

Wiz Khalifa, G.F.U.

24, from the hood and I made 11 million this year so I'm throwin up paper
Got a bunch of niggas with me that done made it from the bottom, gettin money, all throwin up Tay
And I'm smokin in public, rich folks still love it
He talkin, he bluffin, that's my chick, she stuntin
And my team is the wildest, try and get high enough to see Mr. Wallace
Thumbs green like the malice, this is for my youngins gettin steemed up in college
If you seen all my closets so much style, its like my stylist had a stylist
And my crib like a palace
Wizzle go hard like a callus

All we smoke is papers, blowin hella flavors, smokin till it's gone, that's how we do it cause we're Ta

Get high (get high) get fucked up (get fucked up)
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Cop a Pound, come a pound, roll a pound, blow it down, call a hoe, it's goin down
Juicy J from stoner town
Originality where Mary Jane control the sound
Blue Dream and Lean for all of those who knew the time
Hash, keef oils in the gas mask, we doin numbers like its math class
Match one, nigga don't you know I'm match back
Colors on the herb make the bud look abstract
Smoke good, cause I deserve it, sour deisel got me swervin
I'm swervin, right up on the curbin
Big bong rips, got my chest hurtin
Purp naps, in the Marriott suite
I wanna taste the weed but the swisher too sweet
So make sure you know its only Taylor's if we meet
If you get trippy mane you can't even choke a bean
Blood came through and just dropped off a load
And I ain't sellin shit everything gettin smoked
Smoke when I get up, smoke myself to sleep
Taylor Gang bitch 10 pounds every week

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Burn, Ima rep for my city, I'm on two blue pills and got the room smellin pissy
Ask, I tell her don't kiss me don't come up for air, lost your bitch to the game, fuck it life isn't fair I'm
2 mil re-caught with my rap money
Two or three pads bad bitches roll the planes for me
Two strains that my new nickname, cherry pound cookie all you see is a big flame
Stunt, grown man with a coat on, trippy in a room full of girls with no clothes on
Butta ya I love how I'm living
I just left the night club I'm in bed with three women
Too high, too fly, big belly cause I eat good
Blew 30 grand on drinks, I better sleep good
Bag full of shit you prolly seen in my twitpics
Hoodrich the only thing a stripper get is good dick
Ya I'm so slow motion in an S class floatin hard to keep my eyes open
A king pin I keep by weed by the elbow
Skin all itchy tonight, I'm drinkin yellow

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