

Wiz Khalifa "Spotlight"

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10 steps ahead of these niggas, fool
Thats why they fuck wit me instead of these niggas
YEA!
Hahaha, yea, this beat go perfect with my belt
Haha It match my Damiere luggage too
Joints rolled up, ask Louis Vuitton
Uh, bad bitches and cold drinks
You know what it is man, Taylor Gang

(Wiz Khalifa)
No joint roaches in my car
Play the game smart
We gone get this cheese
Don't give police a reason to fuck us off
I done seen the ups
Not a stranger to the downs
But for now we're smoke devers in my loft
Champagne with bitches with foreign names
My homie hit me on the text
He want nothin just to tell me that i got next
And keep it G
I'm in your town frequently
Got the bottle, bring the trees
Watch some movies hit this weed
Yea a nigga livin care free
Please Don't blow my fly pardon the high nigga
tendencies
And duplicate us but the planes but they pretend to be
Through all the bullshit overcame and still remained a
G
clicquot (CLEE-CO) slow and sour D's smoke
She leave the room, you smell it on her fingers bro
Askin silly questions, bout where you been
Saying you look different
Had the time of her life not to mention
You ain't been this high in a minute
Took ownership over the air
I'm fly, You niggas just trying to visit
yea... Yea bitch

(chorus)
Where ever that paper go,

I'm goin get it, So mommy are you wit it
I gotta know,
We in the spotlight
Never been high as you are until you get on my flight
Up and the waaay we go
On my plane, momma they know my name
Everywhere that we go,
And they rep the gang everywhere that we go
Everywhere that we go,
Ohohh

(Wiz Khalifa)

While you at home on twitter tryna hack in her page
and shit
We smoking and crackin jokes at how lame you is, UH
Hotel room right a by the water even taught her how to
use a joint roller
A tight end became from underground like a oiler
Here like I never left back like a spoiler
Give my keys to valet, waiter take my order
Yall been waitin for real niggas to eat the way they
oughta
Kyleon

(Killa Kyleon)

Me and Khalifa, cooler than kush reefer
Good drink that'll seat ya
Put you in a sleeper
Louis on my beepers but i see that bread (clearly tho)
Good music is the consequence we legends (really tho)
Minus Kanye, but we got this money in common
We get it day and night
Could've married to it no woman.
I'm the shit, no bummin
Money talk, no hummin
Put the GPS on it, Locate it, im commin
I'm in somethin paper plate it,
Get it, decapitate it
And if the bomb creams
Super boats swangs fascinated
With the fast life
Haters to the left i got my cash right
Irish spring green make 'em blow it like a bag pipe
Get up like a flashlight
VVS's is in my necklace lookin like bad dikes
All my bitches bad like
Mike no homo, Amber Rose, Kim Kardash type
5 star chicks, first class like my last flight.

(chorus)

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