

# 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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