Wiz Khalifa, Comb Over

For real man, we need that whip
That's the car I need
Motherfucker hit a plane and the plane blew up
Ugh, yup

Standing in the mirror
My vision of that money getting clearer
Scratch that, it's getting nearer
Some of this actually happened
I was weed nappin'
Wasn't shit
Now they pay us for the raps we kick
My hotel smell like confidence
They hate us but that weed smoke bring on compliments
So roll this paper
Tell the waitress – get my drink from off the coaster
Bring the bitch that love to smoke and get the weight from off my shoulders

Yeah, I be flying everywhere nigga
Sometimes I don't even know where the fuck I'm at
I be waking up, random motherfuckers be knocking on my door and shit
Like "who the fuck is that?"
Nosey ass cleaning lady
You wanna hit this weed?

Stains from your make-up
Roll me up a joint soon as I wake up
Young nigga, but got my cake up
Now I'm hoppin' off of the plane
Smelling like the sweetest scent, weed is lit
Look at my bitch, we the shit
Probably high – what they say when they see us
But they never say that we broke
Kush in every J that we smoke
Putting rings on every finger
Never put 'em out, just let the smoke linger
Champagne for the girls, straight shots for my niggas
Started small but now the money getting bigger
It all get better with time
Rather go hard instead of unwind
And play your part and I'mma play mine

Feel me?
Motherfuckers always speakin' out of turn
They don't know nothin' about this shit
That's why I'm me and you're you
Matter of fact, fuck that
This Taylor Gang
T.G.O.D. nigga
Ain't shit changed gang
What up Ricky P
Richard
Don't smoke that pound without me Richard
Don't eat your dinner in the bathroom

Jim Brown smash baby
Oh shit! We get to see the tits?
Here we go!
Get her Jim! Get her Jim!
Oh shit!
I don't get no sleep
I'm fresh off the plane
I don't get no sleep, God damn