Be Easy

Wiz Khalifa

Be easy
Be easy
Or it'll be a long day

Hold on, let me light my blunt, man
This shit too easy
I'll do it in my sleep

Yeah!
It's a new game
Lame nigga forfeit
I'm well ahead, throwin' bread
You just horse shit
Flow out of this world
I'm in orbit
More chips
So them hoes chase me like Norbit
I'm more sick
No anidonte
High like mandigo
Flow crack and it's dope
Only talk money, homey
I don't understand the broke
Take something from me
Niggas come and bust yo canalope
I'm out here grindin'
Like a pair of old brakes
Hoe, ain't nothing changed
Na, I rep the Burg all day
Walk it how I talk it so I talk it how I live it
And if you hear me flowin'
You should know it's not a gimmick
If the topic real shit
You should know they count me in it
Your girlfriend want me in her mouth
Like I'm her dentist
The icing on the cake
I'm like the glaze, all finished

Marijuana scented
Windows up, truck tinted
You better

Skinny nigga
And I'm tat, tat, tatted up
Run up on me
And get rat, tat, tatted up
That's a promise, not a threat
I'll back it up
Pockets gettin' like the old Star Jones,
Fat as fuck
Got my swagga up
Come at me the wrong way
Like what the song say
It'll be a long day
To pass me, you Cassie
Got a long way
And even seein' first
I'm comin' 'round that home plate
Come out to the Burg
You'll see that I got it poppin'
If you real, you fuck with me
Y'all ain't got an option
See my chain?
They like "how did he get all them rocks in? "
Want me on your song?
I'm a need a lot of guap then
Breeze home
And he said he going choppa shoppin'
So if you got a problem
So look to now to stop him
That Pistolvania shit,
I'm on it
And I don't run the Burgh, I own it
You better

(Go 'head and get ready to kill yourself, man)
I'm out her slangin'
Rollin' with these hustlas
Tryna get rid of all you hatas and you bustas
Blowin' my smoke, I get right to it
When they play this,
Everybody in this bitch get stupid
I mean, they just lose it

Wildin' like they pissed off
Find you wrong place or wrong time
You can get lost
Lotta niggas mad
But the hoes love it
Yea, the youngin' super bad
You can call me McLovin
I'm gettin' in good
Makin' my spread
And na, I'm never stingy with a plate
I break bread
My niggas break heads
And we 25 deep
I see you tryin' hard, nigga
But you not me
I'm fuckin' young star
There's no question, I be
Hit hard and then I dance on them like I'm Ali
I'm a certified "G"
So don't think that I'm just rappin' to you, homey
You don't really want something happen to you
You better

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