

Wiz Khalifa, No Invitation

When I'm in my Double R I got pounds in the trunk
I got hella of the shrooms you can get 'em if you want
I be in some Croc slippers hopping right off the plane
Ain't fucking with you niggas, I'm in my own lane
Big weed big ass closet, I got my own store
Good kush, whole lotta money, that's what I'm known for
So you can holler if you hear me, I want the money or don't come near me
Your bitch talking to me loud like I'm Siri
Running game on her brain that's reverse engineering
This ain't no Tesla but it do it's own steering
Just paid a quarter mil for a earring
These niggas fake, I'm the real thing
Private flight, sitting on a wing
Niggas catch a case they'll never sing
Got a bitch that'll never leave
Long money, better weed, we can fuck girl but you won't get a fee
And this watch is a masterpiece, Taylor Gang nigga, or it's a casualty
Need my money all time how it has to be, I don't share with a bitch so they mad at me
I don't stay 'cause the clubs where they values be, no difference between fake and reality
So I tell that bitch "Hold up"
My life ain't never boring, a hundred million, I got it off a touring
And if it's up with you niggas I'll leave it there, I keep the gloves in the trunk so I don't need a pair
I keep the weed rolled up that's why I smell good, ain't been that nigga in the city since you left the
I keep it solid with my niggas I'll never change, since '08 a million niggas repping Taylor Gang
I'm on shrooms, I don't fuck with alcohol, I'm out in Vegas couple white bitches and Adderall
I'm overseas THC pills I got 'em all, and ain't trippin' 'cause the customs think it's Tylenol
A private party, and ain't no one invited y'all, I got the papers, the kush, but my lighter's gone
Give me a doobie and a beat I'll write a song, give me a business expense I'll write it off
Boy you a worker, you must think you some kind of boss, I'm wearing shit that you don't know what
Hardly ever drive my car, I tell her Uber to my crib 'cause it's kinda far
When I step out it's hard to see 'cause my shades are dark, I'm microdosing off the shrooms, tonight
She microdosing with me too and said she had a shot, ain't see me nowhere at the playoffs 'cause
Hold up, my rollie tick, pockets loaded won't fit, y'all move slow than a bitch
From my car you know that I'm rich, I hop out she blow me a kiss
I don't trick you show her what you [?] I learn I ain't grow up with it
They don't charge me 'cause I'm different, when she kicking with you she on a mission
She like to shop a lot she in love with them labels, go to car phone and take a picture at a table
I'm rolling ounces of the kush you getting smoked out, a pretty face some little titties but they poke
Went to the doctor real quick ain't nobody know 'bout it, she got a nigga at the crib ready to get so y
She keep on calling my phone ready to piped up, these niggas wearing the wire these niggas mike
Kush in my right lung, when you take a look at my chain it look like the lights on
And them niggas gon' be in icon, want the gass nigga you got the right one
Chucks or Vans ain't no Nikes on, all of my niggas do our thing so you gon' fight or run
Hear what I'm saying nigga line it up, pull every bitch at the party got niggas mad like who invited u

Damn, I really smoke the best weed in the world. See ya!