Wiz Khalifa, The Kid Frankie Pt. 2

Yeah, I pull up weed scented, blowin' trees all in it Look, it's still all good if you ain't seen me in a minute West coast livin', west coast women

Midwest nigga doin' west coast business

I done seen it all

See me off the net, look like you seen a ghost

My niggas been down since day one, I gotta keep 'em close

I'm good with numbers, I can count it backwards

Ain't talkin' hood bitches when they pull up with the ratchets

I know the game like the back of my hand

Just gotta stick to the plan

Keep it clean, it's lower chances at jam

Roll another one

How can I fold? I'm my mother's son

Could never be convinced to take another run

You fuckin' dumb? Guess so

She don't wanna let go

Nigga, you can't roll if you ain't pinchin' on a petrol

No shorts on the money You gotta make it right

Bought so many one time, the plug told me "Make the price"

Nigga, nice

While you talkin' it, I don't got time for that, I'm out here livin' it (Oh-woah) And you know that we doin' them thangs 'cause we out here gettin' it

I rep the gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang

I rep the gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, oh-woah

Damn, it feel good to see Taylors up on it

And bringin' real ones to the forefront

My car filled up with smoke

2021 controlled by remotes

Them haters don't come close

Used to be hard to celebrate birthdays, now it's champagne toast

Placin' bets, racin' jets

Pick a time to land

Five hundred grand to whoever get there the closest

Those are points of success when you put the plan in motion

You got one foot in, one out, I got both in

Able to hold shit down with more spin

Everybody got free will 'long as you willing to deal with the consequences

Lot of players at my dinner, that's a lot of dishes

And you the ones that gotta clean it

While you talkin' it, I don't got time for that, I'm out here livin' it (Oh-woah)

And you know that we doin' them thangs 'cause we out here gettin' it

I rep the gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang

I rep the gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, oh-woah

Everything is real, exactly how we claimed Just got another strain, I just gotta name it

She used to smoke joints to "The Kid Frankie"

Wizzle got wings, Wizzle got everything

Ask Chevy Woods; money good, can't complain

Real niggas ain't goin' out of style, we gon' stay here