Wiz Khalifa, Maan

Is it recording?
Love is life, and life is living
Fuckin' awesome, yeah!

I smoked the whole damn pound
I'm 'a need another one, 'nother one
Eyes closed, I won't come down
Only papers, no we don't fuck with blunts

Nigga, I don't just be sharing weed
A nigga got pounds to burn that's apparent
Just cause you up in this bitch
Don't mean you gon' hit this shit
You better roll somethin'
Coughin' like you got a cold or somethin'
Tryna O.D. on THC
Nigga fuck around gave Young Khalifa a pound
Smoke the whole thing up in the week
Roll a joint, put a worm around that motherfucker
Smoke it to the face
Ohh shit, nigga just got some KK and he said he on the way
Big P told me church, get money on 'em every single day
So I want everything, every room, every plane, every place
We mobbin'

Nigga, we mobbin', we mobbin', shit!
Go, go! Nigga, we mobbin'

Now, every place that we go, they say we can't smoke
But we do it anyway, cause real G's smoke when they want
When they say turn down, we turn up and turn up some mo'
When they say put it out, it's too loud, We burn up some mo'
Then we keep rolling, and rolling, and rolling, and rolling
We keep rolling, and rolling, and rolling, and rolling
We keep rolling, and rolling, and rolling, and rolling

Nigga keep going, keep the KK blowin
Snakes in the grass keep mowin'
Ass so fat, look swollen
Another city, state gotta show in
Another airport gotta go in
Reason why you hate, I'm knowin
Niggas got too much hoein'
I keep rollin' up
Drivin' a brand new car like that motherfucker stolen
They don't understand what I'm doin'
Money in my hand, nigga, 28 grams when I'm rollin'
Been through New York and London and Paris and back
South By Southwes only niggas smokin' on pack
Rollin' up bats
Go on, get a bong, get a match
Everybody get along, get attached
Get a song, get a biatch
What he say, every dog need a cat
Potheads need a joint to relax
G pen full of wax
10 Rolled cone joints, really fast
No sticks no seeds in the bag
Got reason to brag
In the front, y'all b's in the back
Pair of chucks, ripped jeans is the swag
Little bitch, we mobbin'

Nigga, we mobbing, we mobbing, shit!

Go, go! Nigga, we mobbing

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When they say turn down, we turn up and turn up some mo'
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Then we keep rolling, and rolling, and rolling, and rolling
We keep rolling, and rolling, and rolling, and rolling
We keep rolling, and rolling, and rolling, and rolling