# Wiz Khalifa, The Statement

Yeah, that's it, yeah, uh, where haven't we, uh
Know the planes and the, Taylor Gang and the

Fast cars with bad broads in 'em
I proceed to smoke these trees
And stuff piles of cheese in my 501 denim
Where they bullshit begins I end them
And nope, I don't hear these niggas tripping
Closing the cabin door and revving up all my engines
The weed is rolled, the drink is cold
It's new to you, to me it's old
C-E-O
These off brand niggas ain't really the future, Ms. Cleo
High when I approach, been known
To leave weed crumbs and trails of Sour D smoke
The irony, of suckas who predicted the planes land
And now they wanna fly with me
I just let it boost my confidence
Roll another joint, drop pilot shit, okay

This ain't the life that we chose
But it's the life that we living
Know we belong on the top, but we ain't tripping
Cause we'll get there in a minute
And we'll get there in a minute
Cause we'll get in there in a minute
Know we belong on the top but we ain't tripping
Cause we'll get there in a minute

Ask me if I plan to be roof top chilling
With some pretty-ass women, you'd be glad to meet
Trees stuffed in the passenger seat
Charger to my phone, couple changes of clothes
And the OG told me
All haters expose they self, so it's best to leave it alone
Pop the cork, put the tree in the bong
Been here for a minute you niggas just catching on
Master of the craft, I've grown
Haters trail the path, I've flown
It's obvious, suckas talk down but we ain't tripping
Hoes fuck with us, say we different
At my hotel chilling
Bad women come to fill my marijuana prescription
You niggas know the biz
It's Taylor Gang or kill him

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