

Wiz Khalifa, The Kid Frankie

Yeah
Kush and Orange Juice
Fuck it
Kid Frankie

I live life sucka free
That's why the niggas you be with talk down
Like they don't fuck wit' me
I get money realistically
And the homies show me love
Groupies wanna leave the club wit' me
Ain't nothin' to a G
Let your hair blow in the breeze
Roll some bomb-ass weed
Get high, cruise out at jet speed
Do it like I do it for TV
675, Damier LV's
7-somethin' with tax
And when I'm on the plane
Got the carry-on to match
Nigga that's fly shit
Tryna peek game lil homie, just watch this
Champagne in my cockpit
Talkin' bout you got a man, Mami just stop it
Please
As we proceed
To give you what you need
To roll up our weed

You out here talking it
I'm out here livin it (Out here livin it)
Niggas know that we doin' our thing
Cause we out here gettin' it, out here gettin' it
But I rep the gang gang gang gang gang (Gang gang)
Ain't nothin changed (Nothin changed)
Still rep the gang (Still rep the gang)
Okay

Self-made, been through what I been through
So I know what I know
I write bomb rap songs tellin bitches what I'm into
So the hoes wanna roll
First class roll to another coast
Just to smoke kush
I know a nigga who grows
And that's on the real
Mama if you tryna slide gotta bring one for Will
Just another day in the life
'Nother plane, 'nother night
Gettin faded wit another nigga wife
Drinkin hella champagne
Tanqueray wit the Sprite
Then I'm up in the A.M. to catch another flight
Niggas reppin the gang
Simply because everything else lame
The fans want real niggas
Them hoes lookin for change
I seen it all, player in the game
First they bitin our flow
Now they jackin our slang

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