

Wiz Khalifa, Won't Land

Yeah
Hold on, turn me up a little bit more
Yeah, bitch
I always wanted to do this shit
This is it, what
Luchini
Nigga, yeah

Fresh up off the plane
Real niggas embrace my music and bitches go insane
Even the kids throwing up the gang
They don't bother pronouncing my name, they just look at my chain
Boy, how much you spent on it?
This ain't nothing but hard work and what you can get from it
Ain't no toilet paper, but this smell like the shit don't it?
Smoking chronic and drinking gin 'til we get sick stomached
And them suckers ain't gotta like it 'cause your bitch love it
I'mma roll it, she gonna light it
Tell me she in desperate need of a pilot
I told her kick her feet up
We gonna go to my crib, soon as I roll this weed up
Call some friends of yours and we could all have a smoke-out
You ain't gotta hold it too long, this is rapper weed
Couple hits is all you gonna need
In my Versace frames, I'm blazed
Somewhere on the island, smoking some ray
Middle of the day, drunk dialing
Be surprised by how high a nigga get
I'm a different kind of fly, we ain't on the same shit, nigga

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(Hey Jerm, keep all that, that's great
I'mma just run the next one, that cool?)

No need to apologize, you should know how fly niggas do
Only EZ-Widers, been done with them cigarillos, fool
I been on the road, shopping and killing them interviews
Heard I left a major deal, but my paper major still
And all of them fans in love with me, 'cause I say what's real
So I can never give a fuck how a hater feel
But, uh, every time they send a driver for me and Will
I call it doing my talking on the field
At first niggas was tough, they don't wanna be gangstas now
Traces of my flow, yeah, they copy and paste my style
Wouldn't think I notice it, while in my hotel
Smoking with your bitch, fool
And this is it, what
Relax your feet, put on some music, roll a zip up
And we gonna smoke it 'til it's gone, ever see me cough?
Can't speak for suckers who do because I'm G'd up
What
Ha ha! Ah

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Yeah
Taylor Gang, Paper Planes
Shit you burn after you roll
Hoes everywhere we go
They payin' for my shows
Model bitches and hella smoke