Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, Find A Way

Uh, long days, gotta recharge to run the play
Paper straight, come up with bars to get us paid
Major weight make it hard for them to imitate
Rolex tell the daytime and the date
If I eat, all my niggas gon' get a plate
If you hate, guaranteed, you ain't in the way
Clown shit, we don't entertain
Always been a young nigga with the vision and I'm still the same
Turned an idea into a strain
Do it once, I fuck with you, I respect you, you do it again
Nothin' but the best for the fam
I don't gotta flex for the 'Gram
Too many rings for my hands, so we stack 'em and stash 'em
We them fuckin' champs

Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy
Ah-ah, uh
You ain't gotta lie to kick it
You ain't close to rich enough to be in here
Papered up and stoned at every appearance
Martha's Vineyard, baby left her diamond necklace behind
At the bed and breakfast, it's fine
She got that on a heist, she'll steal a better one on the next one
I only fuck with professionals
Sniper scopes and silencers stuck inside of leather sectionals
Watch where you sit at, might hear that click-clack
I copped the BMW six pack, M package
Highway action, state mansion
That's what G's do, you smell that fire in the breeze, fool
Don't you dare call this shit a part two
This a whole 'nother animal, this that mankind mandible
Chanel drip on your television channel
Counting cake lit as a birthday candle

Pay me just like a fan do
Real one so they don't know how much my shit they can handle
Chicks love social media, so I watch out for them scandals
Don't measure that kush, give you a handful
Gotta grind 'cause my son hungry and the rent due

We changed how you smoke, changed how you dress
Your whole life was blessed by the presence of the stoned legends
Ho, retrace our steps and see what you get
If you never let suckers talk you out shootin' your shot
Hustle with every breath, huh?

McQueen
Ounces of weed
Got your own
If you at my table
McQueen
Ounces of weed
Got your own
If you at my table
Yeah, ooh
Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh
Ooh, ooh-ooh
Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh