

# Wiz Khalifa, Blacc Tarantino

She don't wanna be left out  
Let her hit the weed, this the best out  
Came over to my crib with her chest out  
Best friend hatin', she the next one waitin'

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Can't get them bucks, but you gotta have patience  
Lame ass niggas, me and them no relation  
Come over to my crib and catch a vibration  
Another hunnid million, thanks to live nation  
She love a pothead, we got good conversation  
Use my GPS to type the destination  
Told the homegirl to cook and bring my fuckin' plate in  
Never seen a G, they be looking at me in amazement

(Woah) we 'bout to roll one up  
Pour up a cup  
Wet that cup  
Stop  
(Woah, woah)  
(Woah, woah)  
She 'bout to come back up  
Take that off  
'Cause she got that good stuff  
(Woah, woah)  
(Woah, ooh)

Big bags and late night bong drags  
Good kush, that's all we have  
Told her use the coke 'cause she don't know how to roll  
Puerto Rican so her hair down to the floor  
We just fucked now, she wanna fuck me some more  
Make her wet, say she love my approach  
Hit it from the back, make her feel it in her throat  
Rollin' up the kush, say my flavours really potent  
You ain't gotta ask around girl, you know it  
Quentin Tarantino, when I see her, gotta focus  
I'ma leave her back broken  
Eyes closed and nose wide open  
Tired of them players, now you sitting where the coach is

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Spent a lotta money so they know my name  
Taper hella good, she'll be glad I came  
nigga act up, put him in his place  
Wizzle got wings, Wizzle got everything