

Wiz Khalifa, In The Cut

Niggas know
Taylor gang sunshine or snow
Them hoes running their best clothes
And I prolly fucked your bitch nigga
Real shit

We never low
Away we go (Taylor gang or die)
We suppose to go go
We suppose to go go
We never low (And that's til the end)
Away we go
Like we supposed to go go
I always keep one rolled
I keep one rolled
I keep one rolled
I keep one rolled
I keep one rolled
In the cut, in the cut, rolling doobies up
In the cut, in the cut, rolling doobies up
In the cut, in the cut, rolling doobies up
In the cut, in the cut, rolling doobies up
Wake up bake up
Gotta get my cake up
In the cut, in the cut, rolling doobies up
Choked out loched out blowing hella smoke out
In the cut, in the cut, rolling doobies up

Rolling all this weed I am holding
Thinking she high before before she get the chance to smoke it
Blowing o's she knows my trees potent
Man at home you living for the moment
Coming for the game, I run it, I own it
Kush and orange juice be the components
Come to my crib see money so big you can't fold it
This is how I live
She poured her a lil gin
Then rolled her another doob
Before she was finished man freaky sheena got super loose

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Show money
Leaving show car low full of hoes for me

Hahaha
Its so funny
On the paper chase in case that money run from me
In the cut rolling up
Keep the E-z Widens stuffed
While a lil nigga still smoking hella blunts
What?
I just made us another plane
And poured out some champagne
As soon as we finished she was screaming out Taylor gang

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