

Wiz Khalifa, Gucci Ashtray

Riding and smoking
Lotta Kush joints in my ashtray
Missed calls, I'm ignoring it
Now anything we want, we can afford it

Damn
I ain't even trynna'
Be the kinda
Nigga that'll leave behind a
Bad name
Never smoking on a bad strain
That was back in the day though
Now my nigga's getting paid
Ain't no bitches in the way
All my dollars getting counted and they in the bank
And my son is living straight
I ain't gotta entertain
I just gotta demonstrate
How to get this cake
While I'm rolling up another one
Watching for them undercovers
Lost a lil' piece of my heart when I lost my older brother
Gotta take care of my mother
Gotta show these niggas that my father's son ain't the one to fuck with
Taking chances and loving it
All the niggas that I started with, that's the ones I'm running with
It's Taylor Gang, nigga, fuck a bitch
Shit is real

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KD over Bron Bron
Mitchell and Ness with the long john
You're bitch be cheering she loves pom pom's
When it get cold we switch locations girl I'm long gone
I told her "Meet me at the venue"
She want the best but she can't read the menu, damn
She said she love Pharrell
But couldn't name one song I'm like what the hell
Last night we recorded it
She send a text the next day like I want more of it
I had to tell her, slow down, love
Gotta know what you doing when you go down love
Fo sho
350 for the Wagu Plate
200 on the dash, she don't want that race
Freeway joint smoking, girl, I'm on my way
Old-school, on that Marvin Gaye
You know I'm

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Caraca neguin, cade o dinheiro que tu me deve?
Tu acha que esqueci?
Faz 2 meses já
Acho que tu quer que eu mande o zoião ae pra eu te acertar
To cansada de esperar neguin
Te cuida

