

# Young Boy Talk

## Wiz Khalifa

(puffin) Uh huh

SledgerinUh

Look nigga i'm the rawest, the mo'fuckin' animal

Want war? One phone call is how i handle you (whew)

On the grind, you pussy nigga's hate

Bitch i'm out in different states, politic, and gettin cake.

Fill my lungs with the best weed, pockets with them doller signs.

Run with them niggas holdin glocks like its columbine (pop, pop ,pop)

I'm a star, ain't a choice hoe i gotta shine

Far as Pittsburg, i'm the voice so i gotta rhyme.

Grind all the time ever since the 1st day

Now i'm gettin cake like every day became my birthday

something like a earthquake, the way this shit drop

I be at the tip top posted with a big knot

You didn't know hoe you sit at home and just watch

Less then haters, stone cold spectators

Same lame's turn out to be investigators

No where near comfortable need extra paper.Got the city on smash, the streets on lock

100 real niggas with their heats on cock

got my pockets on swol still need more gwap.

Plus the hood says they love to hear the young boy talkAy ay

The jeans spent about a buck 45 on them

If He trick the team, buck 45's on him.

When we hit the scene, the club hoes just pile on him

You scrubs show them groupies love, i just style on them.

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