

# Wiz Khalifa, Number Song

Yeah  
Usually I make a weed song  
So it goes on weed song  
Usually I make a weed song  
So it goes on weed song

Forty-one, forty-two  
Forty-three, forty-four  
Forty-five  
Forty-six, forty-seven  
Forty-eight, forty-nine  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

And I'm smokin' all day  
Ain't no weed left in my tray  
I know that my eyes glazed, I grow so I don't pay  
Pick up the pace, up the smoke to the face  
And you know it's the bomb, you can tell by the taste  
I hold them records, my niggas keep blowin' that smoke in my section  
Your parents might hope you don't go this direction  
Got hella connections  
Been a professional, roll up and then I smoke

Forty-one, forty-two  
Forty-three, forty-four  
Forty-five  
Forty-six, forty-seven  
Forty-eight, forty-nine  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

She wanna smoke with a real king, she don't know how to blow rings  
These joints ain't petite, a pound in the week  
Please don't get no ash on my seat  
This strong not weak, the Cookies store where's your receipt?  
I'm hungry, think I need to eat  
We ride down the street, the smell is unique  
This kush got me geek, let's go hit the beach  
And call up some freaks, they comin' through, we gon' smoke

Forty-one, forty-two  
Forty-three, forty-four  
Forty-five  
Forty-six, forty-seven  
Forty-eight, forty-nine  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Break out the bag, I'ma give you some love  
Roll up a joint, I'ma give you some love  
Come to my crib, I'ma give you some love  
Jump to my car, I'ma give you some love  
Come to the studio, give you some love  
Come to your spot, I give you some love  
Come backstage, I give you some love  
You ever see me, I give you some love  
We rollin' up

Forty-one, forty-two  
Forty-three, forty-four  
Forty-five  
Forty-six, forty-seven  
Forty-eight, forty-nine  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah