

Flowers

Wiz Khalifa

We in the party burning up the weed smoke, weed smoke
Smell us everywhere that we go (we go)
When niggas try to tell us, we like hold up (hol up)
And them bitches ain't coming if they cant party
Burning up the weed smoke (weed smoke)
Smell us everywhere that we go (we go)
When niggas try to tell us, we like hold up (hol up)
And them bitches ain't coming if they cant

Keepin' it G and sticking to the plan
Of gettin' rich and burying all my money in the dessert sand
Got no stroke of luck I played my hand (played my hand)
Man I've been up for hours fingers tired from rollin' every gram
And now my cheese ain't just American
Cause I get overseas money
Every where I go somebody scream for me
Looking out the window, my hotel room in Vegas thinking
How the fuck could you hate this
Half of these people ain't real, niggas shape shift
That's why I'm smoking OG til I'm weightless
Yeah and my homies are Taylor Gang
We rolling up papers and yeah of course they gon hate but fuck what they say
Cause we gon stay the same
Higher than hell flyer than Delta
Niggas try and fail, I think its time you fired everyone hired to help ya
Gettin' all this bread, wanna know why
Could tell ya, other than that

Yeah, OG, got third seasons of baby?
BC make cake from CD's, mixtape shit for free
Either way I go 100%, all gang
48 minutes no bench sitting at all man
Y'all may have thought stoners would fall off schedule
But we ahead of you
Due these medical power laws preserve jaws open
Urb and [?] I'm quotin' [?]
All hit pages I wrote it for your speakers to smoke it
Now pan on them lenses and focus on the dopest
In the [?] see how far back I've been quoted
And they hoe suckas know that from Spitta they styles stolen
I ain't mad though, I'm glad though
Thought I'd feel a little bit different being a dad yo
Yeah bro
Wiz smoked out the BET awards
I wrapped up my Jet Life tour
That's why them bitches roll that weed for us

They wanna roll like me
Cause I'm living life like its no police
Or I'm overseas
I'm watching no smoking signs just rollin' weed
Cause it's the muthafuckin life when you roll with G's
Boi

Dissin' these bitches, you entertained

You tell her you love her too, I tell her she's out her brain
I'm on the road to the millies, I started on Penny lane
I got a band wagon it's packed, you might wan' hop on a train
At the top so now her top all off
Never pay hoes, I only pay cops off
And tell these niggas they gotta take that disguise off
I'm from Detroit we eat ya little hoes alive with hot sauce
Fucking bitch
I might come a little tardy though
Fatty rolled, Chris Farley smoke
You niggas rollin up barney bro
I'm all green as the safari's go
You bitches already know

I did my best with the lyrics but my brain isn't working today. I need your help to tidy up them up.