

Young Boy Talk (Prod. By Sledgren)

Wiz Khalifa

Look nigga I'm the boss, the mo' fuckin' animal.
One war, one phone call is how I handle you. (whew)
On the grind, you pussy niggas hate,
Bitch I'm out in different states bought the ticket gettin' cake.
Fill my lungs with the best weed, pockets with them dolla signs,
Run with them niggas holdin' glocks like its Columbine. (Pop, Pop, Pop)
I'ma star in detroit so I gotta shine,
Far as Pittsburgh I'm the voice so I gotta Rhyme. (Ya)
Rhymin' all the time, ever since the first day.
Now I'm gettin' cake like ay day became my birthday.
Somethin like an earthquake, the way the shit drop,
I be at the tip top, postin' with a big knot.
You ain't know me hoe, you sit at home and just watch,
Less than hatas, stone cold spectatas.

Songwriters

THOMAZ, CAMERON JIBRIL/MURRAY, EDWARD

Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>