

# Uber Driver

## Wiz Khalifa & Curren\$y

What's the time zone?  
I could count this money with my eyes closed  
No he didn't, baby I know  
Cop another ride off of my iPhone  
High off marijuana but I ride low  
Crocodile seats, ho don't pocket dial me  
Riding down the street, I hit the switch if I'm too drunk  
I call an Uber for the night, your broad with me  
KK in the jar, juggling all through the city  
Let your bitch put this bape hoodie on when they get chilly  
Then take it off  
All this money I make and I'm going stronger and you  
fake and I roll a joint and I bake it  
Ain't shit a nigga got to say I went to rich from living basic  
Work for everything you can't take it  
All we know is big money, our bitches rolling our planes with  
Apple TV and Netflix hooked up playing our favorites, same shit  
I'm tryna find a way that I can spend all of this paper  
I'm riding round I'm chiefing loud I'm tryna keep my pockets on swole  
I do just what I want don't see myself turn in to no one  
Ain't bout the money, then I'm not involved Bong rips, double SSs  
Oh yes it's the OG, bitch you guessed it, no question  
Smith and Wesson flip, lyrical weapons finnesin'  
That's how we bring them checks in  
Balcony sexing, then it's on to the next one  
Her best friend, rolling more blessings  
Got doobies in my Louie for protection  
But you still smell them  
I'm too gone off this Veuve to maneuver, I might have to call a Uber  
Get me through the, traffic, a lighter and a cool ass driver  
So we got action, I'm not about to pass it  
I got barriers, pick one out this batch and you can have it  
I run off, fuck this meeting for an hour or so  
Talking million dollars you know  
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Ain't bout the money, then I'm not involved  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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