

Wiz Khalifa, Wassup

Yeah
Some old-school shit
When uh, you be at the lunch table
This that right here

Uh yeah
I put my team on
Now we in the game
But I remember days when I ain't have no one to lean on
I learned to hold my own
They're sayin' the sky's the limit
Take a hundred dollar bill and make a paper plane
And try to make a name
And when you're done giving your all
You give your everything
You got what it takes
I told the world my song
They're lovin' it
You can't tell me nothin', 'cause my whole clique's stuntin'
Boy was sup

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah

So where you goin', your life's on a road
From the party to the plane and your name's in the light show
You find your way back home
Away from all the pressure and that women tryin' to stress you
Find a new one
You've reached a new phase
They got you lookin' at tomorrow like a new state
And not a new day
To some it may seem wrong
But fuck it, 'cause I'm good weed puffin'
And my whole team stuntin'
Boy was sup

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah

Then I hop up out the bed
Grab my iPhone
Put some kush in the swisher
Roll one up
When you live the star life
Gotta go hard, so you workin' all night
Sleep when the sun come up

Yeah, yeah
Ha, ha, ha
Yeah
Okay