

Wiz Khalifa, Can't Stay Sober

Smoke another bag, I got cash, I don't need to flash
Hop up off the plane, foreign bitch want my autograph
Brand new foreign ride, I just put the mufucka' in the stash, yeah

Hoppin' off the jet, mo' money to invest
I love have fun, business, never neglect
Niggas know it's the gang, they never disrespect
A quarter million dollars, I put that on my neck
Wanna come at my ride? You better come correct
My niggas down to slide, I put that on the set
No fuckin' up the vibes
Good kush up in the air, my hand is on her thighs
Get money errywhere, conduct myself like a player
Niggas sayin' what I should do
But I don't give a fuck, I don't care
Talk it and be about it
A pound of kush, you won't see me without it
My weed is the loudest and I put that on gang (Gang)

Never tryna sober up (Oh)
Pull up and they know it's us (Oh)
That's how you know I be killin' it (Yeah)
That's know you know I'm the realest in this bitch (Oh)
Teach 'em how to roll it up (Oh)
'Notha shot, po' it up (Oh)
She left you, now she feelin' it (Yeah)
Tired of talkin' it, we livin' it

Uh, I get my weed from a dude that look just like me
'Locs long, big crib for him and all of his seeds
Rollin' trees in my car, spilled some nugs on my seat
If you walk up in my closet, 'lotta J's for my feet
'Lotta chucks too
Wanna kick it with a real nigga so she come through
Her friend say she havin' fun too
I don't blame her
Let 'em get as wild as she want, I don't tame her
You can smoke this J if you want, a lotta flavors
Some good vibrations
My backyard feel like vacation
I put you on a first name basis
Don't get tied up, no laces
No lames over here, all gang shit

Never tryna sober up (Hahahaha)
Pull up and they know it's us (Oh) (Yeah nigga)
That's how you know I be killin' it (Yeah) (We gon' keep smokin', while y'all niggas drinkin')
That's know you know I'm the realest in this bitch (Oh)
Teach 'em how to roll it up (Oh) (Fuck wrong with y'all man? It's 2021)
'Notha shot, po' it up (Get yo' paper up) (Oh)
She left you, now she feelin' it (Soemboddy)
Tired of talkin' it, we livin' it (Oh)

Gotta bottle comin', filled with McQueen (With McQueen)
If I'm in the clubs then you know I'm V.I.P. (V.I.P.)
Fuckin' up the couches, standin' on the seats (On the seats)
Wizzle got wings, Wizzle got everything (Everything)