

# Wiz Khalifa, Good Dank

Yeah  
Ten steps ahead of these niggas  
That's why they fuck with me instead of these niggas  
Fool  
Kush and orange juice, nigga  
I'm tryna use better words  
Bitch  
Jerm on the boards  
This time around we want all the money  
You niggas short changin' and shit  
Show somethin'  
Champagne and E-Z widers  
Presidential views

I keeps it real, nothin' like you actors do  
Joints I flick  
Bomb raps I kicks off  
Can't rip this off  
Tag on your mattress, fool  
You'd rather be high  
This that shit, bitch  
Now you in the presence of the fly  
Louis cover my eyes  
Not them hundred dollar Ray-Bans  
Fam, these 675  
Rap ass niggas tellin you lies  
Runnin' game, some things money just can't disguise  
That's why keepin' it G is where I keep my pride  
You a lame, cause I'm good wit a couple niggas who ride  
Look fella  
Trees yellin'  
Just by the smell you can tell us  
Chronic I smoke hella  
My pockets want mozzarella  
Your bitch here twistin' up like propellers  
Got my paper right  
Now we like white boy hair the way they jealous

When we come we came to spend money  
We think it ain't nothin' that's why we get to cuffin' their hoes  
She comin' to drank and smoke some of this good dank  
Then go back to my place don't ask you already know  
Ain't worried 'bout another nigga  
While I'm gettin mine homie I ain't got the time  
Face in the clouds I'm feelin' like time is on my side  
But they don't wanna see me fly  
They don't wanna see me fly  
The life is all I know  
To live this way, I chose  
Grindin' paid its toll  
Oh, oh  
Now everywhere I go I fly

Most of my bitches use and abuse  
These niggas, call it making 'em pay they dues  
Spendin' all your hard-earned money on bags and shoes  
When all they really need is kush and orange juice  
Shit, that's what I feed 'em  
They download my songs  
Watch my interviews and read 'em  
Treat her like you love her  
I fuck her once then I don't need her  
I'm playin'  
I keep a couple of them skinnies

That I hit up anytime I'm in they city  
Shorty, I ain't on no sports team, but ya nigga ballin  
Don't pick up my line less I see its money callin'  
Jordan shorts by the pair and my socks is Ralph Lauren  
And I got that there from my nigga down New Orleans  
Real as they come, every one of my niggas all in  
Niggas'll talk slick, but me I'm gettin to the paper  
Cause they see us and act like they never hated  
Gang, gang

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Taylor gang in this bitch you a fool  
Big bags of kush, put a x in the middle  
Add the orange juice nigga