Bootsy Bellows

Wiz Khalifa

Gang, gang Gang, gang, gang Gang

Leave it to me, I'll have you twisting that weed with a G Got too much talent just to be sittin' around with Weed and alcohol, that's the balance Ridin' in the Benz with low milage Working 'til my hands get callouses Been a player, I established it Whips be the fastest Chicks be the baddest and my kush above average Legendary status and my crib like a palace I know why they mad 'Cause your bitch layin' in my bed Still got the weed smell in her hair Comin' home later, nigga gettin' cares Make a whole pound disappear Come for the money, tryna get a dog Live this for the gang, imma get involved Look at me different now Roll some weed and put your niggas on You ain't bout the paper, what you in it for?

And my eyes so low, soon as I walk in I got a joint rolled you know that imma spark it That's why I ride so slow, me and my gangsters I hear 'em talkin' like they livin' but they ain't us Pockets, they swole I won't leave here alone, came here with no bitch But when I walk out the door, I might leave here with your bitch

Uh, they ain't goin hard as us We courtside, chillin', smokin' out the building Regardless if authorities give us permission Boss bitches niggas breakin' they credit card limits To try to ball with us We in talks with those who only own business My spark lit, then I paint pictures Don't leave witnesses, nah nigga, my gang different Pull the Benz out in the rain Hit her once, I won't even remember her name Hella diamonds up in my chain To say that I'm dope is an understatement but no, I ain't underrated Came from a place where niggas make their own way Got some girls who fuck me but got niggas so they don't say I'm puttin' KK in the paper On point gang, ready for danger Long joints, rollin' them things like broken fingers Too clean to ever have a stain Khalifa the boss before you beat the game

And my eyes so low, soon as I walk in I got a joint rolled you know that imma spark it That's why I ride so slow, me and my gangsters I hear 'em talkin' like they livin' but they ain't us Pockets, they swole I won't leave here alone, came here with no bitch But when I walk out the door, I might leave here with your bitch

Pockets is gettin' swole Used to smoke blunts now it's paper she roll Diamonds to my toes Everywhere I go, I'm froze You already know Fool Gangsters too This is how them gangsters do