

Wiz Khalifa and Curren\$y, The Life

Yeah

It's Young Khalifa man, Curren\$y the Hot Spitta
Look in the mirror man, ask yourself one thing
How Fly, yeah

Foot on the gas, I'm fast living, picture me
I ain't have no pot to piss in now I'm checking bags
Chief and hash with politicians, helicopter pads
Some hoes to get to know and hella Zags, no tags
I ain't one to brag, but if you ain't trying to hear
About the money drugs and women then I ain't one to ask
Smoke so much that I'm going brain dead
Hoes mad at me cause my phone's off until my plane land
I tell her whoa, slow down baby
And Spitta with me, it's enough to go round lady
You drive by, I give her wings Redbull and Jim buckets
A couple of paper planes
Broadcasting my name over Internet airwaves
Bitches hear me on Twitter put my music on there Myspace pages
If you smoke then roll up and play this
Me and Hot Spitta come where the planes is

[Curren\$y:]

She said she wants to sip Clicquot on my living room floor
Smoke weed hang with other famous people I know
Gain access to exclusive places I go
Lavish and dangerous, this the life I chose
But I wouldn't change it for nothing
Sex, money and drugs, runways, sports cars, and luggage
Better to be somebody for one day
Then to be a nobody for your whole life so fuck it

Yeah get the cork out the bottles
Put the purp in the easy wider
Spitta in the house, hide your lighters, I take 'em
A case of mistaken identity
My bad fool I could of swore I brought this one in with me
In the cinnamon interior
Not tinted early 80's box Chevy with a Crate engine
Hijacking your women, you left her unattended
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Fly when I'm on that liquor
The way of the samauri, I got my chi centered
Sharp as blades, these bars I lay
Forever the player and never played
I slay them bitches I never save
Bomb ass trees they get blazed
Palm trees we use them for the shade
What else can I say I got it made
Like I had it built, Taylor Gang or get killed, yeah