

# Wiz Khalifa, Blindfolds

Real trippy niggas  
Hippy niggas  
Uh nigga my mom blow that kinda cash nigga  
What you talking about poppin bottles and shit  
Groceries fool

Uh you know I kill  
Any motherfuckin' song that I go on  
And now I dont gotta count the money that I spent  
Cause I get it in  
My bread so long, my bank big nigga provolone  
My brain fried nigga so long  
I hate fake niggas and so on  
Take all the money that I made this year  
And that be the reason that you're hatin  
Plus I smoke the bombest weed I call it Californication  
A island for vacation I'm piling all this cake  
A hundred thousand for the safe  
Just bought a pound and I'mma face it  
Now watch me  
You nigga see my pieces try to copy  
My Rollie presidential plus the rings that I got on by Versace  
And I ain't even cocky I'm just confident that I'm the shit  
You hatin mother fuckers know what time it is

I'm just ridin around on my side of town  
Got my windows up and my speakers loud  
And we smokin so I'm gonna need a pound  
Bet the haters wish they could see me now  
But the money in the way  
Everyone of us get money bruh  
But the money in the way  
My nigga on the real, all you see is dollar bill

I blow a hundred bands just to fuck around with  
That ho that you in love with the ho I mess around with  
Come fuck with a Taylor, blue dream in my paper  
Bombay Sapphire for my people but tonight I'm doing Jaeger  
20 years on and I ain't falling off  
Niggas flex about the check and they run their mouth  
Ferrari pull up guess who hoppin out  
With a double couple in hand and some money count  
Rockin Louie this I'm rockin Louie that  
Louie on my ass, Louie on my hat  
When I hit the club Louie in my hand  
That's the Louie 13, Louie in my glass

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It's Rob Markman, you already know what it is  
You know me and Cap go back  
Taylor Alderdice it's just gettin' started  
O.N.I.F.C. is next  
The Gang album, Chevy Woods Gangland  
Juicy J got like 4 mixtapes that he's just ready to drop on you  
Keep movin' and movin'