

# On the Way

## Juicy J, Wiz Khalifa & TM88

I'm on the way, I'm on the way, little bitch  
I'm tryina fuck you, but I ain't trying to stay, little bitch  
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I'm on the way  
Yeah, I'm no my way but I ain't tryina stay  
I'm just tryina smashing dash like the other day  
Ain't nothing changed, give me brain, I'm stuck in my way  
I ain't tricking, I pay up bitch to get out my face  
See, that's the pimping in, I want these niggas envy  
I hit their bitch and I'd be gone and leave your pockets empty  
I swear my trigger finger got it bustin' like a semi  
I play these hoes like Michael Jordan, you just got it pimping  
See, I'd be Dodgers bitches, I got a lot of misses  
May your bitches wanna get my dick a lot of kisses  
She keep telling me she love me, I don't wanna hear it  
Bitch the only time I'm tricky when I'm disappearing  
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I'm tryina fuck you, but I ain't trying to stay, little bitch  
I'm on the way I'm always on the mission, I got a lot of women  
Ain't no relationship after I get that mouth I'm dippin'  
Put so much OG Kush upon a scale I got a tippin'  
And now she caught me trippin', that wasn't my intention  
Bombay I'm always sippin', KK that's my religion  
Them niggas talking down to one come on missing  
Them bitches won the Grammy, got a pot to piss in  
Tryina get another one, don't give a fuck about your mansion  
Who paying for the clothes?  
Why your clip full of hoes?  
Why you wise up my shows?  
All the real niggas know!  
Ain't any too many left of us

She ain't new addition, she do this on the regular I'm on the way, I'm on the way, little bitch  
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I'm on the way I just touch down in the city and I need that fix  
If the air right it up, I might keep you on the list  
I bet the bitch are coming fuck me for some kids  
She wanna fuck me cause I got a Maybach on my wrist  
I call her hair darker, she keep the head proper  
She need a head boy cause I'm the bed rocker  
Told her she running out of time, I got a shy o'clock  
She wanted kick it all day, but we playin' soccer  
I hit her, she hit me right back  
My nigga she know what I'm on  
I'll let her play with the money  
Other than play with my ball  
She told me her nigga was weak  
So I let her smokin' this strong  
I hear that they're putting to sleep  
But I get right back in my zone I'm on the way, I'm on the way, little bitch  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>