

Wiz Khalifa, Stay In Ur Lane

(Alright, testing, testing, testing
Hey, is this thing on!?
Testing! Test... Is this thing on?
Can you hear me back there?
Yeah, well, then shut up!
Alright? Hey, listen)
Is that him in the studio?

These dudes better stay in they lanes
And keep they brains on the right track
Now you got a check that you can't cash
And you let your mouth write that
We ain't playing, man, the shit get real
Talk slick, get your life snatched
And don't rest, better guard ya grill
That's how it is, cause it's like that

Yeah, I move blocks to rude pops and dude drops
I'm too hot; mix J, Big, and 2Pac
So move not, I'm way big and dude shot
Your crew watch, I'm hot bitch and you not
I'm not a fake, not a
Nigga that'll pop shit about my cake, holla
Make dollars
But you perp, and you make nada
Not a man, not a cent, ho I stay propa
Fake scholar, they can let the tre 8's holla
And punk nigga, play dumb, get your face swallowed
You not a hustler, dogg
You don't know what a half a brick means
In rap, you'll get ate, like half of sixteen
I'll bash your team, dang I'm sickening
I'm dope, plus coke that'll smash your trip beam, man
Before them boys come and lump your face
With all that tough talkin', pump your brakes
Ease back shorty

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Uh, your rhyming's a waste can
I mean that it's basic, look
The Nin' to your face
It'll eat through your face, and then
I breeze through the place
No heat on my waist, but still
Will eat through your face
With knees at his face and grill
I'm on the move now, high price, big places
Leave a nigga like them hunned, with the big face, and
Niggas try to act bad in them rare cases
Til that metal's in they mouth, like a pair of braces
Big bro talk slick up in them fake lines
Same time, he just another fruit up in the grapevine
You see I laugh, clock math, cause I take time
And you trash, bust ass than a waistline
And don't test, cause dude you'll be losing your breath
Got respect like I'm moving a Tec

And I advise you and your crew be doing your best
Try and get your mind right, or we'll be moving it left
Nigga

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You see it's rare that a nigga say he ball, and really got dough
Rare that he say he push coke, and really got blow
Common that he claiming that he thug, but he not though
And when do a nigga say he spit, and really got flow?
I ain't playing around
Not a gangster, but if you cross mine, I'll be laying 'em down
And you talk about poppin' your heat
But when the beef's on the real OG's will come and rock you to sleep, coward
In my advice you should think twice
Before you cross the path of a real nigga, live the street life
Who pull cards, and they reach for they heat, right
And you'll get smoked, like the trees in the peace pipe
Man, they put you in the dirt here
You steady throwin' up the set, but you ain't never put in work there
So all that talk about the gang you bang
Just stay in your lane, before a shot lay in your frame

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