

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 chieffing 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

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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

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