

# Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, Surface To Air

Jets nigga now where haven't we  
They look up to jets nigga now where haven't we  
Fuck boys wondering if the bitch next  
Ask yourself  
How fly  
The planes and the Taylor Gang

Haters stand clear of em  
Y'all stand cheer for em  
Shook away from lames and over came let's hear it for em  
Zig zag smoke, magic lyrics appear to em  
Outta nowhere air hare Jordans  
Kicked up sitting behind a mahogany desk  
Crumbling 'erb just as Big Boi and Andre would suggest  
Flow sick need a check up  
Flow sick that's how I got my checks up  
Bad bitches gold digging lame niggas  
Out a trip to foreign places or bracelet or necklace  
Then slide through the set and fuck the JETS cause she respect us  
You think you got a winner but you don't I bet she let us  
Pickles, tomatos, onions, mayo, mustard, and ketchup, the works  
Driving in a Aquifina truck to the club  
Cause Wiz told me that these bitches was thirst  
Crash test dummy honey need a helmet cause she jumping head first  
It's amazing how I get so high and stay so down to Earth

Ain't nah niggas iller, explosive and fly, surface to air missile  
Old sucka-ass nigga go somewhere and fuck yourself  
Cause ain't nobody fucking with us  
You didn't put a hundred on it then you can't hit it  
Me and my nigga Wiz will smoke an ounce in one sitting  
Yea it's the Planes and the Taylor Gang  
Lame niggas putting locks and chains on they bitches

Smoke filled rooms  
Camera lens zooms from a mile away you can smell the fumes  
College girls play me in their iPod or Zune  
Even bitches with bad attitudes bumping to our tunes  
They high maintenance  
Give em wings let em fly places  
Introduce you to high times, flavors, and sky scrapers  
Rolling in lime papers and Randy's  
Smoking out somewhere where the sand be  
Plan B killing these kids  
Not Michael Jackson  
I ain't feeling these kids  
And you hating such a shame that's where your energy is  
I'm in a Gfizz flying  
Leave your bitches with the planes now she sky diving  
Hella vibing  
And your hating adds just more steam  
More chips now I'm living more Rothstein  
So for every thing it's worth  
I travel all four corners of the Earth putting in work

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