## Wiz Khalifa, Weed Nap

It's nothin' fresher, they under pressure Take your bitch and undress her

Go 'head and kill yourself

Fuck niggas, they'll be one less

More weed, less stress

Make a grocery store runs, in some old bathing ape sweats.

Separate the bookies from vets

Out in the Bay, where they blowing cookies

Shout to Mr. Fabs

The revolution will be televised and I'll be hella high

The same jealous niggas will be jealous

Clip they wings, smash their propellers

Can't add to it, can't take from us

She at my spot fixing plates

That's why I fucks with her

I got a crib in every state

Tommy Buns living nigga get cake

Fuck is wrong with your posture little nigga? sit straight

No other choice, but to keep it real

These niggas soo fake

You can still smear the paint, ew

I got your bitch on my arm

Got the team on my back

Got the world on my lap

Got that P on my hat

Niggas sleeping on me and I like it like that

I done made a couple bands I did that while you napped

Still the same nigga

Shit ain't changed still wake and bake

Still got your bitch with us

Still Pac, ay still hit the dealer

Paint no limit to this shit like P. Miller

Mission never changed, stay all after the same

Jet life Taylor Gang rectify the game

From the 4, the big dog came rollin' joints with his paws, wearing pinky rings

Since he swang through things ain't been the same

Kinda close though, copping cats on my coats, yo

Can't duplicate the dope flow though they're tried

That shit too stepped on nigga, to get the people high

It's that strobe light, that 1975, Cadillac dash

Baby girl doing soul train lines

Never hate it, though I flow out my mind

Pockets breaded like they finna be deep fried

Out his head, dis a 100 times

Suckas still sleep on me, layin' in the lot, fool, let 'em be

Probably dead dead in that bed, let 'em rest in peace

Smoke another P, kill some more beats

I got your bitch on my arm

Got the team on my back

Got the world on my lap

Got that P on my hat

Niggas sleeping on me and I like it like that

I done made a couple bands I did that while you napped

Still the same nigga

Shit ain't changed still wake and bake

Still got your bitch with us

Still Pac, ay still hit the dealer

Paint no limit to this shit like P. Miller