Wiz Khalifa, Won't Land

Yeah
Hold on, turn me up a little bit more
Yeah, bitch
I always wanted to do this shit
This is it, what
Luchini
Nigga, yeah

Fresh up off the plane Real niggas embrace my music and bitches go insane Even the kids throwing up the gang They don't bother pronouncing my name, they just look at my chain Boy, how much you spent on it? This ain't nothing but hard work and what you can get from it Ain't no toilet paper, but this smell like the shit don't it? Smoking chronic and drinking gin 'til we get sick stomached And them suckers ain't gotta like it 'cause your bitch love it I'mma roll it, she gonna light it Tell me she in desperate need of a pilot I told her kick her feet up We gonna go to my crib, soon as I roll this weed up Call some friends of yours and we could all have a smoke-out You ain't gotta hold it too long, this is rapper weed Couple hits is all you gonna need In my Versace frames, I'm blazed Somewhere on the island, smoking some ray Middle of the day, drunk dialing

I'm a different kind of fly, we ain't on the same shit, nigga

I won't land
Won't land, won't land
I won't land
Won't land, won't land
I won't land
Won't land, won't land
I won't land
Won't land
Won't land
Won't land
Hon't land
Uwon't land
I won't land

Be surprised by how high a nigga get

No need to apologize, you should know how fly niggas do Only EZ-Widers, been done with them cigarillos, fool I been on the road, shopping and killing them interviews Heard I left a major deal, but my paper major still And all of them fans in love with me, 'cause I say what's real So I can never give a fuck how a hater feel But, uh, every time they send a driver for me and Will I call it doing my talking on the field At first niggas was tough, they don't wanna be gangstas now Traces of my flow, yeah, they copy and paste my style Wouldn't think I notice it, while in my hotel Smoking with your bitch, fool And this is it, what Relax your feet, put on some music, roll a zip up And we gonna smoke it 'til it's gone, ever see me cough? Can't speak for suckers who do because I'm G'd up What Ha ha! Ah

I won't land Won't land, won't land I won't land

Yeah
Taylor Gang, Paper Planes
Shit you burn after you roll
Hoes everywhere we go
They payin' for my shows
Model bitches and hella smoke