

Wiz Khalifa, Priestly Business

Answer me, you white looking bastard

All this hustlin' for all this paper
All these women 'round, and all these haters
Paper planes, every day, rollin' up, wake and bake
All these cars that's in my parking lot, which one's my favorite?
Rollin' up another one, then smoke one later
Laughin' with my dawgs, we can't believe we made it
Paper planes, every day, rollin' up, wake and bake
I became the boss because the cost I paid it

Rollin' blaze, nowadays, everyone's the same
Drop my top, catch some rays, goin' through a phase
Lookin' at the top spot, that's where I wanna stay
Fillin' ashtrays, diamonds look like lemonade
Talk behind my back, but in my face they don't play
Hella paid, Celine logos, side of my shades
Start off too fast, end up spinnin' outta your lane
So much grass goin' in and outta my brain

Got a doobie in my ashtray waitin' (Every day)
Smokin' anywhere, my pass is good any place (What you think?)
Never get down to my last when I'm bakin' (Always stoned)
To the point, I don't even pass, it's all to the face

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Wanna let back my top and just chill
Wanna be with my real ones that's real
Wanna stand out, won't ever fit in
Wanna make a hundred million bucks and do it again
Wanna spend some and save some for my kid
Want a bad bitch that I can teach to get rich
And we split it
Got a lotta dreams and a lotta time, so let's get it

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Big house, nice house, come out the hood, you and your Phillies, so what?

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Yeah, get stoned for real