Wiz Khalifa, Gangster 101

Anywhere that we go they know us
I keep some KK in the plane rolled up
Shawty say that I'm a gangsta, so what?
If shawty say that I'm a gangsta, so what?
I do my thing, 100k to show up
Keep Bombay and lemonade in my cup
If shawty say that I'm a gangsta, so what?
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Shawty say that I'm a gangsta, so what?
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Called some friends, told her call some friends
Pour some juice and Gin
We go in, we be going in
We don't know the end
Pour some Gin, she want some more Henn
I'm late for level ten
Love again, never love again, never love again
Niggas talk, they don't really mean it cause it's all for fame
Look at me, look into my eyes, I been through some pain
Lost some change, then bounced back again
Gave some niggas game, y'all some lames, y'all some lames
Y'all some, y'all some lames
I'm just counting up this money, rolling up a plane
Niggas in my lane, so I'm focused on some other things
When you a boss in the game you show hella patience
Niggas going on your page, don't know where the bank is
She keep blowing up my phone, said she wanna play
Spent one night at my crib, say she wanna stay
I do what I want to, say what I wanna say
I been hustlin', hustlin', I been hustlin'

[Wiz Khalifa (King Los):]
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(Yeah, yeah, I shouldn't have hit that KK)

Oh, shit, hold up, hold up, bro I'm focused
Roll up, blow and choke it
Water don't approach us
Fucked the hoe with magic, call it hocus pocus
Los the dopest spoken, flow and stroke the coldest
Stroked the hoe and told her, "Whoa, whoa, whoa catch it all"
Like Pokemon then poke the poke to free 'em
Hokey Pokey, put your left foot in
I put the effort in, no don't eff with them
I chef with the same shit I'm left with
Cooking with the left, boy, I'm Stephen
Wicked with the right like I'm Leftwich
Spit it to a dyke, get the leverage
Kick it for a night, that's the blessin'
Might hit it twice if I'm guessin'
She'll probably bring her wife to the session
Bitch on wood like Spike at the Knick game
Nice with the dick game, slurp game, twerk game
Pipe in a chick frame, twenty-four seven
More money, more blessings
I ain't got fifty cents for the bitch

I don't ask her twenty-one questions
My nigga's flip yayo, I just put the bucks in the bank
Keep it G with the niggas 'round the way though
You knit that together, you get that
You chit-chat too much, you're a bitch ass nigga
A big ass bitch, that's a BBW
I'm a eighties baby, that's BB's on BMW's
You PMS cause you BS, I serve niggas like UPS
The groupies sweat the coupe
The Gucci sweats, the retro sneaks
The groove too fresh, the proven best
The cool respect the cool
So who are you, the spectacle
The new special dude, the next to rule
The extra ruse, I'm extra rude
My ex could prove that I had to make an extra move now

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