

Wiz Khalifa, Flickin Ashes

Yeah
Swisher Sweets, no Phillies
Yeah

Me I'm ridin clean, smoking good, can barely keep my eyes open
Listening to my favorite song, leaning in my ride chokin'
Tell my dog to hit this weed, feel like I'mma pass out
Thought I had exclusive trees, until he pulled his bag out
Had bout a half ounce, some shit I've never seen in life
Said that once he grabbed it, smelled so bad he had to bag it twice
I told him roll that shit up, this weed I had to light
These clowns somewhere in the clouds, me I'm a satellite
I roll them very nice, with smoke coming out the end like a muffler
Got game from the Hustla, never said I'm gon' quit
I can't get enough of good weed in my lungs, plus I'm sharin' I ain't cuffin'
My eyes wide shut, I'm just staring saying nothing
I flick ashes, got big staus, so I don't need a dime, I got big baggage, bitch
Yeah I blow it by the zip, anywhere I go it's on the road on every trip
Ask my Nini, love her grandson but she know that I'm a trip
Got my habit from Ms. Peachy smoking roaches getting lit
Now I fill my blunts with so much weed they say "that all ain't gon' fit"
On some highly grown shit, with a Hollywood bitch
Got the sweetest purple kush in a precisely rolled spliff
High as John in Pulp Fic' on the way to see Marcellus
Girl I'm in another world, and Chevy got another twirl
For those who don't know he got that roll game
And I ain't gon' lie, he the reason why I got my roll game
I feel like I'm soul plane, I smoked the whole thang, pound or oz
Kush fiend, purple master OG