

# Comb Over

Wiz Khalifa

For real man, we need that whip  
That's the car I need  
Motherfucker hit a plane and the plane blew up  
Ugh, yup

Standing in the mirror  
My visions of that money getting clearer  
Scratch that, it's getting nearer  
Some of this actually happened  
I was weed nappin'  
Wasn't shit  
Now they pay us for the raps we kick  
My hotel smell like confidence  
They haters but that weed smoke bring on compliments  
So roll this paper  
Tell the waitress - get my drink from off the coaster  
Bring the bitch that love to smoke and get the weight from off my shoulders

Yea, I be flying everywhere nigga  
Sometimes I don't even know where the fuck I'm at  
I be waking up - random motherfuckers be knocking on my door and shit  
Like who the fuck is that?  
Nosey ass cleaning lady  
You wanna hit this weed?

Staged from your make-up  
Roll me up a joint soon as I wake up  
Young nigga, but got my cake up  
Now I'm hoppin' off of the plane  
Smelling like the sweetest scent, weed is lit  
Look at my bitch, weed is shit  
Probably high - what they say when they see us  
But they never say that we broke  
Kush in every J that we smoke  
Putting rings on ever finger  
Never put 'em up, just let the smoke linger  
Champagne for the girls, straight shots for my niggas  
Started small but now the money getting bigger  
It all get better with time  
Rather go hard instead of unwind  
And play your part and I'mma play mine

Feel me?  
Motherfuckers always speakin' out of turn  
They don't know nothin' about this shit  
That's why I'm me and you're you  
Matter of fact, fuck that  
This Taylor Gang  
TGOD nigga  
Ain't shit changed gang  
What up Ricky P  
Richard  
Don't smoke that pound without me Richard  
Don't eat your dinner in the bathroom

Jim Brown smash baby  
Oh shit! We get to see the tits?

Here we go!  
Get her Jim! Get her Jim!  
Oh shit!  
I'm fresh off the plane  
I don't get no sleep, God damn