

# Wiz Khalifa, We Dem Boyz (Remix)

Yeah, hol' up, hol' up, we dem boyz  
Hol' up, hol' up, we dem boyz  
Hol' up, hol' up, we makin' noise  
Hol' up, we dem boyz  
Now I've been in this game for a long time  
And I'm still getting money, ohh  
Hol' up, hol' up, we dem boyz (Ohh)  
Hol' up, hol' up, we makin' noise

Paranoid as a child, blessed to be a dreamer  
Bitch we dem boyz, nigga we the Beatles  
1-8-7, no appeal, get it how you live  
Before I go broke, accountants jump off a bridge  
First round draft pick, hittas stay in the field  
On that poor side of town, grinding to pay our bills  
They hate to see you flourish, so I draw the curtains  
I'm so high up in the sky, that my I won't get no service  
Democracy be the dope, community in the choke  
The warden just caught his case, he was looking forward to vote  
Nigga count your blessings, lighters on the dresser  
I scoped it, a whole body, so yes I'm well invested

From Figueroa to the airport to them Iceland hoes  
Head to London then to Paris, double sold out shows  
Then I fell asleep in my Saint-Laurent and woke up to stunt more  
And just recent nigga, my teeth is nickel, got disco-ball glow, uh  
Niggas throwin' shots but I dodge 'em all, you can't touch this  
Don't believe if my name involved in some punk shit, uh, yeah  
Half a mil a week, a crib by the beach and got bank roll  
Got a bitch who got booty cheeks and good neck though  
Hold up, hol' up, hol' up, this game we play, you can't control us  
Hol' up, hol' up, they knew us cause the way we pulled up  
Hold up, hol' up, my bitch, her shape like Coca-Cola  
Hold up, hol' up, Wiz on joints, my woods be rolled up

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I never give a rat a pass, it's the fattest ass that attracts me  
How do I define Nasty? Ghastly, explain Escro  
Plain and simple, with a redbone in the Benzo sippin' XO  
From the Don to God's Son, the Project Prophet, the live one  
The father of Destiny, Knight's pops, Will's man  
Jungle's brother, girl, I house you like the Jungle Brothers  
Understand, I shine before ya'll time  
I been outside when T La Rock invented rhymes  
When dinner time and BBS's on tinted Saab's was getting robbed  
I'm 20 in, still outside, don't ask for it  
That parched up from here on, that half moon is that Nas cut  
We been 'em niggas that's been them niggas, ask any nigga  
Mass Appeal, HSTRY, Henny sippers, let's get it nigga

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Ayo Wiz, come meet me out in Vegas

Them new releases coming out at 12 AM  
Look, we gotta stay fresh playboy, yeah, yeah  
Ain't nothing you could do about it, we dem boyz, uhh

Keys to my estate, put the cheese inside a safe  
Drinkin' by the case, that be the reason why they hate  
Fresh up out a cell to the seats of private planes  
Roll at least an ounce a day, smokin' weed is my escape  
Peddle to the floor, make sure my niggas straight  
Every city-state, I'm tryna break the piggie bank  
Some niggas get put on, some niggas get played  
Take another selfie, watch my lawyer beat the case  
We dem boyz

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