

# Wiz Khalifa, OG Bobby Taylor

What you smoking, nigga?

I'm smoking OG, I'm smoking OG, I'm smoking OG

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God damn – what you smoking, nigga?

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Word – pull up on the corner smoking herb

Nigga, you scared

So high you talking shit, but I don't hear it

Hey, hey, whoa, church

I'm smoking that shit from the Earth

Riding, no shirt, pussy ass nigga do your homework

Word on the streets, Khalifa's a beast

Shit, 'bout to go D-Wade, hit 'em with the heat

Fuck with me, I'm the realest, realest, nigga, I'm the realest

Blowing on killer while I'm listen to Killa

Body full of tattoos like a killer

Word on the streets that I got these niggas upset

All my niggas from the bottom, from the projects

I take a bitch home, give her long dick, that long dick

Yes, hit it then I quit it

And when I'm in it get the pussy so wet think I'm 'bout to go swimming

God damn

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Nigga got cash, talking big cash, nigga blow kush, talking big bags

Niggas still hating on a nigga, hit the weed once, do the Wiz laugh

Got faded in a mug, god damn I'm tailored up

Got – papers in my lungs, got it straight from the plug

Got – what you smoking, nigga?

This a whole P, it ain't no seeds

But on the real I'mma probably need the whole tree

Can't fuck with you acting like the police

The way your bitch pop the pussy, had to go see

It ain't nothing for your girl like ho, please

Let you down to do a favor like you owe me

Soul Train diamonds dancing in this AP

Taylor Gang, pussy nigga, you don't know me

Droptop with some twins in it

Ha, what you doing, boy, I been did it

Yeah, roll up, let your friends hit it

Ha, around my city, boy, I been did it

Man, I can't even lie, y'all don't get high like that

In the ride like that with a ride like that

Trey pound like that, but it's all in them raps

Stop lying to them people acting like you got the pack right now

.... it's how you act a real round

Got a ticket on your head, let my homie hit the lotto

Big niggas, I don't fight it, see the boom or a bottle

Word on the street I'm a suspect

Helicopter too now, I'm a subject

Face on the news nigga, for the public

Gotta hide at my cousins in the projects

Smoking weed with the Crips in the complex

Twisting OG's with the Bloods in the comments

'Cause only killer they see is green

And they gon' do anything for the commas  
T.G.O.D., now they wanna call the feds  
I'm a king smoking all this, all this grass  
What you smoking on, nigga? That's a thread full of trash  
I was in the 9th grade smoking weed after class  
Just a tilt door looking like your car on fire  
This the weed mix, you gon' need a few lighters  
You ain't never smoke no fucking KK, nigga  
And we don't smoke no motherfucking AK, nigga  
Word on the street buy a whole one  
Get good with the plug, he gon' throw one  
Serve your homie who ain't never gon' say shit  
Chef it up in the face like a shogun

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