

# Wiz Khalifa, How The Story Goes

When you doing when they can't now  
When you on and they ain't now  
They heard you living in a bank now  
So they came round  
(That's how the story goes)  
When you chill but you can't trust  
When they gave it all but it ain't much  
Getting hoes but it ain't love cause they switch up  
(That's how the story goes)

When you fucking up Ima tell you  
Why you rolling with the lame when you know you could do better  
I'm that nigga was in the Porsche  
Now I'm in a 64 and you riding around in a Jetta  
Gave me that pussy and it was bomb  
Now you don't pick up my calls  
Shoulda known it was a set up  
Use to listen to heavy metal  
Now your pussy get wet when your foot is on the pedal  
Knowing you'll never settle  
And a nigga gotta have bread if he want to get you  
A lot, not just a little  
And you can't meet the man in the middle  
He gotta be official  
Gotta rock them diamonds  
Gotta have a wistful  
Gotta get that bread  
Gotta have a fist full  
I suppose I'm all of those  
But will I get another chance?  
Who knows  
I guess that's how the story goes

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When you send her up the elevator  
She was on her way down but you elevate her  
You know it's lonely at the top and you saw that ass  
She was down the high rise you ain't have to ask  
It's funny how the money and the bottles go  
Took her in the section full of bottle hoes  
Hoping after leave her holla though  
Last week she was a single but she model though  
Waiting on the check, waiting on the check  
Mutha fuck a bill she just wanna flex  
Fucking for a Benz, fucking for a Benz  
When you living life leaning on the gas  
You bound to wreak  
Whole lot of shit in town, are you down for sex?  
How many ballers she got in the rolodex  
You ain't starting, it's hard to make a dolla stretch  
And she be hollering out next  
That's how the story goes

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