

# Wiz Khalifa, Priestly Business

Answer me, you white looking bastard

All this hustlin' for all this paper  
All these women 'round, and all these haters  
Paper planes, every day, rollin' up, wake and bake  
All these cars that's in my parking lot, which one's my favorite?  
Rollin' up another one, then smoke one later  
Laughin' with my dawgs, we can't believe we made it  
Paper planes, every day, rollin' up, wake and bake  
I became the boss because the cost I paid it

Rollin' blaze, nowadays, everyone's the same  
Drop my top, catch some rays, goin' through a phase  
Lookin' at the top spot, that's where I wanna stay  
Fillin' ashtrays, diamonds look like lemonade  
Talk behind my back, but in my face they don't play  
Hella paid, Celine logos, side of my shades  
Start off too fast, end up spinnin' outta your lane  
So much grass goin' in and outta my brain

Got a doobie in my ashtray waitin' (Every day)  
Smokin' anywhere, my pass is good any place (What you think?)  
Never get down to my last when I'm bakin' (Always stoned)  
To the point, I don't even pass, it's all to the face

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Wanna let back my top and just chill  
Wanna be with my real ones that's real  
Wanna stand out, won't ever fit in  
Wanna make a hundred million bucks and do it again  
Wanna spend some and save some for my kid  
Want a bad bitch that I can teach to get rich  
And we split it  
Got a lotta dreams and a lotta time, so let's get it

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Big house, nice house, come out the hood, you and your Phillies, so what?

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Yeah, get stoned for real