

Mezmorized

Aztek Trip

[Wiz Khalifa]Uh, it's Young Khalifa man. Paper Plane Gang, 501 young.

'Ay shout out to my brother Spitta man. I just wanted to say that. Yeah.

And, your bitch could see this shit from across the street nigga.

It's pimpin' over here. Macaroni. Kush and Orange Juice nigga.

What up Chevy, Germ I see you, Cardo on the beat. Haha.

[Verse 1]Uh, I don't love 'em, I don't chase 'em I duck 'em

Smoke somethin', go to a new state soon as I fuck 'em

Niggas be pressed for pussy, it aint nothing

Instead of worrying about who that bitch fuckin', why don't you get you some money

9 times out of 10 she see me stuntin'

Game running, wanna know my hotel and who phone to ring when she coming

I keep it one hundred, get love from the hoes, but it's, money over bitches nothing above it

Like the weed loud like my engine when I speed up

Bitches holding they weave, rolling trees with they pretty feets up

Them suckas often imitate but they can't be us

So super high, look in the sky when you wanna see me bruh

Cut my speakers up, drowning out what the critics say

Just, continue to smoke and remain G as fuck

Polo socks match my polo hat, she leave once it's a known fact

That she aint coming back. Now Taylor Gang that.

[Chorus]And aint shit change, but the amount of horses in my motor when I switch lanes

And I beat em blindly with them diamonds in my big chain, heavy in the game little homie I'm doing big things

(big things, big things)

And them bitches they mezmorized, they recognize, I keep it so G (I keep it so G)

Get you some money fuckin' with me (fuckin' with me)

[Verse 2]I don't love 'em, I don't chase 'em, I duck 'em

Try to get paper how the fucker don't know shit about her

I take you up where it's cloudy, aint one them lames still rockin' prada

I go to Louie and blow a couple thousand

One of my baddest bitches, rollin' up while I'm driving

And she don't even smoke just hit it once while she light it

My game tight, seal and sign it

Them niggas just playing, aint really ballin', saying they being honest

Claiming, that's your wife but we can't call it

She all in my hotel suite at 3 in the morning

Taking her clothes off, inhaling weed and coughing

Aint her first time cheefing but say she don't do this often

Since I was 16, I had all the intentions to keep it G

Take niggas hoes, and smoke hella trees with em
As for your team, you niggas in the stands, you just lookin'
I'm a pro to these rookies and I plan to still paper over....pussy.
[Chorus]And aint shit change, but the amount of horses in my motor when I switch lanes
And I beat em blindly with them diamonds in my big chain, heavy in the game little homie I'm doing big things
(big things, big things)
And them bitches they mezmorized, they recognize, I keep it so G (I keep it so G)
Get you some money fuckin' with me (fuckin' with me)
[Wiz Khalifa]Yeah nigga, this shit just don't sound cool.
This what we go to sleep to, wake up to....Kush and Orange Juice nigga.
Got your bitch cooking them cheese eggs too. Got paper in my pocket.
Taylor Gang who's up? See yall niggas man.
We done fucked over 'em this year, it's a wrap. Hahahaha.
Yeah. We don't want no more sucker shit..ever.

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