

# Wiz Khalifa, Reefer Party

Thousand pounds of weed  
Ridin' in my car so fast I won't turn down the speed  
Them hoers don't use they feet no more, they break down to their knees  
And suck me like a king  
Rosé in my champagne glass and diamonds in my ring  
Uh, roll some, that's your bitch on my dick  
I might let her hold something  
You niggas smoking sevens I'mma need a whole onion, whole youngin, oh  
Same ones that hate, same ones that tag along  
No Blackberry, too many lame niggas call my phone  
Call me world wide Wiz cause I'm never home  
Ever leave me round your bitch I'mma get her stoned  
And you know that I rock camos and brought fros back  
And go download some of my old track  
And go play somewhere there's hoers at  
Fucking high, and you down there where them lows at  
Gettin tired of hearing my flow jacked  
Go head hand me a joint, you can't roll that

I got a whole lot of OGs, and  
I'm rolling up for anyone in here that knows me  
Everybody smoking, yea it's a party, oh, it's a party  
Everybody smoking papers, nobody smoking blunts  
Bitches rolling weed and my niggas fucked up  
Yea it's a party, oh, it's a party

Quarter pound of that sour, that's four days on tour  
Sleeping on how we smoke, see all these pillows on this floor  
Every state we score, fill those papers they be raw  
Look like a piece of chalk in my hand  
But I ain't writing on the chalkboard  
And I heard it's a party, it's a party it's a party but I'm cool  
Them niggas smoking garbage, I'm no fool  
We give 5 j's out half zips? Nigga that's really smoking  
Ain't enough weed up in that swisha to get you high, you joking  
Niggas claim that they be high, they be hella low  
When they gang up in the building you gon' smell that sour smoke  
I could get that shit from my backyard, go pick it out myself  
Yellow light let me slow it down, niggas need some help  
28 ain't enough you need more  
All this weed over here, that's 1 weed jar  
When them planes get the flying, niggas wanna part  
Smoking crash with the plane, Amelia Earhart

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What I smoke in one day, these niggas don't smoke in one week  
Riding round and it's just me, Pepsi can, playing that Bun B  
Gotta smoke that dope on the run with me, comfortably, I'm smoking weed  
Doing speeds, who with me, probably a chick from TMZ  
I make her roll like two or three, let her smoke and feel the breeze  
Ya'll chip in on a half a zip, counting grams, saving weed  
Average shit, it was us just smoking out in NY  
Swear to God we let ten fly, that's ten planes with ten guys  
Nine smoke, meaning someone left without his mind pot  
Planes Continental, flights nonstop  
You get some zips, well get some P's  
Smoke your spliffs around your bitch, tell me how does she breath  
Perfect planes, we call them G6's

And it's just me chilling, me and three bitches  
Rolling up it's cool, come take this bong rip  
Pack this bold straight dope, make your lungs rip