

Wiz Khalifa, Vanity Fair

Tss

So she ran up on me and she was like "Damn, I miss you"

I had to tell the young lady:

"You can't miss what you still have

See, can't nobody take your spot

You don't miss me, you just missing out"

Hahaha

Ugh

I got you open off the words I spit

They tired of the rest, they need some gangster shit

Say I'm the best once the weed get lit

Don't leave your girl around me 'cause she might get hit

I rock Celine and all types of shit

At night, we in the studio, where mics get ripped

Doing my thing like a titan

These niggas' mouth hurt from all the biting

Niggas soft, I ain't nothing like 'em, don't need 'em

Say they my man but I don't believe 'em

I'm getting tanned with a Puerto Rican

Dropping new shit for my fans

Rings on the fingers, we them champs

Pull up to the party, high as fuck, I roll up in advance

I already know you niggas fake, never trust you again

Keep a lil' McQueen in my cup, Taylor cuff in my pants

'Nother red carpet, if they hit you up when I land

G-A-N-G-S-T-A

I gotta keep it gangsta

G-A-N-G-S-T-A

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G-A-N-G-S-T-A

I gotta keep it gangsta

G-A-N-G-S-T-A

I gotta keep it gangsta

It's Only Weed Bro

Hahahaha!

Relax

It's only weed