Wiz Khalifa, Name On A Cloud

Yeah
Tu-turn me up a little bit in the headphones
Just a little bit so I can hear myself
Yeah...OK
It's Wiz Khalifa man
Mr. Spacely
Teach you niggas how to fly the fuck out you know
I told 'em it's gonna be a big year
It's a lot of shit on my plate
This what you want
OK or OK ha ha
Yeah
Taylor gang or fucking kill yourself man
That's how we get down
Uh ya

So far so good 'Cause I been doing things that you wish y'all could Hopping outta planes The kush numbs problems in my brain And Rosé bottles for the pain The lines that I ink make rappers get kinda nervous People telling me to sink when I'm trying to surface Groupies all up in my face like they got a purpose 'Cause we ain't gotta pour drink bring bottle service Orange juice and some more flutes Let a friend sky dive man I need more chutes I'm live wire you a cord loose No charge I go so hard Hooking up a table on a promo tour Say I live a dream but I'm just on my job And can't quit 'cause the first class flights get addictive Try and get a ticket

Say I'm on my way but I don't know where I'm going Been gone so many days don't know my way back home Now I'm staring out this window And I see my life in aerial so I might as well write my name on a cloud

Ain't comfortable but got my feet up
It's hard to hear you when you thirty thousand feet up
Claims since I got my cheese up
I been walking 'round chest out like some D cups
OG puff say you got it locked and we found out it's the key stuck
Used to fucking with that cheap stuff
I show you Rose bottles of that Clicquot
Then we drink 'til we fall
And when you wake up and realize what you did
It'll be me that you call
But I'll be on a plane
And even though we had fun
Shit I don't know your name

Say I'm on my way but I don't know where I'm going Been gone so many days don't know my way back home Now I'm staring out this window And I see my life in aerial so I might as well write my name on a cloud