

Wiz Khalifa, Familiar

I'm in the air
All I want is the money
And I see it so clear
Weed in my grinder
Mind on a million
Taylor gang in the planes
You know it over the building
They ask me how fly
I'm gonna tell you
You recognize the G
I should be lookin familiar

Party and chillin'
And fast living
How I'm supposed to... now the choices giving
I chose to leave the club with a couple of hoes
Who love to smoke trees rolling the easy wider papers
Maintain a low speed
How shell I proceed?
Come from a city where niggers ain't got a life
But got a lot
So I be low key
Money hoes clothes is all a nigga knows
Don't bring a nug I blow it by the O
I hit the road cause shit is exactly how it seems
I had to sleep and now me
I've been living on my dream
Marijuana... my surround my
My camera catch the scene
Fresh above the plain
Think another paper
Shorty wanna ride with me
As bad as I wanna take her
Put you on... bitch
Taken pics with the planes
And send them to their friends
We demand on a million

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