

## Wiz Khalifa "Phone Numbers"

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I cop me one, cop me one for my old girl  
You think she my newest bitch, she my old girl  
Khalifa, a younger n-gga who handle his  
Hoes get in my car, ask what the channel is  
Boss shit, look that up n-gga, I handle biz  
On fire, like a candle is  
N-ggas be dressing off the manikin  
Hmmm, and I get fresh like where them camera's is  
Better yet sandwiches, bad bitch Spanish friends  
Coulda been the President, rather be the man instead

[Hook]

Now when I get paid, my checks be lookin? like phone numbers

Now when I get paid, my checks be lookin? like phone numbers

(You can talk shit bitch, I'm worth a million)

I'm talkin? millions, n-gga I'm talkin? millions

(You can talk shit bitch, I'm worth a million)

I'm talkin? millions, n-gga I'm talkin? millions

Time is money so I went and bought a Rolex (bought a Rolex)

Time is money so I went and bought a Rolex (bought a Rolex)

I'm talkin? millions, n-gga I'm talkin? millions

(You can talk shit bitch, I'm worth a million)

I'm talkin? millions, n-gga I'm talkin? millions

(You can talk shit bitch, I'm worth a million, whaaaaaat)

[Trae Tha Truth - Verse 2]

I'm in the hood (?) on this something corner surfing

Float, no water, my trunk is waving, I'm polar surfing

Blowing faces, I'm shittin? on them diamond infested

Time is money, peep the wrist bitch, my time is invested

I'm still the king and I'm thugged out

Any block any club I flood it out

I aint the one for competition I'ma blow it out

I'm going hard I don't ever plan on going out

I'm getting money, probably something you don't know

about  
I stunt hard, you would swear that I was showin? out  
Don't tell me get ?em, I got em and I'mma throw ?em  
out  
And back door on these hoes that I was warning out  
While I'm in this machine, convert the top  
Tell them that the sky is the limit  
With a four of freaks, she got her face in my lap so  
deep you would think  
that she was hiding in it

[Hook]

[Big Sean]  
Shrimp, steak, liquor and pasta  
Real shit boi, these n-ggas imposters  
They deserve an Oscar, Kevin Costner  
Oh my God sir, what?  
I got this and that and everything I want like I got a  
hostage, yeh  
Countin? 7 digits, no wonder why the money calling  
Got ya bitch panties Niagra fallin?  
Dollars cum like I f-ck in the bank  
I told them I could, they tell me I can't  
They want me to trip when I'm d-cking the paint  
I'm poppin? champagne and puffin? on dank  
Shining hard, boy, these n-ggas gotta see me  
My d-ck hard, your bitch is easy  
(boi, boi, boi)

[Hook]

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