# Wiz Khalifa, Proceed

This what dreams are made of Good weed and cold drinks Taylor, Taylor, Taylor Thanks for putting this together Jerm! And we gon be here forever, hahahah And you ain't trippin, we really this high Uhh

If you offer me all the money in the world, I wouldn't trade it for my girl My family or the niggas that you see me riding with me outta town Or internationally, they gon fly with me, kinda fried Rollin' the papers so they get high with me If I decide to give this up one day, they gon' retire with me Enjoy the money and the fame and the power with me And fucking hater, burn in hell Sippin' champagne while the waiter breaking shells Niggas scream my name, probably praying that I fail The money so insane, gotta weigh it on a scale (You gotta weigh it on a scale?) Cap, niggas blow that, bitches know that Never touch blunts, chill with us once, never go back Little homie, that's real VVS diamonds, my stones are that ill My watch is an Audemar, I'm smokin OG 'til my problems gone

You try to call your man he ain't got no more, probably cause I bought it all

### As we proceed

To court bad bitches and roll good weed Fast livin, I'm taking them hoes on trips Go to places they never been, I'm just gettin it how I'm supposed to be As we proceed To court bad bitches and roll good weed Fast livin, I'm taking them hoes on trips Go to places they never been, I'm just gettin it how I'm supposed to be

Uhh, Aquafina in the bong I'm off in that Modena when I'm done, just sound the alarm Bitch top drop like Mardi Gras beads bein thrown Francesca you's a mess girl, carry on Car smelling like a pound when I pull up at the Avalon Pull your own weight, I don't have no time for tag-alongs Don't know what you yapping for, I'm stacking dough Catalogue my closet, my belts, my watches Cell phone in my pocket, my Blackberry biotches Have 'em ready, I'll watch em, daddy back Niggas plottin' on the Jets but we got em We just waiting to drop 'em, they vexed cause we poppin' And them hoes ain't worry 'bout 'em, they sure came up What they sayin 'bout them boys from the bottom? Paparazzi cameras spot em, flash when you see they faces History in the making, I was high when I made it So I can play it for them haters

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Used to want a chain, now I got six Used to want a Rollie like Pac now it's on my wrist, whoa Livin' the life niggas told me was a myth (myth)

Same niggas tryna get up on my list (what)

Since I started buzzin', I got eighteen elevén cousins

New bitches tryna join the team and old ones that I'm cutting

Sky high class livin but niggas still grinding

Cause I'm surrounded with the same niggas and girls since I had nothin'

Now, I got signed to my idol

Seen some of my favorite rappers turn rivals

'Ye told me kill em so a nigga gotta drop 'em

Peep the Jesus chain he gave me since I can't keep up with Bibles

Nah, young nigga heading to the title

Where it's at? That's the top man, these niggas gon recycle

What, my shit is like a B.I.G recital

But you can't hold a real nigga down, that's why I keep real niggas 'round

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