

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
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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 eleven 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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