

Talent Show

Wiz Khalifa

Every time I go out
I'm blowing that smoke out
I buy it don't even know the price
I talk as I live it
Come pay me a visit and
I'll be somewhere up in the sky
My nigga, It's bout go down
We fly, it's no lie, that we high, till we die
We up and these hoes out
Rolling up, clean the ride, case them hoes wanna jump inside

Got a joint filled with quality shit
My bottom b*tches smoking with me niggers talk shit, all of em' shrimp
I'm a big fish, roll a joint, lick it once till you hit this
Groupies on my dick, Several b*tches on my hit list
In and out these niggas bitches smoking tree
And not to mention hustlers try to match my business
You prolly went to class while I was in the hallway skippin'
Yeah I hear what they saying just be too hot to listen
Got my money tripping if I even fold it wrong... smoking this good
If it's fire tell you that I sold it all
Or wait till one of my hoes come around and roll it up,
Or say f*ck it and cuff it till I can smoke a dub
I show up, I show up, I show up
Car push to start hit the button once it goes off.
Keep the money coming in n' them papers rolled up
Man worry about a hatin' nigga thinking no love

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I go green like I was the archbishop...
Something like a marathon my... told me... look down and listen
My bitch get my homework and now I am in detention they showed me
Suspension
This is my audition to play your position get the picture I invasion
Did she mentioned snoop dog was made for kissing... official she only...
From me
Pleasure pain and glory is my inventory sat... hear from me
And now we are... on stage at the gala show we flows my clothes and my...
Can't you see my telescope... wanna see cause she smell my smoke
My money tripping even if a thought it wrong... this is the heavy call

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