

Wiz Khalifa, Gone

Yeah, it's young
Ya know?
Crack that shit down
Roll that shit up
Light that shit
Pass it
Nah, fuck that
Face this one, yeah
This for all my true weed smokers (Yeah)
Nigga ask me what's wrong with me?

I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank
(That dicky, that icky, that sticky)
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank
(That dicky, that icky, that sticky)
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank
(That dicky, that icky, that)
Purple, purple in my pocket and my jeans sag low
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank
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I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank, ridin' in my ride
So blowed, don't how to think but I'm stayin' high
I'ma roll me a nice, long Swisher, filled with light green
Oh, I think they like me, let me get a light, B
(And then I'm gone)
Off that Cali bud, what the fuck you chokin' on?
Mr. Blow It by the Zone, O's like Omarion
And we ain't tuckin' nothin' cousin, what's the hold up?
Keep 'em comin' back to back to back, we roll up
(Til it's all gone)
Get a pound, break it down
I ain't stingy, it's enough to go around
And I'm blazin' right now, niggas tellin' me to hold on
Crank it, twist it, light it, take a pull and hold on
(And then I'm gone)
I gotta have it, gotta have it, that's unheard about
Rollin' up another blunt, before I put the first one out
My eyes low, heavy chieffin' 'til I choke
Niggas askin' me what's wrong
Blew some smoke up out my nose and said I'm gone

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I said, I'm gone off that brownish drank, niggas know how I roll
It look like my eyes closed, Hennessy and Hydro, rhyme slow

Nigga, I'm on a different type of a vibe
This a different type of weed and I'm a different type a high
(My nigga, I'm gone)
To a place that you probably never been in life
Smokin' Purple Kryptonite, make sure you curl that Swisher right
Cause I ain't tryna have this home grown runnin'
Homie thinkin' he gon' smoke for free, I duck 'em, roll somethin'
(And then, I'm gone)
In my ride, doin' 80 in a 45 Zone, half a zone
Got me blown, I get more than high
Fresh up off the plane, head straight into my hotel
Weed man in every city, yeah, I smoke well
(Even when I'm gone)
I ain't the only one, all my niggas puff pounds
Swingin' blunts 'round, sun up 'till sun down
My eyes low and my words are getting slow
Niggas askin' me what's wrong
I blew some smoke up out my nose and said I'm gone

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