

# Wiz Khalifa, Young Boy Talk

Uh huh  
Sledgren

Uh -

Look nigga I'm the rawest, the mu'fuckin' animal  
Want war? One phone call is how I handle you (whew)  
On the grind, you pussy nigga's hate  
Bitch I'm out in different states, politic'n, and getting cake  
Fill my lungs with the best weed, pockets with them dollar signs  
Run with them niggas holding Glocks like it's columbine (pop, pop, pop)  
I'm a star, ain't a choice so I gotta shine  
Far as Pittsburgh, I'm the voice so I gotta rhyme  
Grind all the time ever since the first day  
Now I'm getting cake like everyday became my birthday  
Something like an earthquake, the way this shit drop  
I be at the tip top posted with a big knot  
You ain't know ho you sit at home and just watch  
Less then haters, stone cold spectating  
Same lame's turn out to be investigators  
No where near comfortable need extra paper

Got the city on smash, the streets on lock  
A hundred real niggas with their heats on cock  
Got my pockets on swole still need more gwap  
Plus the hood say they love to hear the young boy talk

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Ay, ay

The jeans spent about a buck 45 on them  
If he trick the team, buck 45's on him  
When we hit the scene, the club hoes just pile on him  
You scrubs show them groupies love, I just style on them  
Seen me and my guys, blow a couple thou' on em  
But don't trip I'm with a clique that's know to wild stump ya  
Fuck around dump ya  
You ain't heard, we in the Burgh  
Nigga's put they gun down, fuck around, jump ya  
Leave ya slump with ya block knocked off  
I be riding, something classic with the top dropped off  
Roll the weed in the Rillo  
I made it out of nothing, around them thieves and offenders  
Ride with keys in they fenders  
Now we all big spenders  
You could ask about them they don't know it's me  
Cuz you smell dro, blow about a elbow  
This shit is fun for me, I been eating  
You niggas dumb hungry, I dear one of you to come for me

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