

Wiz Khalifa, G Shyt

Uh! I'm smoking right now

Adjust my Louie V vision
Fall up in the spot
As long as me and my gang get in
Every nigga I came with, came to spend chips
On popping champagne and tipping waitresses
G'd up, what you think this is?
Put your feet up, this the fast, life mama speed up
Pop the cork, roll the weed up
Nowadays ain't fucking with the bar
Still ain't nothing changed but the horses in my car
Usually ain't into showing hoes where I live
But tonight we gon' go to my crib
Be on your toes, your boyfriend smell that weed on your clothes
He don't know what I did, drop you off at your whip
Work by 8, almost 6, plus your nigga calling
Think he starting to catch wind
Look at your phone, press end
Can't hurt him with what he doesn't know
Plus you figure we're both grown, come on

Money ain't a thang
Tell the waitress call and bring a bottle for every nigga that's here with me
That's the kinda G-Shit I'm on
G-Shit I'm on, G-Shit I'm on
Got niggas rolling weed
Bitches with their hands in the air
Tell the DJ damn that's my song
I ain't trying fall in love with you
Let me fill your cup then find our way home

High off the life I'm living
Rooftop you gonna need binocular vision
Order a few shots and them things that you say you do not do
You probably gonna give in
Say it's wrong, I call it a statement for the mission
To get you high as you want, break dress code
Skip the line to the front
Ride top down, fire the skunk, soon as the dooby get down
Roll another one
Need a couple of you, bring my brother one
The bitches can't roll weed, I ain't fucking with them
That's just real shit, spend Vegas chips, all expense paid trips
Buy the champagne and spill it, we don't save a sip
And you here with me in VIP taking risk
Home girl saying shit like "Rosé my favorite"
Plus I'm rolling up all this weed you ever smell
Weed in your hair, weed in your nail, she under a spell

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