

# Wiz Khalifa, 2 Seats

We in the air, soon as the check clear, we don't even care  
Bring her here, let the top down, 2-6 with no rear  
In the trunk where the engine be, that bitch in the mirror  
Can't compare to the life I live, they stop and they stare  
I'm a player, no remote control, good weed in my soul  
Say I'm old, I feel like I'm young, that's what I been told  
I done sold hundreds of millions of records cross the globe  
Diamonds cold, soon as I hop off the plane, all legs unfold

Joint already rolled, new crib, got her own  
Take me out for something to eat then I'm getting dome  
I'll call you, bitch, don't call me, stop blowing up my phone  
Instead of beefing with you I rather be alone  
Ridin' around picking that kush, she out of zone  
Bitch so bad makin' me wish she had a clone  
Big ass diamonds look like a flash' when I roll  
Big ass player, get me that cash then I'm gone  
I'ma need a bigger bag  
My niggas need a bigger bag  
My bitch need a bigger bag  
Fly private on a plane don't need a mask

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