

Wiz Khalifa, Like A Star

Riding something butter soft, interior smoked out
See you try to budget yours. Me? I don't care what it costs
Blowing hella cake I'm switching states to get my numbers off
Spin the parking lot and fuck the finest thing I come across
Phone full of missed calls, keep some bitches on my line
Conscious with my conversation, caking is my occupation
Keep them 'rillos rolling up, filled to the tippie
Good weed and I blow it by the zip, I'm in my whip
Riding weed and switching lanes, cruising to my newest shit
Hoes been acting funny so I'm fucking with my newest bitch
Everything designer on, diamonds look like Lemonheads
On the beach with foreign freaks, you tricking with them chickenheads?
Gotta get my bread (bread) so I hardly sleep at night
I do a show to studio, I'm just in time to catch a flight
Young but I'm paid, it comes from grinding everyday
And having patience, blowing Master Kush in my spaceship

Cruising with my hat back, tat-tat-tatted up
Gucci on my loafers, getting chauffeured now my status up
Paid to cost, I'm the thinnest boss, fuck them other guys
Blowing weed I'm never sober, you can't tell me otherwise
Name well known, ranked at the top
Bad bitch in every city, big face on the watch
Kush on my clothes, big bank in my knot
Smoke a hundred cigarillos, pullin straight up out a pillow
Now I'm eating, staplin in cases for my pillows[?]
To my city I'm a prince so I sit behind tints
Mad I found an avenue to get my revenue
I'm with a model bitch cheifing in a tailor made suit
Taylor Gang president, heavy hustle under boss
In my car blowing smoke signals out the roof
Money conversation talking paper then come fuck with me
I'm in the air, that's why you look up to me, you know?