

Wiz Khalifa, Blacc Tarantino

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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