

Wiz Khalifa, Reefer Party

Thousand pounds of weed
Ridin' in my car so fast I won't turn down the speed
Them ho's don't use they feet no more, they break down to their knees
And suck me like a king
Rosé in my champagne glass and diamonds in my ring
Uh, roll some, that's your bitch on my dick
I might let her hold something
You niggas smoking sevens I'mma need a whole onion, whole youngin, oh
Same ones that hate, same ones that tag along
No Blackberry, too many lame niggas call my phone
Call me world wide Wiz cause I'm never home
Ever leave me round your bitch I'mma get her stoned
And you know that I rock camos and brought fros back
And go download some of my old track
And go play somewhere there's ho's at
Fucking high, and you down there where them lows at
Gettin tired of hearing my flow jacked
Go head hand me a joint, you can't roll that

I got a whole lot of OGs, and
I'm rolling up for anyone in here that knows me
Everybody smoking, yea it's a party, oh, it's a party
Everybody smoking papers, nobody smoking blunts
Bitches rolling weed and my niggas fucked up
Yea it's a party, oh, it's a party

Quarter pound of that sour, that's four days on tour
Sleeping on how we smoke, see all these pillows on this floor
Every state we score, fill those papers they be raw
Look like a piece of chalk in my hand
But I ain't writing on the chalkboard
And I heard it's a party, it's a party it's a party but I'm cool
Them niggas smoking garbage, I'm no fool
We give 5 j's out half zips? Nigga that's really smoking
Ain't enough weed up in that swisha to get you high, you joking
Niggas claim that they be high, they be hella low
When they gang up in the building you gon' smell that sour smoke
I could get that shit from my backyard, go pick it out myself
Yellow light let me slow it down, niggas need some help
28 ain't enough you need more
All this weed over here, that's 1 weed jar
When them planes get the flying, niggas wanna part
Smoking crash with the plane, Amelia Earhart

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What I smoke in one day, these niggas don't smoke in one week
Riding round and it's just me, Pepsi can, playing that Bun B
Gotta smoke that dope on the run with me, comfortably, I'm smoking weed
Doing speeds, who with me, probably a chick from TMZ
I make her roll like two or three, let her smoke and feel the breeze
Ya'll chip in on a half a zip, counting grams, saving weed
Average shit, it was us just smoking out in NY
Swear to God we let ten fly, that's ten planes with ten guys
Nine smoke, meaning someone left without his mind pot
Planes Continental, flights nonstop
You get some zips, well get some P's
Smoke your spliffs around your bitch, tell me how does she breath
Perfect planes, we call them G6's

And it's just me chilling, me and three bitches
Rolling up it's cool, come take this bong rip
Pack this bold straight dope, make your lungs rip