

# Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, S.D.L.

I work hard for everything, so why not salute?  
They say a grind pays baby, all I got is proof  
And a Swedish broad badder than my main bitch  
Cigarillo rolled, you smell it when it ain't lit  
She don't cook well, but she give me sweet brain  
Make a rapper turn singer like T-Pain  
Got her stayin' up late; wakin' up, bake  
And to think this the life that I chose?  
Arguing with attendants who've shorted my flight clothes  
And every girl I fuck, feel like her boyfriend might know  
Smokin' all this weed as it smells, my weed come in barrels  
Fuck wit bitches who fiend for Gucci and need her Chanel  
Nigga, I'm higher off life so my eyes low  
Can't wait to see what's in the future but I drive slow  
And wait for the picture  
Hated, now they say I can't miss like mister

All of this smokin'  
Oh you, got me thinkin'  
And all of this dreamin', I'm supposed to  
Live life like, the weekend  
Don't know where I'm goin'  
Cause I'm gone, on to  
Show you succeeding  
Yeah I've been livin', smokin'  
Smokin' dreamin' livin'

I go to sleep with a picture of a Porche on my wall  
Nigga I'm tryna come up on ya'll  
Pop the trunk n front him my car, in front of your broad  
She reconsidering her decision to fuck wit ya  
I think it because of the  
Possibility of kickin it courtside, ringside, front row of anything  
Livin my life simultaneously in this dream  
Shit goin so good I swear  
Airplanes stack change wit the gang, Taylor  
Wings spread over cities, leave shadows everywhere  
I care less about industry mingling  
Niggas was WWF wrestlers, court jesters and cross dressers  
I got them cross-trainers, Nike, SB  
Niggas can't fill my shoes I'ma nicer MC  
I had a dream that I caked up  
Tried to roll a joint, and count a million when I wake up  
Jets, nigga!

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