

# Wiz Khalifa, Maan

Is it recording?  
Love is life, and life is living  
Fuckin' awesome, yeah!

I smoked the whole damn pound  
I'm 'a need another one, 'nother one  
Eyes closed, I won't come down  
Only papers, no we don't fuck with blunts

Nigga, I don't just be sharing weed  
A nigga got pounds to burn that's apparent  
Just cause you up in this bitch  
Don't mean you gon' hit this shit  
You better roll somethin'  
Coughin' like you got a cold or somethin'  
Tryna O.D. on THC  
Nigga fuck around gave Young Khalifa a pound  
Smoke the whole thing up in the week  
Roll a joint, put a worm around that motherfucker  
Smoke it to the face  
Ohh shit, nigga just got some KK and he said he on the way  
Big P told me church, get money on 'em every single day  
So I want everything, every room, every plane, every place  
We mobbin'

Nigga, we mobbin', we mobbin', shit!  
Go, go! Nigga, we mobbin'

Now, every place that we go, they say we can't smoke  
But we do it anyway, cause real G's smoke when they want  
When they say turn down, we turn up and turn up some mo'  
When they say put it out, it's too loud, We burn up some mo'  
Then we keep rolling, and rolling, and rolling, and rolling  
We keep rolling, and rolling, and rolling, and rolling  
We keep rolling, and rolling, and rolling, and rolling

Nigga keep going, keep the KK blowin  
Snakes in the grass keep mowin'  
Ass so fat, look swollen  
Another city, state gotta show in  
Another airport gotta go in  
Reason why you hate, I'm knowin  
Niggas got too much hoein'  
I keep rollin' up  
Drivin' a brand new car like that motherfucker stolen  
They don't understand what I'm doin'  
Money in my hand, nigga, 28 grams when I'm rollin'  
Been through New York and London and Paris and back  
South By Southwes only niggas smokin' on pack  
Rollin' up bats  
Go on, get a bong, get a match  
Everybody get along, get attached  
Get a song, get a biatch  
What he say, every dog need a cat  
Potheads need a joint to relax  
G pen full of wax  
10 Rolled cone joints, really fast  
No sticks no seeds in the bag  
Got reason to brag  
In the front, y'all b's in the back  
Pair of chucks, ripped jeans is the swag  
Little bitch, we mobbin'

Nigga, we mobbing, we mobbing, shit!

Go, go! Nigga, we mobbing

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