

# Phone Numbers (feat. Trae Tha Truth and Big Sean)

## Wiz Khalifa

I cop me one, cop me one for my old girl  
You think she my newest bitch, she my old girl  
Khalifa, a younger nigga who handle his  
Hoes get in my car, ask what the channel is  
Boss shit, look that up my nigga, I handle biz  
On fire, like a candle is  
Niggas be dressing off the mannequin  
Hmm, and I get fresh like where them camera's is?  
Better yet sandwiches, bad bitch Spanish friends  
Could of been the President, rather be the man instead[Chorus]  
Now when I get paid, my checks be looking like phone numbers  
Now when I get paid, my checks be looking like phone numbers  
(You can talk shit bitch, I'm worth a million)  
I'm talking millions, nigga I'm talking millions  
(You can talk shit bitch, I'm worth a million)  
I'm talking millions, nigga I'm talking millionsTime is money so I went and bought a Rolex (Bought a Rolex)  
Time is money so I went and bought a Rolex (Bought a Rolex)  
I'm talking millions, nigga I'm talking millions  
(You can talk shit bitch, I'm worth a million)  
I'm talking millions, nigga I'm talking millions  
(You can talk shit bitch, I'm worth a million, what?)I'm in the hood off this something that's corner surfing  
Float, no water, my trunk is waving, I'm polar surfing  
Blowing faces, I'm shitting on them diamond infested  
Time is money, peep the wrist bitch, my time is invested  
I'm still the king and I'm thugged out  
Any block, any club, I flood it out  
I ain't the one for competition, I'ma blow it out  
I'm going hard, I don't ever plan on going out  
I'm getting money, probably something you don't know about  
I stunt hard, you would swear that I was showing out  
Don't tell me get them, I got them and I'ma throw them out  
And back door on these hoes that I was warning out  
While I'm in this machine, convert the top  
Tell them that the sky is the limit  
With a four of freaks, she got her face in my lap  
So deep you would think she was hiding in it[Chorus]Shrimp, steak, liquor, and pasta  
Real shit boy, these niggas imposters  
They deserve a Oscar, Kevin Costner  
Oh my God sir, what?

I got this and that and everything I want like I got a hostage, yeah  
Counting seven digits, no wonder why the money calling  
Got your bitch panties Niagara falling  
Dollars come like I fuck in the bank  
I told them I could, they tell me I can't  
They want me to trip when I'm ducking the paint  
I'm popping champagne, and puffing on dank  
Shining hard, boy, these niggas got to see me  
My dick hard, your bitch is easy[Chorus]

Songwriters

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