

Wiz Khalifa, This Plane

Yeah it's young Khalifa man
Mr. Spacely
Everyone call me man
Taylor Gang or die
And this project is brought to you by
Champagne and paper planes too
Rostrum Records in this bitch
Taylor Gang, Heavy Hustle, Deal or No Deal
Yeah, bitch

I'm screaming fuck them niggas who hated
I'm money affiliated
Speculating me landing
Must have got me mistaken with lame niggas
Know you gon' get high as fuck
As long as the planes with you
Left that major situation alone
And became richer
People talking down
But see me I'm the same nigga
Leave your bitch around
We gon' drink the champagne with her
We don't touch the ground
See a cloud with my name it
Only e-z widers please
No cigars for me and my gang
Fool, I'm a legend in these streets
Cause how I do my thang
And don't wear the fitted
I got the city on my chain
Oh man, still they hate and talk smack
Knowing if I was gone
There'd be no throne to throw your rocks at
Cruise at maximum altitudes
I'm tryna top that
So in touch with the real
Them suckas tryna stop that
But I, live or let die, party get high
And tell them lames to deplane or let fly

Don't know what they hate for
I'm just gettin' my paper
Well, maybe they'll love me more when I'm gone
I don't wanna leave, but I need to, it's such a shame
They gon' miss this plane
They gon' miss this plane
They gon' miss this plane
They gon' miss this plane
I try to believe you
I don't wanna leave but I need to

Stuck alone in this wave race
Say I'm living too fast
Don't plan on changing my pace
Got one foot on the gas
There's never a need for brakes
Smoke e-z widers with hash
Fuck bitches from out of state
Valet bringing my cars
A waiter to bring me plates
Shrimp and filet mignon
We celebrate buying drinks
With a couple of broads
My niggas and who got love for me

It's lonely at the top
I'm tired of having company
Uh, so while you busy trying to fit in
I'mma stand out
And view my life through this lens
To see how it pans out
Substitute teacher ass niggas need a handout
Middle finger, screaming fuck them niggas who hated
I'm money affiliated
Pop another bottle, that chronic smoke integrated
Speculating me landing, must've got me mistaken
I'm speaking as the captain of the plane
You's a runner on the jet way
Fool

Don't know what they hate for
I'm just gettin my paper
Well, maybe they'll love me more when I'm gone
I don't wanna leave, but I need to, it's such a shame
They gon' miss this plane
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I don't wanna leave but I need to