

T.A.P.

Wiz Khalifa

Roll it up, light it up, have a puff, let's take a plane
Nothin but gin in my trippy cup, pouring more, I can't get enough
Young Khalifa on that hippie stuff, I break it down and it lifts me up
So much shining, so much diamonds, all that there comes from so much grindin
So much weed up in my lungs, I'm in the air, I'm somewhere flyin
In your town I cop me a pound, show me one and I'll roll one
All my niggas straight drug addicts cause it takes one for you to know one
Bake somethin and never hold none, young niggas with some old lungs
Catch me out at your college campus, weed rolled with a cold one
Outside with my new car, my Chally parked by my old one
Got a couple of rollies dawg, but I'm usually rocking a gold one
Catching flight on them private planes, Ferrari doors I close 'em
Don't talk a mil, you ain't sold one, don't talk a pound, you ain't smoked one

Smokin and sippin while watching hoes strippin
Poppin and rollin, I'm chieffin this potent
Dope by my side with the pistol and chopper
Got from my bitch and she get from her mama
Talking like this, I be walking like this
Sold a few hoes and I bought a new bitch
Taylor Gang niggas the number one chieffas
Smokin on [?] louder than speakers
Mix with the hash, dip in the lean blue dream, I'm a fucking fiend
Standing on Fairfax getting smoked out with them niggas from Supreme
Trippy sticks bong rips blunt, bitch I'm down to do whatever
She wanna pop a molly man, Juicy J gon' fuckin let her
For a stronger strain I'm spending bands, this ain't no reggie
When it's 'bout this gettin' high, ain't nothin you can tell me
Xanax bars, beans and syrup, that's my trippy kit
I'm like a pimp in the club working your bitch