

Wiz Khalifa, G'd Up

Yeah, it's Young Khalifa Man, yeah, Taylor Gang over everything
Champagne, paper planes, bitch takin' off her wedding ring
Leave with us you'll never be the same, makin' money in major ways

If I got it then I'ma spend it if I want to
And pick you up anything you want too
And nah, I ain't gotta say nothing about it, it's right in front of you
I do all of that shit them niggas don't do
Pop another bottle, I'ma roll this weed up, I'm so G'd up, G'd up

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Uh, big-face digits, whips ain't rented
Walk inside the bank bitch I'm Ben Frank friendly
Big cake piled up on my plate shit endless
Throw it in her face watch the bitch make wishes
Walk inside the club, bottles of that liquor
Groupies actin' up, dyin' to get a picture
Rose and Patron, Kush be my cologne
Shorty get to keep her weed them joints already rolled
All my diamonds clean, all I count is cheese
Walkin' on a dream while you tryin' to intervene
On top of that money, them haters in-between
Smokin' sour seem you can smell it on her weave
Smell it when I leave, niggas catchin' feelings
OG Kush prescription keep me way over the buildin'
Ridin' in my ride, bangin' in my system
High as Whitney tryin' to find a way to get a million

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Uh, know I'm smokin' sour you can smell it down the hall
Learned this as a youngin', what you sell could get you far
Captain of my team, tell you how to ball
Ain't a game I put that on my marijuana jar
Breakfast on the plane, smell like alcohol
Diamonds in my chain, muscle in my car
Live a movie scene, hundred-dollar jeans
Pocket full'a Benji's give them 20's to my broad
Always on my job, been about my business
Killin' all these rappers off now can I get a witness?
Lysin' to the judge, flyin' to the club
Chopper play the barber came to line a nigga up
Heavy in the game, still ain't had enough
We takin' all your bitches and buyin' all the drugs
Couple thousand for the Louis lining in my tub
G'd up from my feet up
Roof to the rug
Nigga

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