

# Wiz Khalifa, Wassup

Yeah  
Some old-school shit  
When uh, you be at the lunch table  
This that right here

Uh yeah  
I put my team on  
Now we in the game  
But I remember days when I ain't have no one to lean on  
I learned to hold my own  
They're sayin' the sky's the limit  
Take a hundred dollar bill and make a paper plane  
And try to make a name  
And when you're done giving your all  
You give your everything  
You got what it takes  
I told the world my song  
They're lovin' it  
You can't tell me nothin', 'cause my whole clique's stuntin'  
Boy was sup

Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah

So where you goin', your life's on a road  
From the party to the plane and your name's in the light show  
You find your way back home  
Away from all the pressure and that women tryin' to stress you  
Find a new one  
You've reached a new phase  
They got you lookin' at tomorrow like a new state  
And not a new day  
To some it may seem wrong  
But fuck it, 'cause I'm good weed puffin'  
And my whole team stuntin'  
Boy was sup

Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah

Then I hop up out the bed  
Grab my iPhone  
Put some kush in the swisher  
Roll one up  
When you live the star life  
Gotta go hard, so you workin' all night  
Sleep when the sun come up

Yeah, yeah  
Ha, ha, ha  
Yeah  
Okay