

# Wiz Khalifa, Weed Brownies

Is this the top? The top of the world?  
Top floor, there's weed in the ashtray  
It's top-shelf, cap!

Riding in my Challenger, faded off this weed brownie  
Turning down the music cause the weed is loud enough already  
Niggas ask me 'bout my pay, I say I keep it steady  
Gripping on the wheel, spending money like a politician  
Tipping on a bill, it's going down  
Like this bitch was sitting on the hill  
I keep my girlfriend in them expensive sort of heels and furs and shit  
Eat champagne and lobster cause I fucking deserve this shit  
Cap! Niggas say I've got an old soul  
Well, I tell them that I'm here muh'fucka  
And I made it cause my flow cold  
I'ma roll some of this weed  
I'ma pass it to you and we gon' be so gone  
Homie, I got papers and vaporizers  
Flavors to stablize ya  
Thoroughly-baked cake, can't say a thing with my eyes shut

They say they do (they do, they do, they do)  
But they don't know (don't know, don't know, don't know)  
Who we are (who we are, who we are, who we are)  
Superstars

Uhh, I'm out of here, stratosphere  
Paper hella-straight, nappy hair  
Bitches seem not to care that you was even there  
When we pulled up lit like Times Square  
When we pulled up lit like road flares  
When we pulled off, them hoes disappeared  
Because they know what we be doing over here  
She just wanna be high in her underwear  
With her iPhone plugged in the wall, power low  
Stepping out the shower, threw her a shirt to towel off with  
One of the two qualities I want in a bitch  
Cause baby girl fuckin with me is some major shit  
Fair warning: I gotta wake up to a BJ every morning  
And a J while I'm yawning, darling  
I got papers and vaporizers, flavors to stablize ya  
I'm a fully baked potato, spending my cheddar and chives

[Wiz Khalifa:]

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I'm dedicated, hella-faded, high as hell, I'm levitating  
I'm rolling up, fuck a wheelchair, ironically, my shit's medicated  
Your eyes closed cause you asleep, my eyes closed cause I'm meditating  
I gotta go make reservations, at a real nigga's destination  
Two girls in the tub, that's luxury  
You disagree? That's fuckery, saying, "Fuck you" cause you can't fuck with me  
I need my dick sucked, but I'm sucka-free, you are who it sucks to be  
I'm accompanied by Finally Famous Over Everything, that's my company  
You already know, nigga  
Collect the money like it's old, nigga  
And I'ma blow it like it's rolled, nigga  
And I be stuntin 'til I'm old, nigga  
Weed, money and hoes – what a hell of a night!  
Fuck you mean? This is everyday life  
She in the mirror making sure that she wearing it right

It's apparent she present where I'm appearing tonight

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