

# Wiz Khalifa, Spotlight (feat. Killa Kyleon)

Ten steps ahead of these niggas... fool  
That's why they fuck with me instead of these niggas  
Yeah!  
Ahahaha yeah  
This beat go perfect with my belt  
Hahaha  
They match my Damier luggage too  
Joints rolled up  
That's Louis Vuitton  
Uh  
Bad bitches & cold drinks  
"Cav?" you know what it is man  
Taylor gang  
Uh

[Wiz Khalifa:]  
No joint roaches in my car  
Play the game smart  
We gone get this cheese  
Don't give police a reason to fuck us off  
I done seen the ups  
Not a stranger to the downs  
But for now we smoke divas in my loft  
Champagne with bitches with foreign names  
My homie hit me on a text  
He ain't want nothin' just to tell me that I got next  
And keep it G  
I'm in your town frequently  
Got the bottle, bring the trees  
Watch some movies hit this weed  
Yea a nigga livin' care free  
Please don't blow my fly pardon the high nigga tendencies  
Can't duplicate us but the planes what they pretend to be  
Through all the bullshit overcame and still remained a G  
Clicquot slow and sour D's smoke  
She leave the room, you smell it on her fingers bro  
Askin' silly questions, bout where you been  
Saying you look different  
Had the time of her life not to mention  
You ain't been this high in a minute  
Took ownership of the air  
I'm fly, You niggas just trying to visit  
Yea... Yea bitch

Where ever that paper go  
I'm gon' get it, so mommy are you with it?  
I gotta know  
We in the spotlight  
Never been high as you are 'til you get on my flight  
Up and away we go  
On my plane, mama they know my name  
Everywhere that we go  
And they rep the gang everywhere that we go  
Everywhere that we go  
Ohohh

While you at home on twitter tryna hack in her page and shit  
We smoking and crackin' jokes at how lame you is, uh  
Hotel room right up by the water even taught her how to use a joint roller  
A Titan but came from underground like a oiler  
Here like I never left back like a spoiler  
Give my keys to valet, waiter take my order  
Y'all been waitin' for real niggas to eat the way they oughta  
Kyleon

[Killa Kyleon:]  
Young Khalifa, cooler than kush reefer  
Good drink that'll seat ya  
Put you in a sleeper  
Louis on my peepers but I see that bread (Clearly tho)  
Good music is the consequence we legends (Really Doe)  
Minus Kanye, but we got this money in common  
We get it day and night  
Could've married to it no woman  
I'm the shit, no bummin'  
Money talk, no hummin'  
Put the GPS on it, locate it, I'm comin'  
I'm in somethin' paper plated  
Get it, decapitate it  
Ichabod Crane  
Super boats swangs fascinated  
With the fast life  
Haters to the left I got my cash right  
Irish spring green make 'em blow me like a bag pipe  
Lit up like a flashlight  
VVSs in my necklace looking like bad dikes  
All my bitches bad like  
Mike no homo, Amber Rose, Kim Kardash type  
5 star chicks, first class like my last flight

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