

Wiz Khalifa, Pittsburgh Sound (All In My Blood)

(Yeah!)
It's Wiz Khalifa man (Yeah, yeah!)
It's that 412 shit!
I got that Pittsburgh Sound
Let's get it (Yeah!)

Around these parts
I'm known as the youngest in charge
My shit bang out the trunk of your car
It's the city's known rap spitter
Semi blown clap niggas
Skin and bones but really known as that nigga
I'm known to chase the bucks
Grind to get my paper up
In the studio writin' rhymes 'til the paper crunch
I'm not the type that u would call 'em a thug
But I'm a hustler, it's all in my blood
So if it's all for the cheese then I'm in it
My screws kinda loose so I ease to the finish
I hop up in the coupe feel the breeze while I'm in it
Blowin' smoke up out the roof from the trees that I'm spliffing
Youngin' got the game on lock
I'm on top, it's a shame y'all not
You a lame put your brain on pot
Leave you wet like the rain y'all drop
I'm gonna rock and I ain't gonna stop, nigga (Y-yeah!)

Who's the kid spittin' flames?
Changin' the game
His name, it's Wiz Khalifa man
From the home of the greats
Where they known for the cake
The place, that steel city damn
I got that Pittsburgh sound
And I'mma always hold Pittsburgh down
It's Wiz Khalifa man
You can't tell by now
Pittsburgh I'mma swell my town
That steel city damn

Roll rubber you don't know what you dealin' with
Oh so innocent but flows so diligent
My spit game's like a .44 [?] shit
Know your man warm but the young ball killin' shit
Realist shit and your main wife dig me
Game try and hit me
Kick game like 50 Cent
Niggas wanna play games I quickly
Mob with a squad that will bang y'all wit me
And they want the kid still hurtin'
Hundred niggas with hammers
Yeah that's what I call a steel curtain
Ahead of my time and still workin'
Put in work couple mill worth in
And I'm from Pittsburgh where the green
And the eatin' is good
And the fiends do everything in the hood
Every day is like a war so my soldiers ride fatigues in the hood
And we gettin' all the green like we should (Y-yeah!)

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I'm from the home of the great
Where they known for the cake
Where the money stackin' up
Put a chrome to your face
You could step out of line nigga
Thrown 'em into place
That's why all my homies say
It's whatever whenever
I flow so hard and I spit so sick
Got all of these rap niggas on my tip
I [?] it ain't none of that homo shit
And that's word to the Philly guys, spliff
It's whatever whenever (Yeah!)

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