

Wiz Khalifa, Meet New People

Yeah

Ha ha hah its Young Khalifa man

Taylor Gang

Yeah... Proud to say everybody smokin' joints right now

It's a blunt free environment

I'm in Canada too, fuckin' great everything's great

Wizzle man, the fans, the critics know me

Feet sunk in the sand blowing an OZ

Yeah, leave your bitch with a real nigga 'round her

I bet it's goin' down like a slow leak

The more cake the more hate's that's on me

I just fuck more bitches and roll more weed

And um, I'm the man to these hoes

Promoters paying me grands for my shows Mosley Rose

Fast cars and buying out the bars

Champagne, planes and rock stars

Shawty says she's half-baked and ready to 'scape to outer space

So I take her to Mars

We can party

I'mma put some Jordan shorts on roll joints and play some old school songs

Amazed on how it's so easily roll

Hate niggas wanna police their hoes

We came to party, we grown

Smoke all this weed and get blown

And meet new people she wanna be free so leave those handcuffs at home

And if she's decide if she's leaving with me

Then let your bitch choose

No need to hate the player just hate the game

You know the rules, fool