

Wiz Khalifa, Dr. Dankenstien (ft. Fedd The God)

Got you tryna live by the movie scene
Wizzle got wings
Wizzle got everything

These niggas ain't built like us
These niggas ain't real like us
Heard he found another way
They ain't in the field like us
Heard he got a lot of pressure
Rollin' stress been buildin' up
Heard I'm the realest nigga in the building
Heard that if you smoke this kush that it'll make you chill
Heard that just because you famous, it don't make you real
I got one hand on the wheel
All about the mothefuckin'—
All about them dollars bills

I pulled up, they smell the smoke
My window was barely open
Give the roach to whoever closest
This illegal dosage
Don't gotta quarantine
Just need a light for this quarter P
Hella bomb weed, the owner hope we don't leave
Quarter M on my sleeve
Below zero degrees
Smart home, my iPhone control everything
She say she havin' fun here, but she really wanna leave
Got a thing for private planes and jet skis
The best weed, takin' pics with her besties
Like her shots chilled and her chaser fresh squeezed
And I'm the perfect nigga to do 'em with
And I ain't perfect, but my team loyal
And my weed strong, so it's probably worth it
Pull up on you at your job, smoke you out while you workin'
Take you back to my vacation home
Your phone strugglin' to get service

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Number one hits and Rolls Royce's, it don't feel real
Private jet just to leave the City
Got another deal
She know that toxic shit make her cum harder
The way my hand inside her skirt you'll think I was Vince Carter
Dirty boy
If you know you know
Dirt dig a ho, with my woes
Don't approach, you broke
None of my partners here is common folk
I be extra high
When I smoke, I see kaleidoscope
I be extra fly when I'm dressin', I think I'm the pope

All about them dollars bills
Foreign bitch in foreign hills
Name some niggas real as we
Hold on, I ain't got time to chill
Ain't know competition in this circle, we on one field
Please don't disrespect, we hop in mini-van's for one drill
Sacrifice, take a risk, watch it pay off
I ain't got a hundred mil' so I can't take a day off
French seven five, sippin' G5, we take off
Fuck her off the Adderall and take her lace off, yeah

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Was a good girl, now she rep the gang
She go to the shop, tattooing my name
Let her hit the bong, might fuck up her brain
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Wizzle got everything