

Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, The Planes

I guarantee you leave the club with us you won't be the same
They can't help it c'mon these bitches know it's The Planes
Let all my money talk for me, what more can I say
That money will be seen, as soon as I put my key
You put your key in, money we'll be seein'
We'll reach the fuckin' ceilin', yeah yeah yeah yeah
I put my key, you put your feet in, money we'll be seein'
We'll reach the fuckin' ceilin', yeah yeah yeah yeah

My car ride by without the boomin' system
I'd rather spend that loot on my engine
Oh, hail to the chief, I been one hell of an Indian
But settling in tepees ain't sitting' well with me see
I need plenty green acres
And EZ Wider papers
Got the OG game in me Sega Bulls vs. Blazers
To the left I played her, but you treat her right
Sucker what I get in one night
You wait a couple months for
You love her, I cut up
She woke and I was gone, only weed crumbs on the cover
Yeah Spitta did her like that
Just like I said it in my raps
Respect it, don't I keep it real?
Said I fuck you good and disappear, ain't that what I did?
Niggas talkin' down on The Planes better shut up
I'm fed up, waitin' on valet to pull my 'Vette up
You better get up
Tryna be cute bitch I'mma leave you
Her home girl she said "please" too
She no crazy

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Drunk nights going through my phone
Tryna figure out which one I want to get at
You already home cookin' and grinding' my weed for me
I just left the club but I'll be there in a minute
Take the lock off the door
And that way you won't even have to listen for me
Oh yeah, and leave some light on in the kitchen darlin'
I mess with the baddest hoes
Gotta go overseas to buy their clothes
Trees she got 'em rolled
Don't gotta deal with jealousy cause she not involved
Ain't trippin' on her man cause she got her own, yeah
Independent as can be still I'm the one they're calling
Be there then I'm in the wind, no breakfast in the morning
Fill, I'm in and out like it's fast food
People get to know me say I'm more than just a rap dude
Pay the cost to be the boss - no tax due
Now my money feelin' like it's tattooed

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