Wiz Khalifa, GangBang

This one look like that one...that one match this one...fuck it

Money, money, money
It's young Khalifa man
And I got money, hoes, money and hoes
I got money, hoes, money and hoes
Sick
Money and hoes

Big money talking to you
Motherfucker that's cause big money brought it to you
I'll be stunting while them little niggas sayin' nothing

High ceilings, high hoes, high prices for my clothes and I don't even pay for it
Barely know who made this shit
Need a bitch, take a bitch, straight back to that big crib
Let you roll some rapper weed, put you on some new shit
Hit this weed, I show you how I do this
My excuse is I'm in Cali so my smoke's highly exclusive
And my bitch bad, my money's through the roof
Your money short you looking mad
You Danny Bonaduce bitch
I'm jumpin' in my coupe
I'm rollin' something that taste like fruit
And I hear them niggas talkin' shit but there's nothing much that they can do
When I got a bitch in your city, you should try when you see her
Never trippin' on no hoes, nigga what you thought we gettin' money over here

I'm ballin' hard, my niggas in the same gang
I do it big my niggas do the same thing
I'm throwin' signs, it's looking like I gang bang
I'm on the team, it's looking like I gang bang
I'm rolling up, my niggas roll the same thing
I'm smokin' weed, my bitch she smoke the same thing
I'm throwin signs it's looking like I gang bang
I'm on the team, it's looking like I gang bang

B.I.G. Sean Don, nigga

I tell a bitch bow down to a motherfucking G hoe
I work hard, I drink slow
But I never keep drinks low, smokey smokey 'cause I'm a chief ho
Sippin' on Pinot Grigio, richie ho greedy ho, got everything like I copped me a genie hoe, yeah
My car look like a building, diamonds dancing on top of my wrist
Bitch I'm ten feet tall when I'm standing on top of my dick
You a sucker hoe, sucker hoe
I'm success, I feel like a million dollars, bitch I'm up next
Money in my hand, I don't need no hand out
And they all got their hands up 'cause they fuck with me hands down
And the car I push got more tent than a camp ground
And my picture is always on your bitch background
Like Prada, it's just me and Cyhi
Young enough to be your son, but she call me big papa
She gave me her oh nana, now disappear like tada
She smoking on that tie-dye, now who the fuck gonna stop us

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Yeah that's right, nigga
Probably got your bitch in a trance
I do it
Niggas got me laughin
Man that shit funny man, damn that shit funny
Damn my nigga Wiz got this shit, ho, what?