

# Spotlight

## Wiz Khalifa

10 steps ahead of these niggas, fool  
That's why they fuck wit me instead of these niggas YEA!  
Hahaha, yea, this beat go perfect with my belt  
Haha It match my Damiere luggage too  
Joints rolled up, ask Louis Vuitton  
Uh, bad bitches and cold drinks  
You know what it is man, Taylor Gang  
(Wiz Khalifa)  
No joint roaches in my car  
Play the game smart  
We gone get this cheese  
Don't give police a reason to fuck us off  
I done seen the ups  
Not a stranger to the downs  
But for now we're smoke devers in my loft  
Champagne with bitches with foreign names  
My homie hit me on the text  
He want nothin just to tell me that i got next  
And keep it G  
I'm in your town frequently  
Got the bottle, bring the trees  
Watch some movies hit this weed  
Yea a nigga livin care free  
Please Don't blow my fly pardon the high nigga tendencies  
And duplicate us but the planes but they pretend to be  
Through all the bullshit overcame and still remained a G  
clicquot (CLEE-CO) slow and sour D's smoke  
She leave the room, you smell it on her fingers bro  
Askin silly questions, bout where you been  
Saying you look different  
Had the time of her life not to mention  
You ain't been this high in a minute  
Took ownership over the air  
I'm fly, You niggas just trying to visit  
yea... Yea bitch  
(chorus)  
Where ever that paper go,  
I'm goin get it, So mommy are you wit it  
I gotta know,

We in the spotlight  
Never been high as you are until you get on my flight  
Up and the waaay we go  
On my plane, momma they know my name  
Everywhere that we go,  
And they rep the gang everywhere that we go  
Everywhere that we go,

Ohohh  
(Wiz Khalifa)

While you at home on twitter tryna hack in her page and shit  
We smoking and crackin jokes at how lame you is, UH  
Hotel room right a by the water even taught her how to use a joint roller  
A tight end became from underground like a oiler  
Here like I never left back like a spoiler  
Give my keys to valet, waiter take my order  
Yall been waitin for real niggas to eat the way they oughta

Kyleon  
(Killa Kyleon)

Me and Khalifa, cooler than kush reefer  
Good drink that'll seat ya  
Put you in a sleeper  
Louis on my beepers but i see that bread (clearly tho)  
Good music is the consequence we legends (really tho)  
Minus Kanye, but we got this money in common  
We get it day and night  
Could've married to it no woman.  
I'm the shit, no bummin  
Money talk, no hummin  
Put the GPS on it, Locate it, im commin  
I'm in somethin paper plate it,  
Get it, decapitate it  
And if the bomb creams  
Super boats swangs fascinated  
With the fast life  
Haters to the left i got my cash right  
Irish spring green make 'em blow it like a bag pipe  
Get up like a flashlight  
VVS's is in my necklace lookin like bad dikes  
All my bitches bad like  
Mike no homo, Amber Rose, Kim Kardash type  
5 star chicks, first class like my last flight.

(chorus)

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