

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

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

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