

# Wiz Khalifa, Air Born

Yeahh  
Damn  
Hold on turn me up a little bit more  
Yeahh bitch  
Always wanted to do this shit  
This is it what  
Leutenant (in front of?)  
Ugh ugh ugh nigga yeah  
Fresh up off the plane  
Real niggas embrace my music  
And bitches go insane  
Even the kids growing 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 pints  
Till we get sick stomachs  
And them suckers ain't gotta like it  
Cause your bitch love it  
I'm a roll it she gon light it, she tell me she in desperate need of a pilot  
I told her kick her feet up  
We gon go to the crib  
Soon as I roll this weed up  
Call some friends of yours and we gon all have a smoke out  
You ain't gotta hold it too long  
This is rapper weed  
Couple hits is all you go need