B.A.R.

Wiz Khalifa

Tailor game
Paper planes... uh
And no matter what I say
Everyday I keep count
Whoever niggas speak about

Lambourghini dreams, beach house wishes
Pour bottles of champaigne for my beach house bitches
It ain't new to me that money boy I been bout
Throwin' hundreds on the floor I tell her keep count
Nigga they in love with what I say cause aaa
Really live the life you other niggas speak about
Got my camera man he's down to do a movie for me
Couple niggas round that's down to do the shootin for me
I'm still ridin' with my main bitch
She rollin' a joint somethin' old school playin'
She love me we fuckin', we in the fly free zone with some niggas who capped an save it
I let her shop til she drop dead
Sleepin' in her crib wake up to decent pot plant
Jordan shorts and a pair of polo shorts blazin' with yo bitch
You wanna live smoke this

I'm glad to be here out the way in so looong so looong so long
I finally find me a cloud to float ooon float ooon
And I'm a float (float on) ooon (float on) float on float on And I'm a float (float on) ooon (float on) float on float on float on
And I don't have much, but I take all I got and that's what I give (what I give)
What I get in return is the money I earn an the life I live (life I live)
I'm so gone yes I burn after rollin' (after rollin')
And float ooon an float oooon an float oon

I talk numbers I have people to speak for me
If you love her then how did miss or could you keep shawty
Ever fly private, so much diamonds in my chain hell a sky milage
I fell asleep on a plane
An never woke up, an now I'm livin' the dream
Suckas hate hard, hoes treat me like I'm a king
They wanna live comfortably sippin' on champaigne
Real niggas fuck with me, so drama is not a thing
I gave my Momma the O she told her anythin' that come through the door to open the whole clip
I'm with yo bitch smokin' let her keep the mid I'm a roll this potent
Hotel so close to the water you can even hear the ocean
Them bitches can't breathe beware of em niggas with tattoo sleeves

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One smoke cause they know that I keep flavors
Tell me how them other niggas lame
And she love a cool press so she fuckin' with the tailors
We're all stars and smoke papers, iphone with no ring tones
Vibrator on plain mode, palm trees, an bumpy road
The weed burning, but the the money just blow
While I'm lookin' at your nigga's face
Light another l an pull the liquor out the case
Niggas tryin' to fell see me now they wanna hate
Fly another plane in different city, nother state
My cash change the forecast, as a team was half baked before classs
Now I smoke joints with other niggas hoes
And this shit you burn after you roll

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