## Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, Rollin Up

And I'mma keep rollin' up
Puttin' the weed low when the police is rollin' up
Fool all I know is go
Don't let them haters slow me up
Stashing for my unborn
They ballin' when they old enough

Yeah J.E.T.S., nigga As if I had to say it, Spitta In the middle of every bad bitches playlist ITunes bangin' from my hotel room Nothing but beats bitch Fuck it when I die I could sleep, bitch My momma need a bigger crib so I need this money Jake King Kong ain't got shit on me My face is a coupon I don't know them but they know me Bitches pitch it, like pitchers But I'm smart not a wild swinger careful at what I'm hittin' Burners in the sofa cushion careful where you sittin' Ain't into nothin' crazy Keep it for them crazy niggas G fizz fly, holla at Wiz, catch the Steelers Smellin' like high-time at the fifty-yard line Ushers bugging wanna check our tickets

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And um, my niggas the planes back Gettin' full off of dinner but save scraps Never know when a rainy day may hap--Pen pictures out of my life and bitches, I Taylor gang that Me and spitta, spend a grand at the bar Buyin' drinks for my niggas Hoes sellin' they souls just to be with us On the road with winners, champions Ride smokin' weed to myself the only reason they stress Because I'm on the level you can't be in And I flick the middle finger to fake friends We live like when the loyalty is strong you can't bend We the planes and all of my niggas stamped in Billionaire clothes out in Vegas fucking millionaire hoes I'm in the air solo You nowhere near close Went and took the road this young'un here chose Smokin' it by the O