Wiz Khalifa, Aw Shit

It's about time right?
Where's the 'dro?
Drama Wiz
Count 'em up bitch
28 Grams

You know I stay high
I pull up in my ride
Shades so dark that you can't see my eyes
Smoking on loud, blowing on clouds
Just did a show but don't know the amount
Taking your bitch if you're leaving her out
You niggas so broke, you so homie the Clown
There she go over there
Other hoes don't compare
Throw them 1's in the air
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Kk with hash, a nigga with cash
I'm taking the money, smack it on her ass
She give me good brain, she ahead of her class
I came in her first but I'm leavin' her last

Baddest bitch in the club, gon' work somethin'
Bend it over for me baby, gon' twerk somethin'
Aww shit, don't hurt nothin'
Let me spend some ends on it if it's worth somethin'

You gon' pick up all this money when I throw it
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I roll one, I roll two
One for me, one for you
When we high, ain't no tellin' what we do
No where to go, so much to blow
Keepin' it private so nobody know
Doing your thing when you slide down the pole
Give you a drink, you get out of control
On your line cause you're nothin' like the rest of 'em
Oh, you know you're fucking with the best of 'em
Shots of that gin, her and a friend
We leave the club then I'm goin' in
Soon as I'm done, we do it again

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See, many of ya'll have been ridin' with us

Smokin' with us and gettin' money with us for a while
Welcome back
All hail Trap Wiz
Boy Drama
Pittsburgh, what's up?
Something's life and life is living!
Fucking awesome, yeah!
Hehehe, 28 grams
For ya'll that don't know what 28 grams is
It's an ounce of weed, preferably