

# Wiz Khalifa, Dot Dot Dot

Yeah nigga  
This them weed raps y'all was talking about  
Aye, turn my headphones up  
I'm talking straight shit  
I got money now motherfucker  
I had money then but this real money bitch  
Hahahah, ohh

King size papers, king size bed  
Niggas blow money but I'd rather keep mine instead  
Roll something nigga, blow something  
Say you're ballin out of control, let a nigga hold something  
Especially if you got it and he don't put his niggas on  
Tell me what's the sense of even having it fo'  
Cause when you're broke, you'll have everything to gain  
When you lose it all, let you inhale out the vape  
Do it for the taste  
Usually I roll one up to pass around but now I'm smokin' to the face  
Cause chiefting with niggas is such a waste  
Unless they my niggas  
And nine times out of ten, they got their own pound with them  
Own pack of papers and filters, something to grind  
We be smoking them things like six at a time, five in the air  
Four breakin' down, three in my head, two on my mind, nigga

One rolled, one rolled, one rolled  
I keep more than one rolled, one rolled, one rolled  
One rolled, one rolled, one rolled  
I keep more than one rolled, one rolled, one rolled  
I keep more than

A bit of a pothead, it has been said  
I keep one rolled up like LL's pantlegs  
Full of life in this bitch, though I may seem half-dead  
Trust me, I'm cool, I just ain't talking to you  
And them checks coming through as just as I predicted  
Got a bigger portion cause the Jets eating off bigger dishes now  
Ain't I the biggest fish up in this pond?  
Since life's a bitch, tell her roll my shit up huh  
Secret compartment in my car, James Bond  
Though I'm James Bong, nigga bread long  
And my name known in e'ry home household  
Caught them pussies slippin' tryna squeeze in the mouse hole  
That cheese is not yours, you are not chose by the gods  
To live as we do so play your role in the movie, ain't no pause  
No rewind for no man, wait time, so I ain't wasting mine  
More grass, more green, more grind  
Nigga I keep

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And these bitch ass niggas  
Fuck around, might have to bitch-smack me a nigga  
Roll around with a bunch of get-rich ass niggas  
Who the man? You ain't even gotta ask these niggas  
I'mma fuck around and take these niggas' last three pictures  
Man these bitches breaking they neck just to pass weed with us  
We roll, get high, get drunk, more shots, reload  
Too high, he knows, three more, C4, we blow  
Bitch, how could you be so fine?

Shake that ass, she so mine  
Taking more double shots than free throw lines  
I might hit like three, four times  
They say "What the fuck is you on?" Fuck if I'm right  
Fuck it, I'm on, you fucking at home  
Watching my ass, mad that I'm on  
On my way to the top, and I'm coming along with one rolled

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