

Wiz Khalifa, Air Born

Yeahh
Damn
Hold on turn me up a little bit more
Yeahh bitch
Always wanted to do this shit
This is it what
Leutenant (in front of?)
Ugh ugh ugh nigga yeah
Fresh up off the plane
Real niggas embrace my music
And bitches go insane
Even the kids growing up the gang?
They don't bother pronouncing my name
They just look at my chain
Boy how much you spent on it?
This ain't nothing but hard work
And what you can get from it
Ain't no toilet paper
But this smell like the shit don't it?
Smoking chronic and drinking pints
Till we get sick stomachs
And them suckers ain't gotta like it
Cause your bitch love it
I'm a roll it she gon light it, she tell me she in desperate need of a pilot
I told her kick her feet up
We gon go to the crib
Soon as I roll this weed up
Call some friends of yours and we gon all have a smoke out
You ain't gotta hold it too long
This is rapper weed
Couple hits is all you go need