

## Wiz Khalifa "Starstruck"

Visit "[Starstruck](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

This your boy Wiz Khalifa man  
And I'm a talk my shit, yeah, bitch  
I hope ya'll niggas is used to hearing my voice by now,  
And if not, get used to it

I woke up from a California dream again,  
Next to someone's daughter who I'll probably never  
meet again  
You call her a groupie hoe?  
Ask me I say she a fan  
Spending all her hours thinking bout what she gonna  
do and when  
I be on that 747 flying frequent shit  
You get all the press and try to check for when I'm due  
to land  
And get home in the daytime, way about the PM  
Tryin' to finish living out this dream so I be sleeping in  
And they ask me if I'm lonely  
I ain't long as my money good cause she my one and  
only  
Critics got they face up in my business gettin nosy  
But I'm just out here putting on for anyone who knows  
me  
No, I ain't in my position getting comfy  
Drinking bigger and ifa chief and bring alisa oz  
I stay with me some backup, in case you run up on me  
He gonna play the pastor, make a nigga holy

They call me the 501 Don  
Mr. know he got a pear of 501's on  
My marijuana strong and these hoes ain't shit but  
probably calls  
Dog I met her at the club, we was fucked up wildin  
Made it to my crib we was both drunk, driving  
Now you on some lame shit, claiming you're my main  
bitch  
Do us both a fav, don't text, don't call me, darling  
I was made to ball it's like Spaulding rolling  
They say I'm the bomb and they call Wiz, atomic  
Hotter than New Orleans, or a geoge foreman grill,  
And Chevy eyes caught like Jalil  
I'll is what I go so I need sudafed,

Big dog nigga all ya'll poodle fed  
Money in the wall all through the vent  
Still got time to blow

Visit [Wiz Khalifa](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.