

Wiz Khalifa "Oh Gee La"

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Look nigga I can roll up some more weed
Or order 22 more bottles of Don P
My presidential Rolex shining, that's on Gs
The clothes that I got on are designers from overseas
I pulled up getting high, told the valet to hold my keys
Hopped out, walk in that motherfucker, bought
everything that I seen
Niggas hating, bitches wishing they can get in position
for some
Infiltration
Taylor Gang motherfucker, don't deal with no shape
shift
Only real motherfuckers come up in my playlist
I keep it way too real to fuck with your fake shit
This the real right here, roll one up and face it

T-G-O-D
Getting high, rolling weed up for e'ryone to know me
T-G-O-D
In the club, popping bottles, blowing weed by the O-Z
T-G-O-D
And you know I'm getting cash cause I'm all about that
paper

[Ya]

Give a fuck about a hater

[Verse 2: Lola Monroe]
T-G-O-D, peep the game from the floor seats
Here for my throne, put them bitches in the nosebleeds
(T-G-O-D), married to the money
Fornicating with the ballers and fuck a prenup like the
Kobes
(T-G-O-D), educating hoes
On the what, where, hows of embodying a boss, see
Bitch I school sluts on the what's and the whos
And the guts and the shoes and how the body of a
Porsche be
Now it's rock-a-bye bitches
Lights out when I'm rocking my vicious

Ass-to-waist ratio
Giuseppe shipped out in (?), rent on a (?)
(Oo-la-la-la) is the way that we rock when we doing our
thing
(Oo-la-la-la) is the first class high that the Taylors bring
My circle, anti-square
Can't compare like a (?)
Ain't I there, sonning you hoes, I birth
None of you hoes have earned, none of you hoes have
learned
Vicariously living through my shadows
Got them throwing more shade than a clouded out
meadow
Living in a land called Lala, no Melo
Maserati sitting on lips all yellow
Smoked out interior like a cigarillo
Now these hoes wanna hang, leave them hanging like
hello
(Ha ha ha ha ha) until my lifeless corpse in the depth of
the Earth
Forever stay a real bitch and only fear God
When the Devil get to tempting me, I only hear God
And my struggles help build me, so endear eyes
Lauryn we'll forever love you, you'll forever feel hearts

[Hook]
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Give a fuck about a hater

[Verse 3: Juicy J]
Paper, paper, paper, I'm so fucking Taylor'd
Burning dope, getting ashes on the calculator
Big wads in my pockets, money barely bend
I'm so sincere riding in a (?) Benz
Hit the booty club, drinking Sapphire gin
Juicy J don't fuck with ratchet hoes, only 10s

[Hook]
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T-G-O-D
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Give a fuck about a hater

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