O.T.T.R (feat. Curren$y & Big Sean)

Wiz Khalifa

[Wiz Khalifa - Chorus]
They saying, it's bout time some real niggas made it
And when I go outside they sayin' I'm famous
And some don't understand but listen close and you'll find out
I'm running through the ground, you smell the kush when I ride out
I'm moving at top speed, my engine is foreign
I travel across seas where women are gorgeous
And niggas know it's us, we make it tough to mistake it
Just let me roll it up and when it's stuffed we blaze it
Then we off to the races[Wiz Khalifa - Verse 1]
Starsky and Hutch minus the fuzz
Me and Spitta stick together like.. huh!
Cotton and mud, some chicks countin' up buds
Mouth got cotton prol from the drug
Lot of pot in my process love?
Don't hate a nigga cause I'm blessed
Judge me by my progress bruh!
I obsess with every dollar I get
Fuck you think we made it out the projects for
The object is to make money and get the most from it
And more money, cause more money ain't enough of it
I know niggas who had money and let it go to nothing
Just blow money and ain't got nothin to show for it
That's fucking stupid!
Same as my diamonds and the fact I'm buying all this new shit
Made a million a way a nigga grind'll be a blueprint
I'm talkin' champagne shit
Audemar Tailor Made shit
Look at my jackets, say "hand made" bitchThey saying, it's bout time some real niggas made it
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Then we off to the races[Curren$y - Verse 2]
And I'ma Pimp C
Leaning in my ride like I Bun B

Sittin' tall on my chrome seat but I'm blowin the c?
My girl in the sheet fast asleep
I'm in the street after the chedder
Peddlin' melodies, purchasin' better things
On the road to the riches I done drove over niggas
My nigga we major, we been major since independant
Made it to what they sayin, we made it but we ain't handed
We too busy gettin it
Hound dog sniffin' it out
Twistin' a whole pound celebratin' the fact that
Them wack fools had it but this here's the take back
And them haters can't hate that
Salute me from across a crowded club
Homie, I take that as love
Real nigga shit the only thing I'm dealing with slim
Bitch you know that I'm the only reason you still in this club
Get out the corner of my eye and get in this truckThey saying, it's bout time some real niggas made it
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Then we off to the races[Big Sean - Verse 3]
Yellin' "suck a dick or die hoe"
See your main bitch is my side hoe
Smokin' top shelf on the top flo'
I'm a boss bitch
I take my time and get a pronto?
You
probably fuckin' around doing some shit I ain't got time fo'
Pussy boy!
Fuck you and your hoe anatomy bitch
My nuclear like an academy bitch
It's Finally Famous the Faculty bitch
Killin' these niggas no casualties
Money and weed is a real nigga salary
Man, these rappers sound like me and
Honestly that shit is so flattering bitch
(thank you, thank you, thank you)
You want me to slip up and fall
Crash, burn, but I just keep pissin' them off
I got movies to make
I got women to call

I got deals on the table
I can't be dealin' with y'all
(Nigga)
Rather crash parties and burn money
And if you pick the ashes up you still can't earn from me
Bottom line is, I never wait in line bitch
And I'm rollin' King Kush, I'm your Royal HighnessThey saying, it's bout time some real niggas made it
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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