

# Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, How Fly

Uh, jets, nigga, now where haven't we?  
Taylor Gang, stay rollin' up them paper planes  
Yeah, yeah, jets, nigga, now where haven't we?  
And I'm tryin' to get Grease to smoke joints, man  
Tryin' to convert him to EZ Widens or Zig-Zags  
Before I get back to New Orleans  
Uh, how fly, yeah (How fly), yeah

Uh, same nigga that I always been  
Mets hat with green under the brim  
I shop in bulk, my closet a vault  
Gettin' dressed, sippin' Rose' & OJ, light pulp  
Lookin' like myself in my old Easter photos  
Socks and my rugby is Polo  
Stop, freeze, on three's my low low  
Airplanes, dollar signs on tees, my logo  
Kush smokin' circles in my dojo  
Sneaker collector, I bring 'em out, kid  
Kicks all over the crib, roundhouses  
Uh, fuck you talkin' 'bout, Willis?  
Yo' bitch fuckin' wit' Spitta 'cause she like her stroke different  
Celebrate the moments of your life  
We party all night (Uh), smoke all day (Yeah)  
Breakfast in the airport, get drunk the whole flight, yeah

This is how we do (How we do)  
Everyday chase money, make bitches chase you (Chase you)  
Nigga, this is how we do (How we do)  
Race to the club, hop out and valet the coupes (Valet the coupes)  
Nigga, this is how we do (How we do)  
Under the shade of the good trees, we stay cool (Stay cool)  
Yeah, yeah, and if the bitch can't roll weed (Uh)  
No need to bring her through (Uh)

I had a dream that I was smokin' California weed  
And brother, I tell her give me what I need  
Pull up in car service, flyin' private when I leave  
I'm chillin', two pretty women who speakin' Japanese, nigga, please  
I'm sellin' out concerts, some 501 pants that sag  
Zig-Zags and my Converse  
Spitta to my left, let him hit the bong first  
Lame nigga asked if he get a hit  
Little do he know that's a guaranteed way to get skipped  
I find beautiful women and politic  
Wakin' up, still drunk, feelin' sick  
I'ma smoke one with you, roll another one for the whip  
Listenin' to my brand new shit  
My doors suicide, though my trees big chop provided  
Fly society, and Taylor Gang or get hanged  
Smokin' weed with your bitches when she told you she would never do it again

This is how we do (How we do, haha, yeah)  
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Nigga, this is how we do (How we do)  
Race to the club, hop out and valet the coupes (Valet the coupes)  
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