

Wiz Khalifa, Gin And Drugs

Up in this bitch and we all faded
Fuck 'bout a bitch, no we don't save her
Nothin' to a boss, do my own thing
It's money over hoes, no I'm no stranger
Want more bounce, we got more ounces
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Gin and drugs, gin and drugs
Gin and drugs, we got gin and drugs
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Gin and drugs, we got gin and drugs
We got

Only on Gin and them drugs, I walked in, in the club
About three of them, dawg I'm not kiddin'
When I tell you if you came with your bitch
Then it's the end of my car, push-start the engine
Let's start from the beginning
With a young nigga from the 'Burgh
Smokin' weed, gettin' money, fuck what you heard
Know they hate 'cause I'm flyer than I ever been
High off a medicine
Bitch bad, her ass fat, I'll probably let her in
Ball so fuckin' hard I need a letterman
Know a couple niggas that I'm better than
Pussy, I don't sweat it or the money 'cause I get it
Taylor Gang on top, just remember that I said it
Fuck this nigga bitch, grab my shit, then I jetted

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Baby it's fuck day, who wanna bang?
Even though I had some, right 'fore I came
It's lit though!
Girl you ain't fuckin' what you here for?
Got at least 3 zips rolled, all ready
Wiz brought another jar with him
Gin and drugs got me feelin' like a car hit him
'Round 6 a.m once I hit my DM
Didn't have a rubber so she got to feel this skin
Money stacks stack high, bruh this don't bend
What's up with your friend? Biatch!
Ho, yeah-yeah-yeah
Feeling like Mitch when the light hit him
Married to the money, let the rice hit him

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