

Wiz Khalifa, Flight To China

It's that (It's that)
Damn, Pliz
There go your tag

I made everything I'm in, it's some exclusive shit
You ain't gotta test my diamonds 'cause they too legit
I just got rid of my wallet, all I need's a safe
On my grind twenty-four seven, I don't need a break
Front yard full of cars, I don't need a whip
Eighteen hour flight to China, we can take a trip
Pouring shots of McQueen, told her take a sip
Money long, this that Bokhara scent

I might drive my '62 with the gold rims
I might put the diamonds up and bring the gold in
I remember when I had a flip cell phone
Bad bitch, thick thighs and her hair long
New vibes, let her hop in, tell her test drive
Talkin' big, I don't keep the flex light
Turks and Caicos trips, we on the next flight
Seven hundred horses runnin' red lights (Red lights)
Red lights (Red lights), red lights (Red lights)
Strippers know I'm tippin', see them red lights (Red lights)
Red lights (Red lights), red lights (Red lights)
Walk up in it, kill these niggas, that's a grave site

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Steerin' wheel got a grip for drag, uh
New car, skrrt, might crash
0 to 100, go fast
Got no limit when I hit the gas
My engine go vroom, blast
When I cop don't look at the tag
Rear view, put him in the past
Switch gears like I switch my swag
Pop the trunk put the bag in it, I be lag switching when I skrrt-skrrt
840 horsepower, hit the gas, leave him in the dirt-dirt
Loyalty, love, and cars
Got a bad broad but I'm here when the bag talk
Better move off the road when we on the road 'cause we 'bout to turn you to asphalt
Yeah, my family like the mob
When I move the squad, we got a hundred-one rods
We got a hundred-one broads
Ain't in a Wraith, but we can look up at the stars
I say a prayer to God
Give Him my all, I can tell that you floss
Switch whips like I'm switching my car
Shittin' on him, I just came out a stall

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