

Wiz Khalifa, Shame

I got a couple sweets rolled and whole 'nother O in a Ziploc
They see the pockets on swol' while the light hit the stones on the wristwatch
Don't gotta ask who run it, man it's easy baby they know my name
All the cash that we blow on some weed smoke – they say, bro it's a shame
Boy, you know it's a shame

Pockets bulky like Pop-eye
And I'm pimp all the hoes call me Papa
Gucci, Chuck Tays, I don't fuck with no Prada
Fresh off the plane and I'm smoking like High Times
It's better to be a star
NY – I'm copping them weed jars
LA – my hoes got medical weed cards
And my swag through the roof
I hit the mall a boutique and tear it down
See what I got on you want to wear it now
Think I'ma trick on her, but she get nothin'
Married to my money so bitch think I'm taken
She keep beggin' me to creep
I heard your song I can do better in my sleep
All my niggas rumble, some better with the heat
Better keep the peace (might wanna do that)
There's ink everywhere you see
And I only smoke good weed
Only wear designer man
If I fuck with baby girl, gotta be a 9 or 10 (swag)

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Last night I made a bitch forget all about her man
The reason for them guts in your garbage can
I roll expensive spliffs
She fuckin' me for free, but for you she's one expensive bitch
Keep blowin' up my sidekick, know I'm at the studio
Another couple thousand, every time I do a show
That meaning I'm really eating
And everyday of my life is like the weekend (swag)
I wake up to good weed and new clothes
Go to sleep with more money and bad hoes
One of my three phones buzzin' through my sleep
I know you heard of my name
I'm buzzin' all through the streets (Yeah)
And I be with bosses
Get your shit together nigga or count your losses
And in case you ain't get the portrait
I'm a make it clear: motherfucker it's star year (swag)

Yeah man, it shouldn't be no surprise for y'all niggas
Swisher sweet flickin'
Chavo Chasing, Taylor Gang, Heavy Hustle

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