

# Wiz Khalifa, Amber Ice

Nobody to call, your big homie Rob  
You know what it is, it's Rob Markman on Twitter  
Send all your hate mail  
You know how we do it

Gettin' paid's just a regular thing to us  
Cause if it ain't gettin' money, it's strange to us  
And if you don't wanna smoke, you ain't gotta pay  
Rolling up by myself trying to find a way  
Floating away, floating away  
Floating away, floating away

I, swear I got so high, last night I don't even remember goin to sleep  
But I do know that these Louis's go with my feet  
And the critics they feel how my lyrics do go over beats  
Twenty-K shoppin' when dude go overseas  
Smokin' weed in the most expensive suite  
Even though we ain't supposed to be livin' anywhere close to these people  
How they gon' hate on me, I got more bread than most of these people  
Don't wish death on my enemies, I pour a toast for 'em  
And keep positive energy and hella smoke for 'em  
Bombay and high-grade liquor for my niggas  
Never seen a ghost in person, now she ridin' in one  
Never seen a ghost in person, cost me five figures  
That's like fifty G's a person if you ridin' with us  
To the sky's limits, Roll some weed, and get high with winners  
My niggas eating when it's time for dinner

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We see you come out of Pittsburgh  
Chevy Woods is always by your side  
But you're building a team now?  
Absolutely  
The team just consists of what has motivated me  
To get to this point  
And what I see taking me into the future  
Not me personally, but I feel like my spirit is worldwide  
And we all share the same spirit