

Wiz Khalifa, Weed Brownies

Is this the top? The top of the world?
Top floor, there's weed in the ashtray
It's top-shelf, cap!

Riding in my Challenger, faded off this weed brownie
Turning down the music cause the weed is loud enough already
Niggas ask me 'bout my pay, I say I keep it steady
Gripping on the wheel, spending money like a politician
Tipping on a bill, it's going down
Like this bitch was sitting on the hill
I keep my girlfriend in them expensive sort of heels and furs and shit
Eat champagne and lobster cause I fucking deserve this shit
Cap! Niggas say I've got an old soul
Well, I tell them that I'm here muh'fucka
And I made it cause my flow cold
I'ma roll some of this weed
I'ma pass it to you and we gon' be so gone
Homie, I got papers and vaporizers
Flavors to stablize ya
Thoroughly-baked cake, can't say a thing with my eyes shut

They say they do (they do, they do, they do)
But they don't know (don't know, don't know, don't know)
Who we are (who we are, who we are, who we are)
Superstars

Uhh, I'm out of here, stratosphere
Paper hella-straight, nappy hair
Bitches seem not to care that you was even there
When we pulled up lit like Times Square
When we pulled up lit like road flares
When we pulled off, them hoes disappeared
Because they know what we be doing over here
She just wanna be high in her underwear
With her iPhone plugged in the wall, power low
Stepping out the shower, threw her a shirt to towel off with
One of the two qualities I want in a bitch
Cause baby girl fuckin with me is some major shit
Fair warning: I gotta wake up to a BJ every morning
And a J while I'm yawning, darling
I got papers and vaporizers, flavors to stablize ya
I'm a fully baked potato, spending my cheddar and chives

[Wiz Khalifa:]

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I'm dedicated, hella-faded, high as hell, I'm levitating
I'm rolling up, fuck a wheelchair, ironically, my shit's medicated
Your eyes closed cause you asleep, my eyes closed cause I'm meditating
I gotta go make reservations, at a real nigga's destination
Two girls in the tub, that's luxury
You disagree? That's fuckery, saying, "Fuck you" cause you can't fuck with me
I need my dick sucked, but I'm sucka-free, you are who it sucks to be
I'm accompanied by Finally Famous Over Everything, that's my company
You already know, nigga
Collect the money like it's old, nigga
And I'ma blow it like it's rolled, nigga
And I be stuntin 'til I'm old, nigga
Weed, money and hoes – what a hell of a night!
Fuck you mean? This is everyday life
She in the mirror making sure that she wearing it right

It's apparent she present where I'm appearing tonight

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