

Wiz Khalifa, Flowers

Yeah, play me something aight
I don't want no, um, no
Oh-oh-ohh, ohh

We in the party burning up that weed smoke
Smell us everywhere that we go
When niggas try to tell us, we like "Hold up, roll up"
And them bitches ain't coming if they can't
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Keeping it G and sticking to the plan
Of getting rich and burying all my money in the desert sand
Wasn't no stroke of luck, I played my hand
Man I've been up here for hours, fingers tired from rolling every gram
And now my cheese ain't just American, cause I get overseas money
Everywhere I go, somebody scream for me
Looking out the window, my hotel room in Vegas
Thinking, "How the fuck could you hate this?"
Half of these people ain't real niggas shapeshift
That's why I'm smoking O.G. til I'm weightless, yeah
And my homies are Taylor Gang
We rolling up papers and yeah of course they gon hate
But fuck what they say cause we gon stay the same
Higher than hell, flyer than Delta
Niggas try and fail, think it's time you fired everyone hired to help ya
Getting all this bread, wanna know why, I could tell ya
Other than that, yeah

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Yeah, O.G. got first seasons of BAPE, BBC
Make cake from CDs, mixtape shit for free
Either way I go 100% all game
48 minutes, no bench sitting at all, mane
Y'all may have thought stoners would fall off schedule
But we ahead of you due to these medical power laws
Preserve jars open, herb in the bars I'm quoting
And the times I ain't, on hemp pages, I wrote it
For your speakers to smoke it
Now pan on them lenses and focus on the dopest
In the Mitchell and Ness Marino, see how far back I've been quoted
And they hoe suckas know that from Spitta they styles stolen
I ain't mad though, I'm glad though
Thought I'd feel a little bit different being a dad yo, yeah bro
Wiz smoked out the BET Awards, I wrapped up my Jet Life tour
That's why them bitches roll that weed for us, nigga

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They wanna roll like me
Cause I'm living life like it's no police or I'm overseas
I'm watching no smoking signs just rolling weed
Cause it's the motherfucking life when you roll with G's (boi)
Dissing these bitches, you entertained
You tell her you love her too, I tell her she's out her brain
I'm on the road to the millies, I started on Penny Lane
Now the bandwagon is packed, you might could hop on the train
At the top, so now her top all off
I never pay hoes, I only pay cops off
And tell these niggas they gotta take that disguise off
I'm from Detroit, we eat you little hoes alive with hot sauce
Fucking bitch, I might come a little tardy though
Fatty rolled, Chris Farley smoke
You niggas rolling up Barley bro, I'm all-green as the safari's go
You bitches already know

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