Wiz Khalifa "A Drop In The Ocean"

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A drop in the ocean a change in the weather, I was praying that you and me might end up together. It's like wishing for rain as I stand in the desert, But I'm holding you closer than most'cause you are my heaven.

Kanye West

How you listen to a girl that still wanna man Tell me the truth is that a man or Juwanna Mann I'm wonderin' why she "ret to go" like Wanda then When we met you was a V like Madonna, man Now you in the field runnin' plays like Donovan McNabb before you get in a cab I'll trade in my cab Just to take you back to last summer, man You don't remember when you was my sweetest You don't remember when I called you Reese's Pieces Cause it's no wrong way to do you know what She turned around and giggle said; "You so nuts!" But nowadays we actin' way too grown up Like how ya ex girl get the new numba The rumors was so numerous For stickin' by me, I had to give you two thumbs up And that's why

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Eminem

So young, so full of life and vibrant,
Side by side wherever you was ridin', I went,
So close almost was some Bonnie and Clyde shit,
When Ronnie died you was right by my side,
With a shoulder to cry on and a tissue to wipe my eyes,
And a bucket to catch every tear I cried inside it,
You even had the same type of childhood I did,
Sometimes I just wanna know why,

Is it that you surcame to yours,
And mine I survived it,
You ran the streets I nine to fived it,
We grew up, grew apart as time went by us,
Then I blew up to both yours and mine surprises,
Now I feel the vibe I just can't describe it,
Much as your pride tries to hide it,
You're cold your touch, it's like ice,
And your eyes is the look of resentment,
I can sense it and I don't like it

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Wiz Khalifa

Uh, stuck alone in this wave race
Say I'm living too fast, don't plan on changing my pace
Got one foot on the gas, it's never a need for brakes
Smoke ez-rider's with hash, fuck bitches from out of
state

Valet bringing my cars, waiter bringing me plates Shrimp and fillet Mignon, we celebrate buying drinks Wit a couple of broads my nigga's who got love for me It's lonely at the top, I'm tired of having company Uh, so while you busy trying to fit in, I'm a stand out And view my life through this lens to see how it pan's out

Substitute teacher ass nigga's, need a handout
Middle finger screaming fuck them nigga's who hated,
I'm money affiliated
Pop another bottle, that chronic smokin degraded
Speculating me landing must of got me mistaken,
I'm speaking as the captain of the planes,

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You's a runner on the jet way

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