

The Statement

Wiz Khalifa

Yeah that's it. Yeah! Uh. Where haven't we....Uh.
Know the planes and the, Taylor Gang and the...haha. Uh.

Fast cars with bad broads in 'em, I proceed to smoke these trees
And stuff piles of cheese in my 501 denim, where they bullshit begins I end them
And nope, I don't hear these niggas trippin'
Closing the cabin door and revving up all my engines
The weed is rolled, the drink is cold
It's new to you, to me it's old
C-E-O, these off brand niggas aint really the future, Ms. Cleo
High when I approach, been known, to leave weed crumbs and trails of Sour D smoke
The irony, of suckas who predicted the planes land and know they wanna fly with me
I just let it boost my confidence, roll another joint, drop pilot shit. O-K.

This aint the life that we chose, but it's the life that we living
Know we belong on the top, but we aint trippin'.
'Cause we'll get there in a minute
And we'll get there in a minute, 'cause we'll get in there in a minute
Know we belong on the top but we aint trippin'.
'Cause we'll get there in a minute.

Ask me if I plan to be roof top chillin' with some pretty ass women, you'd be glad to meet
Trees stuffed in the passenger seat, charge it to my phone, 'couple changes of clothes
And the OG told me all haters expose they self, so it's best to leave it alone
Pop the cork, put the tree in the bone
Been here for a minute you niggas just catchin' on
Master of the craft, I've grown
Haters trail the path, I've flown
It's obvious, suckas talk down but we aint trippin'
Hoes fuck with us, say we different
At my hotel chillin', bad women come to fill my marijuana prescription
You niggas know the biz, it's Taylor Gang or kill him.

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