Wiz Khalifa, Out In Space (feat. Quavo)

Stackin' my paper up, no, I ain't make enough
Won't let these niggas up, smoke when I'm wakin' up
No, I ain't fake enough, money, I'm rakin' up
Time, I ain't takin' up, got your girl bakin' up
Your bed, she makin' up, my crib, I'm takin' up
Pillow, her face in it, whole lot of space in it
My car, I'm racin' it, crash and replacin' it
Don't want the basics in, smokin' and facin' it
Came from the bottom, I know where the basement is
Real G's move in silence, my niggas are dangerous
Smoke every day and I don't miss a plane
Stack everythin', at the club, make it rain
Got a new broad and she gettin' me paid
Fuck niggas hate, guess that come with the game

Got a new car and a bustdown
I was down bad, but I'm up now
And I puff loud when I come 'round
And we just met, she in love now
I'm a straight player, I don't cuff now
I get to the bag, I just run 'round
I'm on KK, I need one pound
When I call a play, it's a touchdown
I'ma beat it down, money, need a pile of it
Blowin' strong and I even fly with it
Team that I'm with, they don't violate it
Got a man, but she couldn't hide in it
Say she can't get enough, late night, I hit her up
Smokin', not drinkin', so I'm 'bout to pick her up
Had me one rolled soon as her nigga left
Like when I choke her, don't let her get her breath

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Connected, my Cookie, that's what Huncho rollin' up
Walk around Takeoff, do not kick his double cup
Offset so crazy, you might end up poured up (Pour 'em up)
Lookin' for your bitch, she out somewhere cuddled up
Circle is tight, look like a huddle-up
Tryna get right, young nigga double up (Double up)
I paid for the bitch to go get a new tummy tuck
Gang come in first, we don't run with runner-ups
Walk in the club with my motherfuckin' burner tucked (Burner tucked, grraow)
I am your leader, your favorite achiever
I bought the baguettes, the Pave is cheaper
Quavo Huncho, I'm trappin' with Wiz Khalifa

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(Jerm on the boards)