

# Wiz Khalifa, B.A.R. (Burn After Rolling)

Fuck hoes everywhere we go  
Taylor Gang, paper planes  
Uh, they loving what I say  
Tell her keep count  
What you other niggas speak 'bout

Lamborghini dreams  
Beach house wishes  
Pour bottles of champagne  
For my beach house bitches  
It ain't new to me  
That money, boy, I been 'bout  
Throwing hundreds on the floor  
I tell her keep count  
Nigga  
They in love with what I say  
'Cause I  
Really live the life you other niggas speak 'bout  
Got my cameraman  
He down to do a movie for me  
Couple niggas 'round  
That's down to do the shooting for me  
I'm still riding with my main bitch  
She rolling a joint  
Something old school playing  
She love me  
We fucking  
We in the fly-free zone  
When some niggas will captain-save-it  
I let her shop 'til she drop dead  
Sleeping in her crib  
Wake up to decent pot plant  
Jordan shorts and a pair of Polo socks, blazing  
With your bitch  
You wanna lift, smoke this

I'm glad to be here, I been waiting  
So long...  
I finally found me a cloud to  
Float on...  
And I'mma float on...  
And I don't have much  
But I take all I got  
And that's what I give  
What I get in return  
Is the money I earn  
And the life I live  
I'm so gone  
As I burn after rolling  
And float on...

Don't talk numbers  
I hire people to speak for me  
If you love her  
Then hide your bitch so you keep shorty  
Ever fly private?  
So much diamonds in my chain  
Hella sky mileage  
I fell asleep on a plane  
And never woke up  
And now I'm living a dream  
Suckas hate hard  
Hoes treat me like I'm a king  
They wanna live comfortably

Sipping on champagne  
Real niggas fuck with me  
So drama is not a thang  
I gave my momma the old shit  
Told her anything that come through the door  
To open the whole clip  
I'm with your bitch smoking  
Let her keep the mid, I'mma roll this potent  
Hotel so close to the water  
You can even hear the ocean  
Them bitches can't breathe  
Beware them niggas with tattoo sleeves  
Plus weed  
(Gang)

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Wanna smoke 'cause they know that I keep flavors  
Tell me how them other niggas lame  
And she love the cool crowd, so she fucking with the Taylors  
Wear All-Stars and smoke papers  
iPhone with no ringtones  
Vibrate or on plane mode  
Palm trees, and bomb pre-rolled  
The weed burning, but the money just fold  
While I'm looking at you niggas face  
Light another L, and pull the liquor out the case  
Niggas try and fail, see me, now they wanna hate  
Fly another plane, a different city, 'nother state  
My cash change the forecast  
As a teen was half-baked before class  
Now I smoke joints with others niggas' hoes  
And this shit you burn after you roll  
Fool

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