

# Wiz Khalifa, G Shyt

Uh! I'm smoking right now

Adjust my Louie V vision  
Fall up in the spot  
As long as me and my gang get in  
Every nigga I came with, came to spend chips  
On popping champagne and tipping waitresses  
G'd up, what you think this is?  
Put your feet up, this the fast, life mama speed up  
Pop the cork, roll the weed up  
Nowadays ain't fucking with the bar  
Still ain't nothing changed but the horses in my car  
Usually ain't into showing hoes where I live  
But tonight we gon' go to my crib  
Be on your toes, your boyfriend smell that weed on your clothes  
He don't know what I did, drop you off at your whip  
Work by 8, almost 6, plus your nigga calling  
Think he starting to catch wind  
Look at your phone, press end  
Can't hurt him with what he doesn't know  
Plus you figure we're both grown, come on

Money ain't a thang  
Tell the waitress call and bring a bottle for every nigga that's here with me  
That's the kinda G-Shit I'm on  
G-Shit I'm on, G-Shit I'm on  
Got niggas rolling weed  
Bitches with their hands in the air  
Tell the DJ damn that's my song  
I ain't trying fall in love with you  
Let me fill your cup then find our way home

High off the life I'm living  
Rooftop you gonna need binocular vision  
Order a few shots and them things that you say you do not do  
You probably gonna give in  
Say it's wrong, I call it a statement for the mission  
To get you high as you want, break dress code  
Skip the line to the front  
Ride top down, fire the skunk, soon as the dooby get down  
Roll another one  
Need a couple of you, bring my brother one  
The bitches can't roll weed, I ain't fucking with them  
That's just real shit, spend Vegas chips, all expense paid trips  
Buy the champagne and spill it, we don't save a sip  
And you here with me in VIP taking risk  
Home girl saying shit like "Rosé my favorite"  
Plus I'm rolling up all this weed you ever smell  
Weed in your hair, weed in your nail, she under a spell

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