

# Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, Rollin Up

And I'mma keep rollin' up  
Puttin' the weed low when the police is rollin' up  
Fool all I know is go  
Don't let them haters slow me up  
Stashing for my unborn  
They ballin' when they old enough

Yeah J.E.T.S., nigga  
As if I had to say it, Spitta  
In the middle of every bad bitches playlist  
iTunes bangin' from my hotel room  
Nothing but beats bitch  
Fuck it when I die I could sleep, bitch  
My momma need a bigger crib so I need this money Jake  
King Kong ain't got shit on me  
My face is a coupon  
I don't know them but they know me  
Bitches pitch it, like pitchers  
But I'm smart not a wild swinger careful at what I'm hittin'  
Burners in the sofa cushion careful where you sittin'  
Ain't into nothin' crazy  
Keep it for them crazy niggas  
G fizz fly, holla at Wiz, catch the Steelers  
Smellin' like high-time at the fifty-yard line  
Ushers bugging wanna check our tickets

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And um, my niggas the planes back  
Gettin' full off of dinner but save scraps  
Never know when a rainy day may hap-  
-Pen pictures out of my life and bitches, I Taylor gang that  
Me and spitta, spend a grand at the bar  
Buyin' drinks for my niggas  
Hoes sellin' they souls just to be with us  
On the road with winners, champions  
Ride smokin' weed to myself the only reason they stress  
Because I'm on the level you can't be in  
And I flick the middle finger to fake friends  
We live like when the loyalty is strong you can't bend  
We the planes and all of my niggas stamped in  
Billionaire clothes out in Vegas fucking millionaire hoes  
I'm in the air solo  
You nowhere near close  
Went and took the road this young'un here chose  
Smokin' it by the O