

Wiz Khalifa, Weed Nap

It's nothin' fresher, they under pressure
Take your bitch and undress her
Go 'head and kill yourself
Fuck niggas, they'll be one less
More weed, less stress
Make a grocery store runs, in some old bathing ape sweats.
Separate the bookies from vets
Out in the Bay, where they blowing cookies
Shout to Mr. Fabs
The revolution will be televised and I'll be hella high
The same jealous niggas will be jealous
Clip they wings, smash their propellers
Can't add to it, can't take from us
She at my spot fixing plates
That's why I fucks with her
I got a crib in every state
Tommy Buns living nigga get cake
Fuck is wrong with your posture little nigga? sit straight
No other choice, but to keep it real
These niggas soo fake
You can still smear the paint, ew

I got your bitch on my arm
Got the team on my back
Got the world on my lap
Got that P on my hat
Niggas sleeping on me and I like it like that
I done made a couple bands I did that while you napped
Still the same nigga
Shit ain't changed still wake and bake
Still got your bitch with us
Still Pac, ay still hit the dealer
Paint no limit to this shit like P. Miller

Mission never changed, stay all after the same
Jet life Taylor Gang rectify the game
From the 4, the big dog came rollin' joints with his paws, wearing pinky rings
Since he swang through things ain't been the same
Kinda close though, copping cats on my coats, yo
Can't duplicate the dope flow though they're tried
That shit too stepped on nigga, to get the people high
It's that strobe light, that 1975, Cadillac dash
Baby girl doing soul train lines
Never hate it, though I flow out my mind
Pockets breaded like they finna be deep fried
Out his head, dis a 100 times
Suckas still sleep on me, layin' in the lot, fool, let 'em be
Probably dead dead in that bed, let 'em rest in peace
Smoke another P, kill some more beats

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