

# Wiz Khalifa, Far From Coach

And the kush became so strong  
And the flights became private  
And the bread became so long  
Fast money and fly whips  
We high, don't stop the smoke  
And we fly G5, we so far from coach  
Now you see why, when we high, can't stop the smoke  
And we fly G5, we so far from coach

Smokin' that Buddah fillin'  
Blowin' that Kudda illin'  
I'm runnin' through the millions  
I'm sittin' roofless chillin'  
Cooler than a polar bear  
They flockin' cause they know it's there  
Money gang, money straight  
Like Joakim Noah hair  
That's no bullshit, game time  
Make you niggas change minds  
Forfeit, or consume a full clip  
Nigga like me eatin' swordfish  
With your bitch, watchin' Swordfish  
Niggas can't ignore this  
You can't afford this – extravagant shit  
We Louie Gucci Birkin baggin' this shit  
Bag of the piff  
Hot-boxin' in the back of the six  
With Jimi Hendrix on... immaculate shit  
Long way from... Compton  
Where we used to, bag it in shifts with mags and the clips  
Hurricane, right back on the shit  
Back on the block with a package of spliffs  
From blowin' cactus, the Wiz, what it is?

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Uh, you niggas want kush? We got ounces  
Cookies we got pounds, clips we got rounds  
Hundred thousand dollars when I skip through your town  
Baller shit, don't even want a piece, man, we want all of it  
Thirty thousand on the piece where my collar sit  
Went so hard in the middle, East don't know what to call this shit  
Now I'm buyin' up all the champagne  
Drinkin' away all of my problems, bitch  
Might sound crazy  
But I just left the private plane, promoter paid 100k  
And I ain't even stay the whole day  
Hit the crib, bought a pound and smoked the whole thing  
That Givency Men's collection, copped the whole thing  
Not to mention all these diamonds in my gold ring  
Made it to the top with nobody knowin'  
Niggas say they safe, but nobody's showin'  
Man he beats this shit, but nobody flowin'  
Old Versace shit, the newest Rick Owens  
If I'm rollin' it, you know that it's potent  
With The Game and we smokin'

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Hah, it's self-explanatory how we get it  
Roll the purp in a plane ticket  
Stat hop to that money, but I don't ribbit  
Post playa ball, nice in the pivot, Jays on but I fuck with Pippin  
Kays on when them niggas trippin'  
Uh, pools of your partner blood, ya boy stay slippin'  
Never tippin', stay sippin'  
Court side, Blake Griffin  
Stay missin', stackin' fitted while you niggas stay bitchin'  
Coka and Boca, the kush of them strokers  
Grand daddy and oova, blow that smoke to Jehovah  
Four-fifty my motor, use your bitch for my chauffeur  
I done Kobe'd the Cobra, Mark Price'd the Rover  
T-top in the Trans, hit the gas and it's over  
Bitch please, this is how we get them hoes the doja  
I got shooters, I know growers from Vancouver  
Plus I'm cooler than the cooler at your grandmomma's picnic  
Bitch you?  
Somethin' chill from Brazil, on the L  
With Wiz and Game, my life is like Corona commercials  
Family matters, Kevin Love at you Urkles  
That's them wolves, niggas  
They here to reverse birth you  
Murk you, lights out no curfew  
Bitch ain't stoppin' 'till my unborn seed's seed is rich  
Or 'till Jesus sit right next to me and smoke 'till the seasons switch, my nigga

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