Soulmate (feat. John Record)

Wiz Khalifa

Taylor gang or die.
Cloud crowd.
Heavy hustlin.Yeah.Big money, small money
Short money, tall moneySoon after we locked eyes,
I had a vision of me inside.
I stimulate your mind and give your body everything it wants.
Private school her whole life,
got an infatuation with being bad.
You take her out to shop and spend it all,
cause she don't see them tags.
I get deep inside her soul though,
if she was a guitar I'd treat her like the solo,
and pull my fingers through your hair.
And last night was amazing,
I could honestly say that you're the best I ever had.
And you don't remember cause you weren't even there,
but your soul was.Keep goin, just catch up on the next one.
Ay.
ay, ay.
Ay.We don't make love, I touch your soul girl.She don't party where the rest go.
You need to be able to let your hair down,
so you can feel good.
Girl you can buy your own drinks, drive your own car,
purchase them louis bags on your own.
Her parents money long,
but since she grown she'd rather spend yours.
I get deep inside her soul though.
Go into the drag and beat it like im bolo.
And so you think it's too much.
And even though now you figurin out how or what we shouldn't have did,
to your friends you'll admit that we have fun.
Okay, okay.Ay, ay.
Ay, ay.Let's ride to the gate so you can meet the mayor.
I'm a beat top man,
I'm gonna take you to never never land.
When you're all dried up,
heres an ocean to wet the sand.
Of course I'm gonna see what's good with your fancy car.I'm relighting in the dark, to her lock I got the key.
And niggas down to get a copy.Damn.

How does it feel this great when you're not even here?
And you climax with the thought of me,
that mean we gotta be.

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