed

I do big things, pull up in trucks and them cars
On my own tours, nah, I ain't fucking with yall
You can call me the boss, you can call me the boss
You can call me the boss, you can call me the boss
I'm in the getting cake so where them dollars at
If you ain't talking paper then homie holler back
Nigga, you can call me the boss, you can call me the boss
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I smoke big blunts and write the sickest raps
Ain't the deal with rush too quick to get them stacks
What up Benji? You got a problem, it's a fact
With no solution, watch the dough movin
But still keep a watch on the cops patrol cruisin
Young wiz number one spot you all loosin
I'm hearing all the what you bastards say
Don't really want to go to war, you like Kashis clay
And only go to school half the day
Show the passin grades and told them crackers I got cash to make
So I'm back in the stu again, hood near you again
Gotta let the world know the 4.1.2 in here
Why wouldn't I be proud of my city, a young nigga gettin' cake on every side of my city
And I sure wouldn't advise you to lie for my city
From the east side some niggers ride down for da city

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If you know me I'm a humble guy
But we can take it there, call up a couple guys
So we can make it fair
I ain't a custom to all this talking exchangin here
You birds just be rapping, the bird be gettin smackin
Full of niggers with big cake, they get it trappin
Snitches quick to switch face, the nigga yappin
No cameras or lights here, where action is right here
The whole town banging they pipes here
A long white tee and some Nike airs
I crack a cigar, fill it with trees, no seeds and some bright hairs
And let it put me in my right mind

Some niggas question how I write mine
It's well known that a youngin is on his grind
Hustling all the time with his mind on his money and his money on his mind
I'm too used to having things grindin and havin green for me to live the life of a average teen

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