

# 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 waitress 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 McQueen 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