

# Wiz Khalifa, Like A Star

Riding something butter soft, interior smoked out  
See you try to budget yours. Me? I don't care what it costs  
Blowing hella cake I'm switching states to get my numbers off  
Spin the parking lot and fuck the finest thing I come across  
Phone full of missed calls, keep some bitches on my line  
Conscious with my conversation, caking is my occupation  
Keep them 'rillos rolling up, filled to the tippie  
Good weed and I blow it by the zip, I'm in my whip  
Riding weed and switching lanes, cruising to my newest shit  
Hoes been acting funny so I'm fucking with my newest bitch  
Everything designer on, diamonds look like Lemonheads  
On the beach with foreign freaks, you tricking with them chickenheads?  
Gotta get my bread (bread) so I hardly sleep at night  
I do a show to studio, I'm just in time to catch a flight  
Young but I'm paid, it comes from grinding everyday  
And having patience, blowing Master Kush in my spaceship

Cruising with my hat back, tat-tat-tatted up  
Gucci on my loafers, getting chauffeured now my status up  
Paid to cost, I'm the thinnest boss, fuck them other guys  
Blowing weed I'm never sober, you can't tell me otherwise  
Name well known, ranked at the top  
Bad bitch in every city, big face on the watch  
Kush on my clothes, big bank in my knot  
Smoke a hundred cigarillos, pullin straight up out a pillow  
Now I'm eating, staplin in cases for my pillows[?]  
To my city I'm a prince so I sit behind tints  
Mad I found an avenue to get my revenue  
I'm with a model bitch cheifing in a tailor made suit  
Taylor Gang president, heavy hustle under boss  
In my car blowing smoke signals out the roof  
Money conversation talking paper then come fuck with me  
I'm in the air, that's why you look up to me, you know?