

# Wiz Khalifa, Mr. Williams, Where Is The Love

Don't fear  
Just love me under the moonlight  
The shine on your body  
So bright, yeah  
Your beauty's blinding  
But baby, tonight I hope  
My sight's alright  
In the night, I'm in my zone  
You gon' regret this if you don't so  
Let's get to lovin'  
Let's get to lovin'  
Let's get to lovin', babe

I'm fresh off the dank, got more to bake  
Never running out, same goes for the bank  
Gas in the tank, top rank  
About the cake, we don't use brakes  
Too blazed, pilots say we can't get on the plane  
No debate, pounds are putting on, I'm making weight  
Money safe, put it in there for a rainy day  
Niggas hate, don't fuck with them anyway  
I hustle too many ways to get comfortable  
You know how I'm coming  
Call your girl, let's get into something  
Money discussions, take my time, I ain't rushing  
Want someone you could trust in  
Me, I'ma fuck, and get up in the dusk  
Got work tomorrow that's two of us  
I feel like I can't lose  
KK joints 'till I can't move  
She happy I came through  
Giving rolling lessons to a crew  
Smoke like I do  
No lie, we the truth  
So high, leave the room, gang

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Big money in it or count me out  
Burying safes with undisclosed amounts  
They all over the place  
Plus I fuck with the banks  
I got a couple accounts  
She got a million dollar mouth  
She was born with it  
She went to Dr. Miami for the rest of the shit  
Stacked out, renegade on the Vegas strip  
But she pay me for the game that I gave the bitch  
A level headed gentleman with a crazy wrist  
Boss player, thirty points plus twenty assists  
I'm not selfish 'cause I throw all my niggas in the mix  
Don't cuff none  
Introduce my homie to the bitch if she want some

Chick will come through, get done, spend money, bang bitches but I don't love one  
Hustle 'till the cops come, Ferrari, drive out run  
Pull up, hop out  
Car stunts I've done

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Tapping fools out, Bruce in his first bout  
I ain't searching for clout, bringing cars out  
Large amounts of money, guard the vaults 'cause we stars  
Chase paper, smoke strong  
All my bitches get along, well informed  
What's your nigga doing  
Cut your phone off, hit you in the morn'  
Said he borin', ain't important  
True color showing  
My whip look comfortable, don't it  
Keep them papers rolling, don't see my opponents  
Stay focused

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Hit me up-up, up-up, yeah  
Hit me up-up, up-up, yeah  
Hit me up-up, up-up, yeah  
Hit me up-up, up-up, yeah

Diamond rings, Diamond chains  
Diamonds on everything  
Spend some quarters, dropping chains  
Hop on to a private plane  
Pay the cost to be the boss  
Now I need some time to floss  
I hear 'em, don't believe them tho  
Paper, I just get and go  
Making conversation, problems facing  
Not them niggas round the way  
I keep a nice long jay  
It's no police so I'ma blaze it  
I'm taking niggas out the waste  
Always rolling up, my killing  
Try to get another million in my safe

Said they'll be there when you need 'em  
But I just don't see them, where's the love  
And if you down for me, I'll be right there  
When you need me, hit me up  
Said they'll be there when you need 'em  
But I just don't see her, where's the love  
And if you down for me, I'll be right there  
When you need me, hit me up

Couple bangs, popping  
Got a couple chain options  
Look like rain drops in every ring that I'm rocking  
Niggas want me falling off but nigga we ain't stopping  
Always hit the mark, 'cause I know how to stay in pocket  
Now they stare, mind is clear  
I seen yours, mine is rare  
Money long, not a care  
Blowing strong, down to share  
When I'm home, I'm the mayor  
Rims gold, like a player  
Really cold rocking carats

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