

## Wiz Khalifa "Be Easy"

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[Chorus: x4]  
Be easy [echo]  
Be easy [echo]  
Or it'll be a long day

[Wiz Khalifa:]  
Hold on, let me light my blunt, man  
This shit too easy  
I'll do it in my sleep

Yeah!  
It's a new game  
Lame nigga forefit  
I'm well ahead, throwin' bread  
You just horse shit  
Flow out of this world  
I'm in orbit  
More chips  
So them hoes chase me like Norbit  
I'm more sick  
No anidon'te  
High like mandigo  
Flow crack & it's dope  
Only talk money, homey  
I don't understand the broke  
Take something from me  
Niggas come & bust yo canalope  
I'm out here grindin'  
Like a pair of old brakes  
Hoe, ain't nothing changed  
Na, I rep tha Burg all day  
Walk it how I talk it so I talk it how I live it  
And if you hear me flowin'  
You should know it's not a gimick  
If the topic real shit  
You should know they count me in it  
Your girlfriend want me in her mouth  
Like I'm her dentist  
The icing on the cake  
I'm like the glaze, all finished  
Majianna scented  
Windows up, truck tinted

You better

[Chorus x4]

Skinny nigga  
And I'm tat, tat, tatted up  
Run up on me  
And get rat, tat, tatted up  
That's a promise, not a threat  
I'll back it up  
Pockets gettin' like the old Star Jones,  
Fat as fuck  
Got my swagga up  
Come at me the wrong way  
Like what the song say  
It'll be a long day  
To pass me, you Cassie  
Got a long way  
And even seein' first  
I'm comin' 'round that home plate  
Come out to the Burg  
You'll see that I got it poppin'  
If you real, you fuck with me  
Ya'll ain't got an option  
See my chain?  
They like "how did he get all them rocks in? "  
Want me on your song?  
I'm a need a lot of guap then  
Breeze home  
And he said he going choppa shoppin'  
So if you got a problem  
So look to now to stop him  
That pistol bangin' shit,  
I'm on it  
And I don't run the Burg, I own it  
You better

[Chorus x4]

(Go 'head & get ready to kill yourself, man)  
I'm out her slangin'  
Rollin' with these hustlas  
Tryna get rid of all you hatas & you bustas  
Blowin' my smoke, I get right to it  
When they play this,  
Everybody in this bitch get stupid  
I mean, they just lose it  
Wildin' like they pissed off  
Find you wrong place or wrong time  
You can get lost  
Lotta niggas mad

But the hoes love it  
Yea, the young'n super bad  
You can call me McLovin  
I'm gettin' in good  
Makin' my spread  
And na, I'll never extend you with a plate  
I break bread  
My niggas break heads  
And we 25 deep  
I see you tryin' hard, nigga  
But you not me  
I'm fuckin' young stars  
There's no question, I be  
Hit hard & then I dance on them like I'm Ali  
I'm a certified "G"  
So don't think that I'm just rappin' to you, homey  
You don't really want something happen to you  
You better

[Chorus x4]

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