

Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, Drunk Dialing

Uh the club lite turn to sunrise
You know I still ain't done right
Skip my place and take you to yo crib
Im tryna roll a mega joint, raid yo fridge
You got the ps3 you love yo kid
Ima play his shit since he not here
And I still got a fetish for other niggas hoes
Still keep the tooth brush in my car
With some basketball shorts and a charger for my phone
You never know what will happen, spontaneous action
In the city of the Mardi Gras parades and gun clappin, quarterbacking
Not the center but I'm snapping bongos
Shorty don't be smoking like that she grown
Leon Phelps, Hugh Hef grotto flow
Boogie nights at the roxbury, Which way should we go huh?

6 in the morn'
But I don't wanna go home
So im driving from the club alone
Hoping one of these hoes answer they phones
(Got these bitches slippin' of they wedding rings)
(Its the planes and the gang)

Yeah, 6 am chicks we slay them
Knowing favorite songs picks we play them
I ain't on some oh I'm just some big star shit, but tell you I sure afford it
My lifestyle, all the visuals are gorgeous
Spend nights out couple bitches at the fortress
Got all these lil hoes addicted, cause if it ain't broke then its rich bitch
I'm ridin' in my ride getting lifted
Thinkin' which chick I'ma Bruce Lee kick with
I roll another joint then start my mission
And hella watch her watch my prevision
Need a nigga that don't care what it cost him
Say you scared of heights but admit the view is awesome
And the weathers great, roll another plane, celebrate
And I'm in the sky so she ask me how I'm fly

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