# Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, Garage Talk

I just got the fuck off a plane
6 car garage, I got more than 1 job
Be a boss, go hard
Wake up, smelling kush when I yawn
Shorty wanna fuck with the king, tired of them pawns
Ain't on the top? Well, that's nonsense
Bank account full of G's, so that's all you gon' get
TSA know my face so they don't trip
Chain frost, big bitch that I'm with don't give me no lip
We done touch M's, now we on to billions
Hard to explain how these new rugs feeling
Blowin' kush up in high ceiling's
Having meetings at the crib, confidential dealings
And I ain't gotta tell you who the realest is
That's my nigga Spitta, foreign cooked chef
And where the kitchen is
Money straight where my business is
And the girls fuck with me so I'm always where the bitches is
Kid

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I see all the sexy mami's in here
Hey, ayy, Wiz I smell you up here, too
Make sure you pass that KK to the DJ booth
Aw shit, here comes Spitta on them gold BBS

[Curren$y:]
Yep, swung through, gold BBS and the spoiler kit
1986, slinging that shit
They want the family price on them bricks
But I just had a son and I only love him
So I ain't coming down on the price
Ain't no where else you gon' get shit this nice
Got cocaine white, Air Force Nikes
Bought K-Swisses for all my bitches
Put hightop troops on all my shooters
Bought the Goose down jacket from the boosters
Shootouts on the roof, racing in them coupes
She wore the Gucci frames with the door knocker hoops
And the lying motherfucker tell you I ain't the truth
Rich uncle come through, pop the truck, pull the duffel
Lay the merchandise out, get the loot, motherfucker
East side real nigga, show ya how to hustle
Outside, put the fucking Chevrolet's on the bumper
If it don't hop, nigga, park that shit
That ain't no low rider, thats a rollin' imposter
Put the stocks on fool, quit playing like you out here
2009, all kind of high
How Fly had fools on the moon trying to drive
Its a stoned duo, solid gold judo
Kicked the fuck out that game and now she won't go

Ladies, if you ain't go your own drinks, you gotta get out the section
You heard my man Spitta
Fellas, raise your glasses
Tip your bartenders
And make sure you take that nigga bitch
We bout to ride out
Jet Life, Taylor Gang, ow