

# Wiz Khalifa, Move On

Man I ain't encourage my brother to do nothin' fucked up  
Man say bitch, your money retarded, if the bitch don't fuck with her she ain't blessed, bitch

Saw her on the dance floor poppin'  
Hold up, stop talkin' to me, tryna see that ass bop  
She a big booty star on the dance floor poppin'  
Hold up, stop talkin' to me tryna see that ass wobble

I'm rich, we're both grown  
Got a male leave your boyfriend at home  
Too high, I'm too gone  
If she don't ride with the kid, I move on  
I'm just tryna find someone I can leave with  
I'm just tryna find someone I can leave with

I ain't really playing with you, don't know your name  
I'm just tryna do some things to ya  
Take ya home, let you rep Taylor Gang  
Let you roll up a plane  
Let you bring your homegirls  
Let my boys run a train  
I'mma real ass nigga outta Pittsburgh  
She don't fuck, I don't deal with her, know ya heard  
Good dick what I slang, I don't even run game  
I've been learned my lane, hoes fuckin' up for fame  
Hop in my ride then I go front backside  
To the side got my money, she love that  
Rollin' weed up first class  
Taylor Gang nigga all about his cash  
Smackin' lil mama on the ass

I'm rich, we're both grown  
Gotta mail me your boyfriend at home  
I'm too high, I'm too gone  
If she don't ride with the kid, I move on  
I'm just tryna find some I can lean with  
I'm just tryna find someone I can leave with

I done threw a ring around my dick and my finger, ya digg?  
I done threw some bling around my grill and my pinky, ya digg?  
Your girl end up leavin' with me, you ain't a freak, where your friend?  
Gates slang, I'm gonna throw that meat in her stomach for real  
Audi, Mustang, Dually Truck, I just wrecked the Chevelle  
Flipped it with my wife the other night, give a fuck can you tell?  
Kevin it's your pipe, well out in public won't notice she yell  
Kept that on the tuck, no recognition, I'm touchin' them bells  
Give them to myself off the truck or they come in the mail  
Big booty somethin' on the dance floor poppin'  
Hold up stop talkin' to me tryna see that ass wobble  
Big money pocket, got the lumps  
Kevin got dollars

I'm rich, we're both grown  
Gotta mail me your boyfriend at home  
Too high, I'm too gone  
If she don't ride with the kid, I move on  
I'm just tryna find some I can lean with  
I'm just tryna find someone I can leave with