

Fucc Shit

Wiz Khalifa

I always had hard beats to rap to
Always had strong, always had that sack too
I was just a young nigga getting tattoos
Now they say I'm on, yea they say I'm that dude
Great A, I'm smoking on a roll
All my clothes smell like chronic smoke
Shades on cause I'm fucking faded
Buyin all the bottles, show the club we made it

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I can see through all the bullshit
I'm lie to join and make you do a full spin
I'mma fly first class with my niggas I'm cool with
I'mma hit the club with 50 grand and lose it
Faded off gin, let's call for alcohol
I brought it all, I done go spend
My homies got all of em in
And niggas be mad at us cuz they ain't ballin
They money ain't tall as us
But I never worry bout niggas that talk that shit but keep follow up

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Now look, I rep the shit that I was raised on
Shitting them dollar signs, what is based on
And our road defines and how couldn't we?
Spend the long time in that hooptye
But I get it in, smoke a lot of trees, drink a lot of gin
Nigga like me got a couple friends and a couple bottles and a couple bands b
ut I'm all in
Came in the game balling
My old school, what is yall in?
And I'm cashing on and you're stalling
End of the night, your bitch I'm calling

But fuck a nigga, wanna roll with me?
Let it fight up, let it smoke with me
This young fuck the lanes but he love the chin
She love to wait then I sling it deep
And I'm in the club and I fuck the haze
Don't need them niggas tryina bother me
But I puff and powder for the time to be
Standing on the couch, call it luxury
Lil model chicks wanna fuck with me
Wanna smoke with me, wanna drink with me
Wanna come with me but I'm in and out
Like I'm supposed to be, still smoking trees

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