

Breaks

Wiz Khalifa & John Cena

They try to make me slow down
But I live with the brakes off
They tell me I should hold up
But I live with the brakes off
Brakes off, brakes off, brakes off
And we're goin up, up, up, up
Brakes off, brakes offUhh, uhh, uhh
First place in the race, either first or you last
My foot stay on the gas
Floatin (floatin floatin) ain't take much from out the class
Open the Forbes see a young (young) 'bout his
Hear people talkin 'bout they dreams, he really livin out his (livin out his)
They hatin just to hate but they don't really doubt it
Mm, my eyes stay on the prize (my eyes stay on the prize)
Told E I realized that love built this
So I'll be damned if you fake (fake) kill it, put my all in, make 'em feel it
Show me them people who think it's bosses, I'll make 'em look like children
Top floor of the building, orderin drinks, rollin up, planes all in the same
Goes without sayin, y'all know the slang, no pain, no gain
Let's get it
I'm makin ground mine, you takin downtime
Every word is hustle, the whole entire sound shine
Chasin the finer things, shinin like diamond rings
Gemstone flow, that's the clarity my rhymin brings
Kid with the cold voice, I'm such a bold choice
Tailored suit, pullin up, in that Rolls Royce
Drop-head coupe, suicide doors
Arrivin like Sinatra, Louis Vuitton floors
I'm talkin 'bout my shoes, I'm chalkin up your crews
I'ma give away the end, partner y'all about to lose
That's just the way it goes, don't take it to heart B
I say you're (Just a Friend) cause my (Biz) is the Markie/marquee

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