

Wiz Khalifa, Visions

Life
Looking out the window
Kush and orange Juice nigga
You might want to burn one to this

You couldn't walk a mile in these 11 and a halves even if you had a chance
Visions of this cash followed with the thought of the bitch that's chilling at my pad
It's all part of the plan
To come through get high as I can, party, hit the studio jet lagged
Packing my over night carry on, we don't check bags
Old folks are proud to see I'm young and I Louied up to my eyes
True story word to the wise don't let these labels gas you up to be somethin'
Get yo paper never trust em
Watch the niggas you run with
I done seen niggas who had all they dreams fucked over, over some dumb shit
And make no assumptions hotel owners saying the odors to pungent blame it on the reefer consumer
The difference between you guys is you lie and we live it
In the sky so pay us a visit
Bet yo bitch be trying to kick it

What you ain't you trying to eat nigga
Come on, fuck is you waiting for
Nigga time just sitting around man. Come on
Everything was all good, now shit real

Soon as I enter the room it's red carpets and bitches with pretty smelling perfume
Smoking cigars shit was fool
Now you roll hella doobs and anticipate that How Fly 2
Sucker shit we just can't excuse
Steady trying to duplicate but they ain't us
Got bitches dissing they lame ass niggas pot head kids rolling they dank up
Paparazzi taking pictures we famous
Hold my city down like a anchor
Now it's champagne we drink
Non-smoking room we just ashen em in the sink
I love her attitude she love tracing my ink
I get up in the wind. Leave her with something to ease stress
The best not just regular visions
Let you get a glimpse of how I'm living, HD
Young Khalifa getting to the money safe key

Matter fact hit this
You cold nigga I got a coat in the trunk
Come on man leave that bullshit alone man
It's over for that
Put this coat on