

# Wiz Khalifa, Dr. Dankenstien (ft. Fedd The God)

Got you tryna live by the movie scene  
Wizzle got wings  
Wizzle got everything

These niggas ain't built like us  
These niggas ain't real like us  
Heard he found another way  
They ain't in the field like us  
Heard he got a lot of pressure  
Rollin' stress been buildin' up  
Heard I'm the realest nigga in the building  
Heard that if you smoke this kush that it'll make you chill  
Heard that just because you famous, it don't make you real  
I got one hand on the wheel  
All about the mothefuckin'—  
All about them dollars bills

I pulled up, they smell the smoke  
My window was barely open  
Give the roach to whoever closest  
This illegal dosage  
Don't gotta quarantine  
Just need a light for this quarter P  
Hella bomb weed, the owner hope we don't leave  
Quarter M on my sleeve  
Below zero degrees  
Smart home, my iPhone control everything  
She say she havin' fun here, but she really wanna leave  
Got a thing for private planes and jet skis  
The best weed, takin' pics with her besties  
Like her shots chilled and her chaser fresh squeezed  
And I'm the perfect nigga to do 'em with  
And I ain't perfect, but my team loyal  
And my weed strong, so it's probably worth it  
Pull up on you at your job, smoke you out while you workin'  
Take you back to my vacation home  
Your phone strugglin' to get service

These niggas ain't built like us  
These niggas ain't real like us  
Heard he found another way  
They ain't in the field like us  
Heard he got a lot of pressure  
Rollin' stress been buildin' up  
Heard I'm the realest nigga in the building  
Heard that if you smoke this kush that it'll make you chill  
Heard that just because you famous, it don't make you real  
I got one hand on the wheel  
All about the mothefuckin'—  
All about them dollars bills

Number one hits and Rolls Royce's, it don't feel real  
Private jet just to leave the City  
Got another deal  
She know that toxic shit make her cum harder  
The way my hand inside her skirt you'll think I was Vince Carter  
Dirty boy  
If you know you know  
Dirt dig a ho, with my woes  
Don't approach, you broke  
None of my partners here is common folk  
I be extra high  
When I smoke, I see kaleidoscope  
I be extra fly when I'm dressin', I think I'm the pope

All about them dollars bills  
Foreign bitch in foreign hills  
Name some niggas real as we  
Hold on, I ain't got time to chill  
Ain't know competition in this circle, we on one field  
Please don't disrespect, we hop in mini-van's for one drill  
Sacrifice, take a risk, watch it pay off  
I ain't got a hundred mil' so I can't take a day off  
French seven five, sippin' G5, we take off  
Fuck her off the Adderall and take her lace off, yeah

These niggas ain't built like us  
These niggas ain't real like us  
Heard he found another way  
They ain't in the field like us  
Heard he got a lot of pressure  
Rollin' stress been buildin' up  
Heard I'm the realest nigga in the building  
Heard that if you smoke this kush that it'll make you chill  
Heard that just because you famous, it don't make you real  
I got one hand on the wheel  
All about the mothefuckin'—  
All about them dollars bills

Was a good girl, now she rep the gang  
She go to the shop, tattooing my name  
Let her hit the bong, might fuck up her brain  
Wizzle got wings  
Wizzle got everything