# Wiz Khalifa, Bombay & Lemonade

Right here, let's get ratchet, uh huh

Trippy like Bombay paper planes
Pints of codeine, pounds of Mary Jane
If I didn't have my dope, I would go insane
24/7 high, I will never change
Need my Vicadin, I need my Loratabs
I need a bad bitch with enormous ass
Every day I'm throwed my nigga
When you makin' this money, this how it goes my nigga

Rollin' and blowin' it by the O, my nigga
Sippin' and smokin', that's how I get it in motion
Smokin' the loudest and give you niggas the roaches
Shows and after parties for all the pictures, be posin'
Don't you doubt all that shit, so that nigga be pourin'
Slowin' down, weed goin' round
I'm lightin' up, it's goin' down

Lemonade and gin, I be pourin' up
Roll another one 'cause I ain't never high enough
TGOD, that's how we live it up
For some real niggas, yeah you gotta give it up
It's like a joy stick, yeah my niggas play us too
Do or die, I be smokin' on a J or 2
That's some pimp type shit me and my niggas do
Yeah, we fucked up, what you heard is true

I'm on that Bombay and lemonade
That's what be sippin' on
Ridin' clean and sitting low
Rollin' all my weed 'til it's gone
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I'm playin' that eight track and that seven deuce
With a whole cup of that Taylor juice
Your bitch all around, we call that on the loose
With her hair blown and weave off the roof
My jewelry clean, that jar full
She got good brain, that's law school
Wanna get high, trippy, fucked up nigga
Oh you tryna get high, might as well pull with ya

I'm drinkin', I'm smokin'
I'm faded, I'm loaded
Got weed smoked, got a bottle of gin
Got a bank roll, brought it all to spend
Got some pre-rolls, brought all of 'em in
And we gettin' smokey

I'm the money man with the money team
Your money talk, well my money sing
I'm a rock star, bitch I'm a Memphis king
Out in Hollywood, livin' every nigga dream
With a bunch of white girls in a limousine
'Bout to pass the fuck out on this cup of lean
Hey white girl, have a couple of beans
Now let's make a movie full of fuckin' scenes

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