

# Wiz Khalifa, Dot Dot Dot

Yeah nigga

This them weed raps y'all was talking about

Aye, turn my headphones up

I'm talking straight shit

I got money now motherfucker

I had money then but this real money bitch

Hahahah, ohh

King size papers, king size bed

Niggas blow money but I'd rather keep mine instead

Roll something nigga, blow something

Say you're ballin out of control, let a nigga hold something

Especially if you got it and he don't put his niggas on

Tell me what's the sense of even having it fo'

Cause when you're broke, you'll have everything to gain

When you lose it all, let you inhale out the vape

Do it for the taste

Usually I roll one up to pass around but now I'm smokin' to the face

Cause chiefting with niggas is such a waste

Unless they my niggas

And nine times out of ten, they got their own pound with them

Own pack of papers and filters, something to grind

We be smoking them things like six at a time, five in the air

Four breakin' down, three in my head, two on my mind, nigga

One rolled, one rolled, one rolled

I keep more than one rolled, one rolled, one rolled

One rolled, one rolled, one rolled

I keep more than one rolled, one rolled, one rolled

I keep more than

A bit of a pothead, it has been said

I keep one rolled up like LL's pantlegs

Full of life in this bitch, though I may seem half-dead

Trust me, I'm cool, I just ain't talking to you

And them checks coming through as just as I predicted

Got a bigger portion cause the Jets eating off bigger dishes now

Ain't I the biggest fish up in this pond?

Since life's a bitch, tell her roll my shit up huh

Secret compartment in my car, James Bond

Though I'm James Bong, nigga bread long

And my name known in e'ry home household

Caught them pussies slippin' tryna squeeze in the mouse hole

That cheese is not yours, you are not chose by the gods

To live as we do so play your role in the movie, ain't no pause

No rewind for no man, wait time, so I ain't wasting mine

More grass, more green, more grind

Nigga I keep

One rolled, one rolled, one rolled

I keep more than one rolled, one rolled, one rolled

One rolled, one rolled, one rolled

I keep more than one rolled, one rolled, one rolled

I keep more than

And these bitch ass niggas

Fuck around, might have to bitch-smack me a nigga

Roll around with a bunch of get-rich ass niggas

Who the man? You ain't even gotta ask these niggas

I'mma fuck around and take these niggas' last three pictures

Man these bitches breaking they neck just to pass weed with us

We roll, get high, get drunk, more shots, reload

Too high, he knows, three more, C4, we blow

Bitch, how could you be so fine?

Shake that ass, she so mine  
Taking more double shots than free throw lines  
I might hit like three, four times  
They say "What the fuck is you on?" Fuck if I'm right  
Fuck it, I'm on, you fucking at home  
Watching my ass, mad that I'm on  
On my way to the top, and I'm coming along with one rolled

One rolled, one rolled, one rolled  
I keep more than one rolled, one rolled, one rolled  
One rolled, one rolled, one rolled  
I keep more than one rolled, one rolled, one rolled  
I keep more than