

# Wiz Khalifa, Whip It Around

I'm counting paper, rolling papers, watching time fly  
California grapes, I'm breaking fine wine  
Me I'm sky high, my bitch down to earth  
Money in the bank, weed roller in her purse  
And I ain't slacking on the job my dog I been alert  
Been gettin cake, ...  
Big numbers round the neck so niggas show love  
And these diamonds round my neck should make these hoes trust  
On the road, at the venue filled with model hoes  
College shows, smoking grade A honor roll  
Bad broad, light skin  
Hood niggas, white friends  
And I ain't gotta talk much it's in your face  
Give me brain, cuz she say she got expensive taste  
Let her rub my tattoos now she flying  
Smoking zig zags too, nigga rap like crack so I whip that

Whip it around  
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Watch it come back hard

Country boy from Illinois yea I'm a pot head  
Hydroponic you can spell through my pocket  
It ain't tricking if you got it girl I got bread  
Anybody feel like rolling up a blunt of kush?  
I would but cheefing got me sleepy feeling good  
Stiffer position, body stiffer than a brick of wood  
Nice and neat, feeling like a trill nigga should  
I'm addicted so consistent now roll up another  
Light green Swisher Sweet and the castle is my suite  
In the D, you know the room with the upstairs  
When I'm powered up, add a couple blunts  
Doing what I gotta do until a motherfucker up there  
Up where? In the air you can't come up here  
No bitch, only stunnas can come up here  
Real playas do what ever that they want here  
You punks scared, rolling down the window gettin air  
Real niggas keep roaches in the ashtray  
I introduce you to the life up in the fast lane  
Moving quicker than Jamaicans at a track race  
I be babysitting don't forget to tell me pass mane  
Now break it down, roll it up  
Break it down, roll it up  
Calliko, Wiz Khalifa, roll up

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