

# Wiz Khalifa, G'd Up

Yeah, it's Young Khalifa Man, yeah, Taylor Gang over everything  
Champagne, paper planes, bitch takin' off her wedding ring  
Leave with us you'll never be the same, makin' money in major ways

If I got it then I'ma spend it if I want to  
And pick you up anything you want too  
And nah, I ain't gotta say nothing about it, it's right in front of you  
I do all of that shit them niggas don't do  
Pop another bottle, I'ma roll this weed up, I'm so G'd up, G'd up

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Uh, big-face digits, whips ain't rented  
Walk inside the bank bitch I'm Ben Frank friendly  
Big cake piled up on my plate shit endless  
Throw it in her face watch the bitch make wishes  
Walk inside the club, bottles of that liquor  
Groupies actin' up, dyin' to get a picture  
Rose and Patron, Kush be my cologne  
Shorty get to keep her weed them joints already rolled  
All my diamonds clean, all I count is cheese  
Walkin' on a dream while you tryin' to intervene  
On top of that money, them haters in-between  
Smokin' sour seem you can smell it on her weave  
Smell it when I leave, niggas catchin' feelings  
OG Kush prescription keep me way over the buildin'  
Ridin' in my ride, bangin' in my system  
High as Whitney tryin' to find a way to get a million

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Uh, know I'm smokin' sour you can smell it down the hall  
Learned this as a youngin', what you sell could get you far  
Captain of my team, tell you how to ball  
Ain't a game I put that on my marijuana jar  
Breakfast on the plane, smell like alcohol  
Diamonds in my chain, muscle in my car  
Live a movie scene, hundred-dollar jeans  
Pocket full'a Benji's give them 20's to my broad  
Always on my job, been about my business  
Killin' all these rappers off now can I get a witness?  
Lysin' to the judge, flyin' to the club  
Chopper play the barber came to line a nigga up  
Heavy in the game, still ain't had enough  
We takin' all your bitches and buyin' all the drugs  
Couple thousand for the Louis lining in my tub  
G'd up from my feet up  
Roof to the rug  
Nigga

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