

Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, Stoned Gentleman

Sledgren

Like my gin neat
Run the game, I suggest that you get floor seats
Might not leave with everything, but we for sure get a piece
Fix it up, put it on the streets
If I ain't in my 6-4, then my Benz creep
Up and down the street
Run to the money, can't nothin' else get me on my feet
We ain't even gotta watch for police
It's legal now, they allow us to grow trees
My hotel suite describe the definition of chic
Tryin' not to ash on the sheets
Got a balcony we won't see
30 mil' a year, still tryna be lowkey
And that's just me, not even to mention my OG
Get money 'fore we dip, then we proceed
It's funny how niggas get
We don't do it 'less the whole gang benefit
We stoned gentlemen

Money is the mission, it's skrilla over bitches
Standin' in the way, fuck him and whoever with him
Pull up on her and she make a decision to get in
Yeah, your girl hella talkative 'round rich niggas
Room full of hittas and you squares can't get in
Movin' through the air, eatin' shrimp in the Gulf Stream
She in the mirror for hours, hopin' that she get seen
With us, your girl hella talkative 'round rich niggas

Hustle is all I know, spend it and get some more
I'm stayin' on the go, hopin' it don't get slow
I'm on the paper route with my folk
Ain't part of this game, a joke
Wrap it up like a brick of coke
Call a play like a give-and-go
Ballin' for real, toss an alley oop off the pick and roll
Rollin' hundred spokes gold, my Rolex frozen
Have you ever seen a quarter of a million dollars rollin'?
Bein' drivin' like it's stolen, by a stoned stoner
One of the originals who showed you fools how to turn the internet rhymes into residuals
I put away a whole lot of loot and stayed true, that's what we do
Make it easy to choose, so guess what?
You wonderin' why she gettin' all dressed up
You in the house, messed up, all stressed, for what?
Hustle is the only thing gon' keep your lights on, fuck love

Money is the mission, it's skrilla over bitches
Standin' in the way, then fuck him and whoever with him
Pull up on her and she make a decision to get in
Yeah, your girl hella talkative 'round rich niggas
Room full of hittas and you squares can't get in
Movin' through the air, eatin' shrimp in the Gulf Stream
She in the mirror for hours, hopin' that she get seen
With us, your girl hella talkative 'round rich niggas, yeah