Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, Over The Building

I'm in the air

All I want is the money and I see it so clear

Weed in my grinder

Mind on a million

Taylor Gang on The Planes

You know we over the building

If they ask me how fly

I'mma tell ya

If you recognize game I should be looking familiar

If they ask me how fly

I'mma tell ya

If you reconize a g I should be lookin familiar

Party and chillin and fast livin how im suppose too

Not the choices given I chose too

Leave the club with a couple of hoes who

Love to smoke trees

Rolling in e-z wider papers

Maintain a low speed

Now should I proceed

Come from a city where niggas ain't got a lot

But got it locked

So I be low key

Money hoes clothes is all a nigga knows

Don't bring a nug

I blow it by the O

I hit the road

Cause shit is exactly how it seems

While cats been sleeping on me I been livin out my dream

The marijuana is loud but my sorroundings are serene

I'm laughin and smoking hoping my camera catch the scene

Fresh up out the plane

Flick another paper

Shorty wanna ride with me

As bad as I wanna taker her

Put you in demand

Bitches taking flicks with the planes

And send them to their friends

Weed to grind mind on a million

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And I'm livin like a balla loc

I'm having money and blowing hella chronic smoke

Did we just become best friends with these hoes on a boat

Well probably so

But we don't love them no

Only can cake causes my heart to palpitate

Darling

Clean that money

Keep this dirty ball revolving

No pausing

I get too high to have downtime
No matter what your watch say nigga it's my time
I hear them critics right now
"All them fools make is weed songs" blah blah blah
You sound like a sucka
Tune ya out
As I'm tuning up my chevelle
This weekend I'mma pull it out
Lay some rubber down slanging rocks everywhere
People mad as a mothafucka
But he jet connected so they know they can't touch em
Airborn from here on been sworn in
Fat pockets cause I took chance even when they were slim

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