

Wiz Khalifa, Name On A Cloud

Yeah
Tu-turn me up a little bit in the headphones
Just a little bit so I can hear myself
Yeah...OK
It's Wiz Khalifa man
Mr. Spacely
Teach you niggas how to fly the fuck out you know
I told 'em it's gonna be a big year
It's a lot of shit on my plate
This what you want
OK or OK ha ha
Yeah
Taylor gang or fucking kill yourself man
That's how we get down
Uh ya

So far so good
'Cause I been doing things that you wish y'all could
Hopping outta planes
The kush numbs problems in my brain
And Rosé bottles for the pain
The lines that I ink make rappers get kinda nervous
People telling me to sink when I'm trying to surface
Groupies all up in my face like they got a purpose
'Cause we ain't gotta pour drink bring bottle service
Orange juice and some more flutes
Let a friend sky dive man I need more chutes
I'm live wire you a cord loose
No charge I go so hard
Hooking up a table on a promo tour
Say I live a dream but I'm just on my job
And can't quit 'cause the first class flights get addictive
Try and get a ticket

Say I'm on my way but I don't know where I'm going
Been gone so many days don't know my way back home
Now I'm staring out this window
And I see my life in aerial so
I might as well write my name on a cloud

Ain't comfortable but got my feet up
It's hard to hear you when you thirty thousand feet up
Claims since I got my cheese up
I been walking 'round chest out like some D cups
OG puff say you got it locked and we found out it's the key stuck
Used to fucking with that cheap stuff
I show you Rose bottles of that Clicquot
Then we drink 'til we fall
And when you wake up and realize what you did
It'll be me that you call
But I'll be on a plane
And even though we had fun
Shit I don't know your name

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