

# Wiz Khalifa, Flowers

Yeah, play me something aight  
I don't want no, um, no  
Oh-oh-ohh, ohh

We in the party burning up that weed smoke  
Smell us everywhere that we go  
When niggas try to tell us, we like "Hold up, roll up"  
And them bitches ain't coming if they can't  
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Keeping it G and sticking to the plan  
Of getting rich and burying all my money in the desert sand  
Wasn't no stroke of luck, I played my hand  
Man I've been up here for hours, fingers tired from rolling every gram  
And now my cheese ain't just American, cause I get overseas money  
Everywhere I go, somebody scream for me  
Looking out the window, my hotel room in Vegas  
Thinking, "How the fuck could you hate this?"  
Half of these people ain't real niggas shapeshift  
That's why I'm smoking O.G. til I'm weightless, yeah  
And my homies are Taylor Gang  
We rolling up papers and yeah of course they gon hate  
But fuck what they say cause we gon stay the same  
Higher than hell, flyer than Delta  
Niggas try and fail, think it's time you fired everyone hired to help ya  
Getting all this bread, wanna know why, I could tell ya  
Other than that, yeah

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Yeah, O.G. got first seasons of BAPE, BBC  
Make cake from CDs, mixtape shit for free  
Either way I go 100% all game  
48 minutes, no bench sitting at all, mane  
Y'all may have thought stoners would fall off schedule  
But we ahead of you due to these medical power laws  
Preserve jars open, herb in the bars I'm quoting  
And the times I ain't, on hemp pages, I wrote it  
For your speakers to smoke it  
Now pan on them lenses and focus on the dopest  
In the Mitchell and Ness Marino, see how far back I've been quoted  
And they hoe suckas know that from Spitta they styles stolen  
I ain't mad though, I'm glad though  
Thought I'd feel a little bit different being a dad yo, yeah bro  
Wiz smoked out the BET Awards, I wrapped up my Jet Life tour  
That's why them bitches roll that weed for us, nigga

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They wanna roll like me  
Cause I'm living life like it's no police or I'm overseas  
I'm watching no smoking signs just rolling weed  
Cause it's the motherfucking life when you roll with G's (boi)  
Dissing these bitches, you entertained  
You tell her you love her too, I tell her she's out her brain  
I'm on the road to the millies, I started on Penny Lane  
Now the bandwagon is packed, you might could hop on the train  
At the top, so now her top all off  
I never pay hoes, I only pay cops off  
And tell these niggas they gotta take that disguise off  
I'm from Detroit, we eat you little hoes alive with hot sauce  
Fucking bitch, I might come a little tardy though  
Fatty rolled, Chris Farley smoke  
You niggas rolling up Barley bro, I'm all-green as the safari's go  
You bitches already know

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