

# Wiz Khalifa, Flight To China

It's that (It's that)  
Damn, Pliz  
There go your tag

I made everything I'm in, it's some exclusive shit  
You ain't gotta test my diamonds 'cause they too legit  
I just got rid of my wallet, all I need's a safe  
On my grind twenty-four seven, I don't need a break  
Front yard full of cars, I don't need a whip  
Eighteen hour flight to China, we can take a trip  
Pouring shots of McQueen, told her take a sip  
Money long, this that Bokhara scent

I might drive my '62 with the gold rims  
I might put the diamonds up and bring the gold in  
I remember when I had a flip cell phone  
Bad bitch, thick thighs and her hair long  
New vibes, let her hop in, tell her test drive  
Talkin' big, I don't keep the flex light  
Turks and Caicos trips, we on the next flight  
Seven hundred horses runnin' red lights (Red lights)  
Red lights (Red lights), red lights (Red lights)  
Strippers know I'm tippin', see them red lights (Red lights)  
Red lights (Red lights), red lights (Red lights)  
Walk up in it, kill these niggas, that's a grave site

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Steerin' wheel got a grip for drag, uh  
New car, skrrt, might crash  
0 to 100, go fast  
Got no limit when I hit the gas  
My engine go vroom, blast  
When I cop don't look at the tag  
Rear view, put him in the past  
Switch gears like I switch my swag  
Pop the trunk put the bag in it, I be lag switching when I skrrt-skrrt  
840 horsepower, hit the gas, leave him in the dirt-dirt  
Loyalty, love, and cars  
Got a bad broad but I'm here when the bag talk  
Better move off the road when we on the road 'cause we 'bout to turn you to asphalt  
Yeah, my family like the mob  
When I move the squad, we got a hundred-one rods  
We got a hundred-one broads  
Ain't in a Wraith, but we can look up at the stars  
I say a prayer to God  
Give Him my all, I can tell that you floss  
Switch whips like I'm switching my car  
Shittin' on him, I just came out a stall

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