

GangBang

Wiz Khalifa

This one look like that one
That one match this one, fuck it Money, money, money
It's young Khalifa man
And I got money hoes money and hoes
And I got money hoes money and hoes
Sick, money and hoes Big money talkin' to you
Mothafucka thats 'cause big money brought it to you
I be stuntin while them little niggas sayin' nothin' High ceilings high hoes
High prices for my clothes
And I don't even pay for it
Barely know who made the shit
Meet a bitch take a bitch
Straight back to that big crib
Let you roll some rapper weed
Put you on some new shit
Hit this weed I show you how I do this
My excuse is I'm in Cali so my smoke's highly exclusive
And my bitch bad my moneys through the roof
Your money short you lookin' mad, you Danny Bonaduce
Bitch I'm jumpin' in my coup
I'm rollin' something that tastes like fruit
And I hear them niggas talkin' shit
But there's nothing much that they can do
When I got a bitch in your city
You should try when you see her
Never trippin' on no hoes
Nigga what you thought we gettin' money over her I'm ballin' hard, my niggas in the same gang
I do it big my niggas do the same thing (yeah)
I'm throwin' signs it's lookin' like I gang bang (uh)
I'm on the team it's lookin' like I gang bang
I'm rollin' up my niggas roll the same thing
I'm smokin' weed my bitch she smoke the same thing (yeah)
I'm throwin' signs it's looking like I gang bang (uh)
I'm on the team it's lookin' like I gang bang I tell a bitch bow down
To a mothafuckin G ho
I work hard I drink slow
But I never keep drinks low smokey smokey, 'cause I'm a chief ho
Sippin' on pinot grigio, richie ho greedy ho
Got me everything like I copped me a genie ho

My car look like a building
Diamonds dancin on my wrist
Bitch I'm 10 feet tall
When I'm standin on top of my dick
You a sucka ho sucka ho I'm success
I feel like a million dollars, bitch I'm up next
Money in my hand I don't need no handout
And they all got they hands up
'Cause they fuck with me hands down (down down down)
And the car I push got more tent than a campground
And my picture is always on your bitch background
Like pada, it's just me and Cyhi
Young enough to be your son
But she call me big papa
She gave me her o nana
Then I dissapear like tada
Smokin on that tie-dye
Now who the fuck gon' stop us I'm ballin' hard my niggas in the same gang
I do it big my niggas do the same thing
I'm throwin' signs it's lookin' like I gang bang
I'm on the team it's lookin' like I gang bang
I'm rollin up my niggas roll the same thing
I'm smokin' weed my bitch she smoke the same thing
I'm throwin' signs it's looking like I gang bang
I'm on the team it's lookin' like I gang bang Yea that's right nigga
Probably got your both in a trance
I do it
Niuggas got me laughin' that shit funny
And my nigga Wiz got this shit ho

Songwriters

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