Wiz Khalifa, Villa

So real I

Said fuck the suite, get the villa (Said fuck the suite, get the villa)
More McQueen chilled up (More McQueen chilled up)
Now I'm smokin' making 'em uncomfortable
When we step in the buildin' (When we step in the buildin')
Hunnid dollars bills pounds on the flight conceal
Heard they on me and they worried 'bout my paper trail
I'm at work while you goin' on vacation there

We smokin' on the shores in Jamaica Versace robe, Balenciaga windbreaker Come to weed, I own acres You niggas fallin' off, need replacements We each own our Porsche down the streets racin' Gotta keep one eye out for leechers, swingin' for the bleachers Bad bitch with some real features Waitin' for my time I ain't reachin' Joint filled up with bomb weed Can't walk a mile in my sneaks I'm stoned on an island full of freaks My niggas got millions on they mind, drink liquor all the time Fuck bitches in they prime Drive car with switches, count tons of riches Always stay committed Gettin' on the plane, make sure my company name bigger Roll up the strain, turn on the beat and I pain't pictures They understand me and see me clear as a movie is Value the process, wether I lose or win Jheeze, my wrist below thirty degrees Weed from California, my bitch come from Belize Rollin' trees, there ain't a seat in here Tryna get y'all to think the same way as the millionnaires When it's all said and done, we the niggas who never run They spendin' up all the funds, gotta save for my son The waittress just hit the bottle, we poppin' off everyone Smokin' weed and the motto was all that we got is trust

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Sixteen hours flight to Brazil When I get there shit is real Got a lot of beautiful women But they money's what appeal to me I know exactly how it feel Say I've been here before, I know to me it ain't enough Games I don't play with 'em They be so mad 'cause after I fuck I don't stay Fuck around, got another one on the way If she give me an attitude I'm killin' stage, the crowds of fans that would laugh at you I'm rollin' up, while you can't smoke, I'ma pass a few We gettin' money, the niggas with me they havin' too Eatin' steak and shrimp, hotels tell us that we can't smoke, ain't that a bitch? Come to my room and we gon' blow the whole zip Security might come up but they won't trip And if they do, I'ma walk out and I'ma talk to that nigga like "Hmm, it's nice to meet you sir, I'm Young Khalifa

If you don't mind, I'ma spark this weed up

I know you got some family members you can call that I can take a picture for, yeah I'll be glad to n It ain't my fault, you can take it or leave it

You smell the kush, so it's not a secret"

Ain't the one you wanna look around and you not on the team with

I'm a boss, I be on some G shit

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They don't make 'em like they used to

The way me and my gang move around the world like we ain't got a thing to prove

Why you worried about who's who?

We takin' trips goin' to beaches

And spend the money on dinners and places we thought we'd never be

Experiencin' things we thought we'd never see

Was hated on heavily

Now our girls look heavenly

And you can tell it's me, just by the smell

Our own kush to inhale, the McQeen shots to celebrate the times when we couldn't be here

Rollin' up another paper to elevate my mind

Not knowin' if the owner's cool or not

I just got a show to do and a bunch of fans to meet

So if I'm not in my best mind state, how you expect me to do my best?

Thank you, I'ma continue smokin' now

Prayin' to make it home is an understatement

But I know God got my back

He wouldn't give me more than I could handle

I just gotta step up to the play, and be a boss when the time comes

Who wants to chase success and run from their real responsibilities at the same time?

That sounds like hustlin' backwards to me

But I'm tryna hold it down, 'til we back in the villa again