

Wiz Khalifa, Amber Ice

Nobody to call, your big homie Rob
You know what it is, it's Rob Markman on Twitter
Send all your hate mail
You know how we do it

Gettin' paid's just a regular thing to us
Cause if it ain't gettin' money, it's strange to us
And if you don't wanna smoke, you ain't gotta pay
Rolling up by myself trying to find a way
Floating away, floating away
Floating away, floating away

I, swear I got so high, last night I don't even remember goin to sleep
But I do know that these Louis's go with my feet
And the critics they feel how my lyrics do go over beats
Twenty-K shoppin' when dude go overseas
Smokin' weed in the most expensive suite
Even though we ain't supposed to be livin' anywhere close to these people
How they gon' hate on me, I got more bread than most of these people
Don't wish death on my enemies, I pour a toast for 'em
And keep positive energy and hella smoke for 'em
Bombay and high-grade liquor for my niggas
Never seen a ghost in person, now she ridin' in one
Never seen a ghost in person, cost me five figures
That's like fifty G's a person if you ridin' with us
To the sky's limits, Roll some weed, and get high with winners
My niggas eating when it's time for dinner

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We see you come out of Pittsburgh
Chevy Woods is always by your side
But you're building a team now?
Absolutely
The team just consists of what has motivated me
To get to this point
And what I see taking me into the future
Not me personally, but I feel like my spirit is worldwide
And we all share the same spirit