

Wiz Khalifa, Whip It Around

I'm counting paper, rolling papers, watching time fly
California grapes, I'm breaking fine wine
Me I'm sky high, my bitch down to earth
Money in the bank, weed roller in her purse
And I ain't slacking on the job my dog I been alert
Been gettin cake, ...
Big numbers round the neck so niggas show love
And these diamonds round my neck should make these hoes trust
On the road, at the venue filled with model hoes
College shows, smoking grade A honor roll
Bad broad, light skin
Hood niggas, white friends
And I ain't gotta talk much it's in your face
Give me brain, cuz she say she got expensive taste
Let her rub my tattoos now she flying
Smoking zig zags too, nigga rap like crack so I whip that

Whip it around
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Watch it come back hard

Country boy from Illinois yea I'm a pot head
Hydroponic you can spell through my pocket
It ain't tricking if you got it girl I got bread
Anybody feel like rolling up a blunt of kush?
I would but cheefing got me sleepy feeling good
Stiffer position, body stiffer than a brick of wood
Nice and neat, feeling like a trill nigga should
I'm addicted so consistent now roll up another
Light green Swisher Sweet and the castle is my suite
In the D, you know the room with the upstairs
When I'm powered up, add a couple blunts
Doing what I gotta do until a motherfucker up there
Up where? In the air you can't come up here
No bitch, only stunnas can come up here
Real playas do what ever that they want here
You punks scared, rolling down the window gettin air
Real niggas keep roaches in the ashtray
I introduce you to the life up in the fast lane
Moving quicker than Jamaicans at a track race
I be babysitting don't forget to tell me pass mane
Now break it down, roll it up
Break it down, roll it up
Calliko, Wiz Khalifa, roll up

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