

# Wiz Khalifa, Soulmate

Taylor Gang or Die  
FFC  
Crowd Cloud  
Heavy Hustle  
Rostrum Records  
Yeah. Me

Big money, small money  
Short money, tall money

Soon after we locked eyes  
I had a vision of me inside  
I stimulate your mind and give your body everything that it wants  
Private school her whole life  
Got an infatuation with being bad  
You take her out to shop  
To spend it all 'cause she don't see those tags  
I get deep inside her soul though  
If she was a guitar I'd treat her like a solo  
And put my fingers through your hair  
And last night was amazing I can honestly say that you the best I ever had  
And you don't remember 'cause you weren't even there  
But your soul was

Keep going

Just.. just catch up with the next one

Ay  
Ay ay  
Ay

We don't make love I touch your soul girl

She don't party where the rest go  
You need to be able to let your hair down so you can feel good  
Here you can buy your own drinks, drive your own car, purchase the Louis bags on your own  
Her parents money long but since she grown she'd rather spend yours  
I get deep inside her soul though  
Go into the drag and beat it like I'm bolo  
Until you think it's to much  
And even though now you figuring out how or what we shouldn't did  
To your friends you'll admit that we had fun.. OK

Ay ay  
Ay ay

Let's ride to the gate so you can meet the man  
Call me Peter Pan I'mma take you to never never land  
When your all dried up here's an ocean to wet the sand  
Of course I'mma see what's good with your physical

I'm relighting in the dark to her lock I got the key  
And niggas down to get a copy  
Damn  
How does it feel this great when your not even here  
And you climax with the thought of me  
That mean we gotta be