

Wiz Khalifa, B.A.R. (Burn After Rolling)

Fuck hoes everywhere we go
Taylor Gang, paper planes
Uh, they loving what I say
Tell her keep count
What you other niggas speak 'bout

Lamborghini dreams
Beach house wishes
Pour bottles of champagne
For my beach house bitches
It ain't new to me
That money, boy, I been 'bout
Throwing hundreds on the floor
I tell her keep count
Nigga
They in love with what I say
'Cause I
Really live the life you other niggas speak 'bout
Got my cameraman
He down to do a movie for me
Couple niggas 'round
That's down to do the shooting for me
I'm still riding with my main bitch
She rolling a joint
Something old school playing
She love me
We fucking
We in the fly-free zone
When some niggas will captain-save-it
I let her shop 'til she drop dead
Sleeping in her crib
Wake up to decent pot plant
Jordan shorts and a pair of Polo socks, blazing
With your bitch
You wanna lift, smoke this

I'm glad to be here, I been waiting
So long...
I finally found me a cloud to
Float on...
And I'mma float on...
And I don't have much
But I take all I got
And that's what I give
What I get in return
Is the money I earn
And the life I live
I'm so gone
As I burn after rolling
And float on...

Don't talk numbers
I hire people to speak for me
If you love her
Then hide your bitch so you keep shorty
Ever fly private?
So much diamonds in my chain
Hella sky mileage
I fell asleep on a plane
And never woke up
And now I'm living a dream
Suckas hate hard
Hoes treat me like I'm a king
They wanna live comfortably

Sipping on champagne
Real niggas fuck with me
So drama is not a thang
I gave my momma the old shit
Told her anything that come through the door
To open the whole clip
I'm with your bitch smoking
Let her keep the mid, I'mma roll this potent
Hotel so close to the water
You can even hear the ocean
Them bitches can't breathe
Beware them niggas with tattoo sleeves
Plus weed
(Gang)

I'm glad to be here, I been waiting
So long...
I finally found me a cloud to
Float on...
And I'mma float on...
And I don't have much
But I take all I got
And that's what I give
What I get in return
Is the money I earn
And the life I live
I'm so gone
As I burn after rolling
And float on...

Wanna smoke 'cause they know that I keep flavors
Tell me how them other niggas lame
And she love the cool crowd, so she fucking with the Taylors
Wear All-Stars and smoke papers
IPhone with no ringtones
Vibrate or on plane mode
Palm trees, and bomb pre-rolled
The weed burning, but the money just fold
While I'm looking at you niggas face
Light another L, and pull the liquor out the case
Niggas try and fail, see me, now they wanna hate
Fly another plane, a different city, 'nother state
My cash change the forecast
As a teen was half-baked before class
Now I smoke joints with others niggas' hoes
And this shit you burn after you roll
Fool

I'm glad to be here, I been waiting
So long...
I finally found me a cloud to
Float on...
And I'mma float on...
And I don't have much
But I take all I got
And that's what I give
What I get in return
Is the money I earn
And the life I live
I'm so gone
As I burn after rolling
And float on...