

# Wiz Khalifa, Lit

Yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah  
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Yeah

Ooh, ooh  
We don't put it on in the crib if it ain't fire  
Ooh, ooh  
Won't even pull up to the club in it if it ain't fire  
Ooh, ooh  
Won't smoke, won't pass, won't hit it if it ain't fire  
Ooh, ooh  
Don't spend no time on a bitch if she ain't fire  
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Let's get to the basics, let's get to the basics (get to the basics)  
I'm rollin' a J up, I'm lovin' the fragrance (lovin' the fragrance)  
I'm hardly on time 'cause my mind is where space is (my mind is where space is)  
But I always on grind 'cause that's how my fam raised me (how my fam raised me, how my fam raised me)  
Think I got problems, say that I'm crazy (say that I'm crazy)  
Love marijuana, smoke on the daily (smoke on the daily)  
Smoke with my mama, roll one for my lady (one for my lady, one for my lady)  
Blow the whole pound now, came up from an eighty (up from an eighty)  
I'm lettin' the top down, and countin' them faces (countin' them faces)  
I'm blowin' the smoke out, exhalin' the vapors (exhalin' the vapors)  
I'm smokin' in public, they stare in amazement (they stare in amazement)  
I'm lightin' that bomb up, it's takin' me places (takin' me places)

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I pull up foreign, lil' baby foreign  
I let her drive when it get boring, I lay back smoking, ooh yeah  
Fog up these windows, fog up these windows  
Girl, first we were just smoking and then we're fucking (Lord)  
Drop her off, tell her good night  
Gotta go get my money right  
OG Louis thirteen on me  
Don't pass me that mid, homie  
Judge gave my nigga life

He took the bitch, still didn't snitch homie  
Niggas quick to claim they real never been through nothing  
Had to keep my distance from these bustas (From these bustas)  
Fuck her one time, I won't never trust her (I won't never trust her)  
She got attached to these real wings (Real wings)  
Deleting all her texts while I roll a whole

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Let's go (Let's go)  
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Let's get it (Let's get it)  
Haha

Roll up my weed as soon as the day start  
Get me a pound and I break it apart  
Kush on my clothes, smell the green in my car  
Ain't coming close, you smell me from afar  
Time after time, I keep smoking that herb  
Joint after joint, I must be on the verge  
Of overdosing, I be on that loud  
Speeding me up, while I'm slowing you down  
I just got back from an overseas trip  
Smoking with Ty, he got me high as shit  
Cause we keep nothing but good in our J  
Repping our gang and we mob everyday  
Break down an ounce, put it right on a tray  
Ain't saving nothing, we smoke everything  
Light up a joint, let it stink up the place  
Or hit the bong, blow the smoke in your face

I'ma get money, nigga, I'ma get money  
I'm a real nigga so I'ma keep it real  
And I love getting high  
(Love getting high)  
And I love getting high  
(Love getting high)  
I'ma get money, nigga, I'ma get money  
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Break it down and roll another one, I could get anything I want  
I told her "You should bring a friend for the crew" (friend for the crew)  
Hear 'em talk but they ain't want it though, I'm in the Hall of Fame of smoke  
'Cause everybody that I'm with, get high too (get high too)  
Only rolling in a Wiz Khalifa paper (Khalifa paper)  
Taylor Gang G Pen, smell the vapor (smell the vapor)

Take it to the head before I walk up to the plane  
I'll probably get so fucking high  
Won't even know my fucking name  
You got to be a pro, if you wanna get this blow  
Never inhale, teach you how to hit this smoke  
And I'm never running out of it (running out of it)  
Kush smoke, got a lot of it (got a lot of it)  
Smoke like we hit the lottery (hit the lottery)  
Seen Snoop, he was proud of me (he was proud of me)  
Won't go broke 'cause I never spend (never spend)  
If them hoes don't smoke, don't let 'em in (don't let 'em in)

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