

# Wiz Khalifa, Studio Lovin

Hello, yeah I'm the studio right now  
Oh, you trying to come through?  
(Yeah, I wanna give you some studio loving)  
Alright well um... I'm a finish up this last little joint  
And I'm a um... I'm a give you a call. I'm a text you or sum  
Yeah, nah don't bother putting that on

Girl let me take you to my studio  
Give you everything you want and need  
Lay you flat like a piano  
If you let me stroke your keys  
You going be saying things you never said  
Matter fact you going be playing melodies you never play  
We ain't in no bed  
We in the lab  
And I'm reclining in my seat  
You can just climb on top of me and ride me like this beat  
You say you need this (loving)  
Well I'mma grab your waistline  
And if you like it deep  
I could hit you with that bass line  
I ain't trying to waste time  
For me and your sake  
Plus I'm paying for this session  
I need more than one take  
I make the boards shake like how I'm suppose to  
I'll have you sounding good  
Little ma, I got them pro tools  
Now you in the mood  
I got you doing this and trying that  
Beating your drum  
While I'm playing with your high hat  
You like that  
So you don't want to, I just make you do it  
Got you in love, 'cause when we fuck it's like we making music, gon' lose it

I don't want to be unusual  
But there's a lot of things that I can see me doing to you  
Here in my studio oh oh, oh oh, oh oh, oh yeah  
You say you gotta work tomorrow, you can make it though  
And even though there's probably other places we can go  
We in my studio, oh oh, oh oh, oh oh, oh yeah

And no it ain't gon' stop  
I keep this song on replay  
Putting all them scratches on my back  
I'm like go DJ  
Be my guitar  
I'll pluck your g-string  
Pull it to the side  
I'mma make them vocals drop  
I'm gripping on your thighs  
We tangled like some cables  
From the front look in your eyes  
Then I turn you like some tables  
No you fiending for this (loving)  
That's what you gon' get  
And I can't sing, but I see you  
And know I'm gon' hit, yeah  
Let's do the verses now  
Worry about the beat later  
Heard you be going off that head  
You don't need paper  
Play you an e-major, a-minor

Girl your rhythm straight  
And I say you got great timing  
Feel your heart rate climbing  
Like when my speakers quake  
More than okay or straight  
You got that eight oh eight  
You say you can't  
But I do something that just make you do it  
Me and you don't fuck  
We make music, yeah

I don't want to be unusual  
But there's a lot of things that I can see me doing to you  
Up in my studio oh oh, oh oh, oh oh, oh yeah  
You say you gotta work tomorrow, you can make it though  
And even thought there's probably other places we can go  
We in my studio, oh oh, oh oh, oh oh, oh yeah

So shorty tell me what you think about it, think about it  
Me and you can make a album, let's make a album  
Shorty we can make a album, let's make a album  
Darling we can make a album, let's make a album  
Shorty what you think about it, think about it  
Me and you can make a album, make a album  
Shorty we can make a album, let's make a album  
Darling we can make a album (ha ha) yea

I wanna give you some, studio loving  
Studio lovin', oh yeah