

# Wiz Khalifa, Bake Sale

Mistercap! You ready again bro?

Yeah!

TGOD Mafia, straight out of Pittsburgh, man!

Can't smoke weed to it

Don't doubt this nigga

I don't wanna listen to it

He the truth, nigga

Yeah

At my bake sale, yeah

We can't wait to bake, hell yeah

Laughin' off this drank, hell yeah

Lord for heaven sakes, hell yeah

All day, hell yeah

We've been countin' cake, hell yeah

Puffin' on this dank, hell yeah

We can't wait to bake, hell yeah

I've been on the phone, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Gettin' calls from home, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

So I started up a bake sale, yeah, yeah, yeah

They know I got all the cake, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Cookies and OG

Come to my crib, we blow by the Os

Kush, you already know

It ain't in a joint, we don't even smoke it

I keep a bitch gettin' stoned

We wakin' and bakin', puffin' a J

She told me that I'm her new favorite

How much do we blaze? A hundred a day

Say they got the good but what the pack smell like?

Feel like it's a dream but now we back to real life

It's incredible

I got flowers, wax, inhalers, edibles

All shit you never saw

And it's all at my bake sale

Roll another one, help me think well

I stay with the plane

I'm slangin' them thangs, you know we ain't new to this

Let's turn on the stove and call up some hoes

Let's roll up and do this shit (Yeah, ho)

At my bake sale, yeah

We can't wait to bake, hell yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Laughin' off this drank, hell yeah, yeah, yeah

Lord for heaven sakes, hell yeah

All day, hell yeah (Yeah, ho)

We've been countin' cake, hell yeah

Puffin' on this dank, hell yeah

We can't wait to bake, hell yeah

I just rolled a pound at my bake sale

Bitches goin' down at my bake sale

I just keep it real, I don't fake well

Niggas say they on, well I can't tell

I just fucked three hoes, I don't know their name

Pussy come and pussy go, it's all the same

I'm rollin' up the weed while I count the cake

Naked bitches in the kitchen, shake 'n' bake

What you think? I'm on this dank, I'm off that drank

I often blaze an ounce a day

You at my crib, it's no mistake

Rollin' papers, rollin' trays, shattered pieces

Glasses, lighters, torches, fuck it, anything that matters  
You can get it all right here

At my bake sale, yeah  
We can't wait to bake, hell yeah  
Laughin' off this drank, hell yeah  
Lord for heaven sakes, hell yeah  
All day, hell yeah (Yeah, ho)  
We've been countin' cake, hell yeah  
Puffin' on this dank, hell yeah  
We can't wait to bake, hell yeah

Roll, roll one up  
Got a J, make a plane, now we goin' up  
All day, every day, we ain't roll enough  
Get a pound, break it down, get them cones stuffed  
It's goin' down, goin' down  
I'ma roll one up  
Got a J, make a plane, now we goin' up  
All day, every day, we ain't smoke enough  
I'm on the KK, stoned as fuck  
At my bake sale, yeah