Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, The Life

Yeah

It's Young Khalifa man, Curren\$y the Hot Spitta Look in the mirror man, ask yourself one thing How Fly, yeah

Foot on the gas, I'm fast living, picture me I ain't have no pot to piss in now I'm checking bags Chief and hash with politicans, helicopter pads Some hoes to get to know and hella Zags, no tags I ain't one to brag, but if you ain't trying to hear About the money drugs and women then I ain't one to ask Smoke so much that I'm going brain dead Hoes mad at me cause my phone's off until my plane land I tell her whoa, slow down baby And Spitta with me, it's enough to go round lady You drive by, I give her wings Redbull and Jim buckets A couple of paper planes Broadcasting my name over Internet airwaves Bitches hear me on Twitter put my music on there Myspace pages If you smoke then roll up and play this Me and Hot Spitta come where the planes is

[Curren\$y:]

She said she wants to sip Clicquot on my living room floor Smoke weed hang with other famous people I know Gain access to exculsive places I go Lavish and dangerous, this the life I chose But I wouldn't change it for nothing Sex, money and drugs, runways, sports cars, and luggage Better to be somebody for one day Then to be a nobody for your whole life so fuck it

Yeah get the cork out the bottles Put the purp in the easy wider Spitta in the house, hide your lighters, I take 'em A case of mistaken identity My bad fool I could of swore I brought this one in with me In the cinnamon interior Not tinted early 80's box Chevy with a Crate engine Hijacking your women, you left her unattended Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Fly when I'm on that liquur The way of the samauri, I got my chi centered Sharp as blades, these bars I lay Forever the player and never played I slay them bitches I never save Bomb ass trees they get blazed Palm trees we use them for the shade What else can I say I got it made Like I had it built, Taylor Gang or get killed, yeah