

# O.t.t.r.

## 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" bitch

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[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 cheddar  
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 truck  
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[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 Highness  
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