

# Wiz Khalifa, Text Me When You Make It

Ride a Mercedes, Prada for days  
Louis from Virgil, Birkin Baby  
Balenciaga, you and the ladies  
YSL, you look amazin'  
Eight in the mornin', say that you just got on  
Just count up your paper  
Come to my room and I'll be breakin' you off  
And send you home later  
I just pulled up to Vegas  
I'm fuckin' with you and not the tables  
I could be outside later  
Baby, send you on your way, just text when you make it

Lately, I been countin' blessings as they come  
I ain't been takin' no shit from no one  
I ain't been gettin' nothin' but love  
And I don't hear talkin', you gotta show us  
Bags, you gettin' 'em all  
Ass can't fit, it ain't small  
Hookah for three in the club  
It's me, you, and your girl

Don't trip on exes 'cause you used to it  
Hang on to your cool, you ain't losin' it  
You ain't intimidated by another bitch  
You with a real nigga and love the benefits  
You can barely wait, always safe to say  
Private destination, brand new Ricky shades  
Celebrity workout plan, you been losin' weight  
Again and that shit gettin' thick in all the right places  
Lately  
You was underground, but now you mainstream  
Takin' you to my crib 'cause I don't date  
The difference 'tween night and day  
Dinner wherever you want, don't gotta wait  
You shop more than usual  
We fuck four times, then you gotta go  
Say you 'bout to come, you gettin' close  
Baby, say you love sunset the most

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Yo, what up? It's your boy, Wiz Khalifa, man  
The shrooms are kickin' in  
There's no tequila in my system so there's nothin' to worry about, or gin either  
But you guys wanna drink, make sure y'all fuck with some of that McQueen and pour a shot for me  
See Ya