

Wiz Khalifa, Number Song

Yeah
Usually I make a weed song
So it goes on weed song
Usually I make a weed song
So it goes on weed song

Forty-one, forty-two
Forty-three, forty-four
Forty-five
Forty-six, forty-seven
Forty-eight, forty-nine
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

And I'm smokin' all day
Ain't no weed left in my tray
I know that my eyes glazed, I grow so I don't pay
Pick up the pace, up the smoke to the face
And you know it's the bomb, you can tell by the taste
I hold them records, my niggas keep blowin' that smoke in my section
Your parents might hope you don't go this direction
Got hella connections
Been a professional, roll up and then I smoke

Forty-one, forty-two
Forty-three, forty-four
Forty-five
Forty-six, forty-seven
Forty-eight, forty-nine
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

She wanna smoke with a real king, she don't know how to blow rings
These joints ain't petite, a pound in the week
Please don't get no ash on my seat
This strong not weak, the Cookies store where's your receipt?
I'm hungry, think I need to eat
We ride down the street, the smell is unique
This kush got me geek, let's go hit the beach
And call up some freaks, they comin' through, we gon' smoke

Forty-one, forty-two
Forty-three, forty-four
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Forty-six, forty-seven
Forty-eight, forty-nine
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Break out the bag, I'ma give you some love
Roll up a joint, I'ma give you some love
Come to my crib, I'ma give you some love
Jump to my car, I'ma give you some love
Come to the studio, give you some love
Come to your spot, I give you some love
Come backstage, I give you some love
You ever see me, I give you some love
We rollin' up

Forty-one, forty-two
Forty-three, forty-four
Forty-five
Forty-six, forty-seven
Forty-eight, forty-nine
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah