

# Wiz Khalifa, The Thrill

Searching for the thrill of it, thrill of it  
Say that it's love, but to me it's looking counterfeit  
I get done with one, and move right on to another bitch  
Yeah, college educated, she graduated  
Any bill she can't front, her parents paid it  
The show was far, you the only one with a car  
And your girlfriends, but being that she's a big fan, of course she made it  
Most girls wanna hide the fact that the thrill, they chase it  
But you, just wanna get drunk tonight and fuck someone famous  
So I just name a time and a place and your game for it  
Value player, hotel room, meet you there

Walking on a dream  
How can I explain  
Talking to myself  
(Just travelin' the world)  
Will I see again  
(Tryin' different drugs and girls)

We are always running for the thrill of it, thrill of it  
Always pushing up the hill searching for the thrill of it  
On and on and on we are calling out and out again  
Never looking down, I'm just in awe of what's in front of me

And I'm addicted to champagne  
Fuck the room, we buy the whole wing  
Bitches I Taylor Gang that  
They just wanna know where the planes at

(Take the little one outta there  
Or like, just turn it down  
And then I'm um probably just gonna go back smoke another one in an hour  
Just get real airy, fuckin' dreamy and shit)

Wake up drunk, go to sleep fucked up  
We both amazed at what we just done  
Mixing drinks, knowing we'll regret this  
Ain't been asleep yet, room service bringing us breakfast  
All this money, darling, what else is left to do  
But smoke and enjoy my presidential view  
Got a swimming pool in my living room  
On stage, interviews, tons of sour, let's consume

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(What's this?  
Burn after rollin?  
Yeah, that's what it is  
Until I drop the next one  
It's just that)

(Catch me I'm falling down  
Catch me I'm falling down)

Don't Stop!...  
Just keep going on  
I'm your!...  
Shoulder to lean upon  
So come on!...  
And deliver from inside  
All we got is tonight  
That is right, till first light!

(I'm stoned  
This is what, mix tape number 6? 7?  
I don't know, but um, good weeds still in the building  
Your bitch still hittin me on whatever I use on the computer these days  
Everything's going how it's supposed to be  
Yes, Taylor Gang over everything...)