

Wiz Khalifa, Mia Wallace

Wake up to the cleanin' lady knockin' and shit
I close the door so I can bake up
Cause yesterday we, partied the night away, stumbled in close to four
Room full of expensive bags, still all the shit on the floor
But that's just how you live when your wife's a model
Smoke a pound soon as we touch down, do the same thing twice tomorrow
Not to mention what I spend in the club, nigga don't need a price the bottle
I promise my weed exotic, all my tree is fire, when you see me I'm just

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Down the street, pound a beat, I smoke a pound a week
Heard about it, don't believe, come to my house and see
I'll be high, I'll be somewhere where them ounces be
California kush, New York smokin' sour D
Detroit bubba kush, ATL it's OG
Ask my nigga Berner, err'body know me
Out in Amsterdam, Wizzle smokin' overseas
I'm gon' hit this bong for everyone who smoke trees!

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You said a lot
I'ma translate just for the people:
That phone's been ringing

Hahahahahahaha

They wanna know who can get up with Taylor Gang
I imagine these labels are really throwing
Some things at you for your business mind
As well as your artistry

I don't know how to say it
We don't have shit
When we start out we don't have shit
So we really make due with what we have
And in turn that turns into million dollar corporations
But what labels don't have is that mind frame
That spark that makes that million dollars
They know how to manifest that
And make more millions off of that
But they don't have that spark