

Wiz Khalifa, Dreamer

Yep, it's all raw
Motion right here, no paper, no none of that

I must be dreaming, yeah, I must be dreaming
Yeah, 'cause I got the cars, got the clothes, got the money, and the hoes and the way I see that air
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I wake up early in the morning to a fat blunt
A phone full of missed calls, my shit backed up
A flight to catch, my shit packed up
Them superstars you hear about, that's us
Them 12s in the trunk hit like a Mac truck
I see your bitch, it's a wrap like a packed lunch
My diamonds shining, they're motivating
I see you smiling, I know you hating
I'm on the road like here, there and everywhere
In Hollywood, eating good, smoking heavy there
Ain't comfortable unless I got a lot of money near
I'm in exclusive shit, you got a lot of funny gear
Flat screen TV, no glare in 'em
And all my rooms got king size beds in 'em
I'm not just talking, that's all it seem and my life's a movie

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I go to sleep in a new city every night
And pray to God looking over me on every flight
A new time zone, you hear me right?
LA to MIA, I'll be there tonight
Then I'm in Daygo, shopping for new shit
Eating at Ruth's Chris, right across the cruise ships
Hear niggas talking about it, I really do this
You couldn't walk a mile in this niggas shoes here
Car service when I land, homie I'm the man
Don't live the life of a star, it's hard to understand
Everywhere I go, they know my name
They see me smiling, they know my chain
Plus they know I got flow like a sink bruh
Diamond linked up, all my niggas inked up
A lot of starving, I'm out here eating and making history

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