Wiz Khalifa, The Kid Frankie

Yeah Kush and Orange Juice Fuck it Kid Frankie

I live life sucka free That's why the niggas you be with talk down Like they don't fuck wit' me I get money realistically And the homies show me love Groupies wanna leave the club wit' me Ain't nothin' to a G Let your hair blow in the breeze Roll some bomb-ass weed Get high, cruise out at jet speed Do it like I do it for TV 675. Damier LV's 7-somethin' with tax And when I'm on the plane Got the carry-on to match Nigga that's fly shit Tryna peek game lil homie, just watch this Champagne in my cockpit Talkin' bout you got a man, Mami just stop it Please As we proceed To give you what you need To roll up our weed

You out here talking it I'm out here livin it (Out here livin it) Niggas know that we doin' our thing Cause we out here gettin' it, out here gettin' it But I rep the gang gang gang gang (Gang gang) Ain't nothin changed (Nothin changed) Still rep the gang (Still rep the gang) Okay

Self-made, been through what I been through So I know what I know I write bomb rap songs tellin bitches what I'm into So the hoes wanna roll First class roll to another coast Just to smoke kush I know a nigga who grows And that's on the real Mama if you tryna slide gotta bring one for Will Just another day in the life 'Nother plane, 'nother night Gettin faded wit another nigga wife Drinkin hella champagne Tangueray wit the Sprite Then I'm up in the A.M. to catch another flight Niggas reppin the gang Simply because everything else lame The fans want real niggas Them hoes lookin for change I seen it all, player in the game First they bitin our flow Now they jackin our slang

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