

Talk to Ya (feat. Chevy Woods aka Kev tha Hustla)

Wiz Khalifa

Said she never felt like this before
And you thick for sure know how to work them hips right
Level with my swisher says I show her how to twist right
And when I gotta make moves she keeps her lips tight
Tell her that this money stacked so she let me get right
And that sex get good on them late nights
Nothin' but thumbs up like a hitch hike
Yes I'm the shit like
You ain't never heard of
And you know how I do
Act like you don't but now I learn ya
I'm talking about teaching ya
How about schoolin' ya
Go and do your thang gimme brains I'll tutor ya
Real niggas somethin' new to ya
Now your tellin' all your friends what I do to ya
But its cool ya know
When I'm upside? make her breath and hit a high note
Like And now I approach her
Like whats your name
You get the picture shorty I really like your frame
That coke bottle shape and them Asian eyes
Your half black and half you ain't gotta tell the guys
Shit wonder why I approach her
I wanna get to know ya but I ain't tryin' to hold you
Back from all your dreams and high hopes
You smell that mami
Yeah that's real smoke Listen I got plans too
You know how your man do
I'll get close before I try to go fast boo
Yeah that's my favorite
Room lit like Vegas
Mami ya body amazing
Lights off no cable
I found out she a mind freak like Chris angels Ey ey shorty I just wanna talk to ya
Usually keep it moving but I had to stop for ya
And let you know any thing less than me is not for ya
No time to waste I got patience like a doctor do
And this may be a lot for you

So why don't you fall in
Hit some of this weed and soak it all in
Got game like the ball in
And we ballin' goin state to state call me Rawlings
Look dog I ain't tryna start nothing
She laughed and said that you kinda star or somethin'
I'm like nah I'm playin' with you ma I'm frontin'
They call me young Wiz
Get up in my car or somethin'
We could talk about your day why I'm cigar stuffin'
Here's my phone give me a number that I can call or something
Get you back to your crib and have the walls jumpin'
Scream at the top of your lungs like

Songwriters

THOMAZ, CAMERON JIBRIL Published by

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