Wiz Khalifa, Cabin Fever

Yeah
Yeaah
Tahaha
You niggas know its the gang or kill yourself, right?
Yeaah
Yup

Red hat black chucks black 501's on
That's your baby momma but her numbers in my iPhone
Yea I got a girl but I swear I need a newer bitch
Let her out the house and I'll be leaving here with your bitch
I'm flyin' in a different city every night
Got everything I ever wanted so this can't be life
Breaking down the weed I'm 'bout to make a plane
A hundred niggas with me all reppin' Taylor Gang

Yeaaahahhhh bitch
Okaaayyyy
Yeaah
Yup

Lot of niggas fake but me I give these hoes faith
Feed her alcohol and leave that bitch with no taste
Out of this world need my own space
Back seat and I'm a ride until the chrome break
Big heat will turn your body to a cold case
She don't even make it rain she just throw me face
Got some niggas quick to bang like they Major Payne
Told Lil' mom I rep the gang she just say the same
Yeaaaaahhhhh bitch

If you see em point em out
If you see em point em out

There's a bad bitch in here
And you see her point her out
There's a bad bitch in here
And you see her point her out

Yeeeaaahh yupp
You show up to concerts looking like a fan
I pull up in car service looking like the man
Hella reefer smoke a lot of pictures being taken
My bitch from Atlanta my weed is Jamaican
I don't talk much too many niggas hatin
Buy the boutique that's my type of conversation
I dropped a little change on these hater frames
Took her car keys and let her play Dwayne
Lil bitch, now go on and pick that money up
Not cus I said so, cus you want to