

Wiz Khalifa, Medicated

You be anything you want
Just keep going, going, gone, gone, gone
It don't stop here nigga

Back when I was young I had dreams of getting richer
Then my homie Breeze set me down schooled me to the picture
I was with some wild niggas put me on the game
Told me if you tryin' to make your move you gotta know your lane

Homie all you got's your name and your word so never break it
For this life you pay a price you get a chance you gotta take it
'Cause most niggas never make it they stranded where I'm from
Ain't no conversation all they understand is get a gun

I was riding in my Bonneville hoping I could make it out
Selling Ps and smoking weed
Avoiding police right up the street
Way back in the day before I had all of this paper
'Fore I had all of these diamonds
'Fore I had all of these haters

Now I remember when I seen it and to me it was stuntin'
Now I remember when I bought it I ain't needed or nothing
Always in a different state so now they label me a goner
I ain't come up out of nowhere
I'm from straight up off the corner

Now everywhere we go they probably know my name 'cause I been there
Now everywhere we go they said how much I spend when I'm in there
And I'm throwing up my money for the ones who never made it
Sayin' fuck the ones who hated
Roll one up and celebrate

Now let's get medicated
Man, let's get medicated
Let's get medicated
Man I'm hella faded

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Roll that weed up and smoke it
Take your bitch home and poke it
Juicy be gettin' so faded
Thank God I got a chauffeur
Only good Cali bud
Pulling hoes bad as fuck
Just like a youngin' my nigga
Juicy do all them drugs

Niggas smoking that babbage weed
I be on that light green
Pop Molly in the after hours
A member of no sleep team
Get a whole pound smoke it by myself
Or maybe after Olympics with my homie Michael Phelps

You known I'm fresh up off that corner
Twisting marijuana
They copy us, they clone us
Yeah we so fly we owners

Got 'em acting like they been before
But they ain't never been at all
8 balls I was in the hall
Ain't have time to fuck with y'all

Champagne when we celebrate
Keen sense so I smell the hate
Middle finger we getting paid
It cost much but don't press that eight
That dotted line it ain't like that day
Comic book let me illustrate
Like power bang when they lift that cane
My cousin died wish I can get that day

Back like it's a vertebrae
Bring that nigga on front street
Talk about and never be about it
They don't wanna beef 'cause that's lunch meat

So anything you need you know that's on me
And that's OG, I swear homie

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Riding down the street the way I'm grinding is unique
My city holding on to me so niggas holding on their heat
Throwing up their side, rolling up that leaf
All we do is get high, all we want is peace

Always on the grind that's every day so police looking
I'm just rapping killing beats and tryna stay away from booking
Yeah my niggas dirty crooked I just had to make it on
And they hit the studio to show they happy to be home

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