Phone Numbers

Wiz Khalifa

[Verse 1 - 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 - Wiz Khalifa]
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?)[Verse 2 - Trae Tha Truth]
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][Verse 3 - Big Sean]
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]

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