

Wiz Khalifa, Extra Extra Credit

(Ay)

Yeah buddy

(Yea, yea)

You know what we do around this time

(Yeah)

Through the roof swag on you fuck niggas

(Yea, yea)

I ain't gon' deny it

I be on some fly shit

See it, and I want it

Like it, then I buy it

You paying for it

I can make it priceless

I told you all this money ain't for show

I let it go

If you get money

Then you know just what I'm talking 'bout

I got a bad bitch

Her name, you don't need to know

If you can take her off of me

That mean I don't need the ho

Yeah, I'm like the number three

Something you ain't seen before

So we get it smackin'

Once we get back to my vehicle

I got so much drink to pour

And I got my reefer rolled

Girl, I'd love to stay

But gotta pack my things so we can go

They call me sayin' they need to know

How everyday I'm workin'

But my life just like the weekend though

And when we in the club

The owners gon' acknowledge us

Me, I'm drunk as hell

Throwing champagne bottles up

Yeah, we superstars

So the camera crews follow us

And all my diamonds traffic jam

They give you some kinda rush

Baby I'm a star

You can join this constellation

Shit wherever I want

Can't deal with constipation

Any chick that I handle

I teach 'em patience

How not to win the award

But be glad for your nominations

If getting money's the case, then I'm guilty

Need a shower, filthy

Wipe me down

I'm famous

All the bad hoes like me now

They don't just wanna fuck

They wanna become wifey now

You trying to make a name

But me, I got my own cloud

And I can't share no air space

See, I'm so Taylor Gang

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Yeah
All this money got me feelin' bold
And niggas staring like they're scared the speakers' getting old
You look decent but your girlfriend's a centerfold
I keep my mind closed for bitches whose tryin' dig for gold
Big cake, y'all dinner rolls
You just sink, boy, I been afloat
I been in this game and E gave me the sticks
Now I'm in control
And I'm playing on difficult
Hop another plane
New day, another ticket
So we smoke to the life
Write my name in the Swisher smoke
Niggas know
If they don't, then their bitch does
Rosé bottles spree, until they free my big Cuz
I tell her that she drunk
She say she just buzzed
Half a bottle later, she saying she in love
Some will say it's the fame
Some will say the drugs
Got you losing your brain
And doing these things in public
(Teheheh) Yeah
I'm on some own-world other shit
And you gon' have to find
Some decent shelter to get cover in
If she got no panties on, then let her in
And her set of friends
Meet the gang, whoa

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