

Wiz Khalifa, 2 Seats

We in the air, soon as the check clear, we don't even care
Bring her here, let the top down, 2-6 with no rear
In the trunk where the engine be, that bitch in the mirror
Can't compare to the life I live, they stop and they stare
I'm a player, no remote control, good weed in my soul
Say I'm old, I feel like I'm young, that's what I been told
I done sold hundreds of millions of records cross the globe
Diamonds cold, soon as I hop off the plane, all legs unfold

Joint already rolled, new crib, got her own
Take me out for something to eat then I'm getting dome
I'll call you, bitch, don't call me, stop blowing up my phone
Instead of beefing with you I rather be alone
Ridin' around picking that kush, she out of zone
Bitch so bad makin' me wish she had a clone
Big ass diamonds look like a flash' when I roll
Big ass player, get me that cash then I'm gone
I'ma need a bigger bag
My niggas need a bigger bag
My bitch need a bigger bag
Fly private on a plane don't need a mask

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