Wiz Khalifa, Up Down

Hey I got a joint and I ain't even roll it, here roll it
Boy I got pounds for days, have you seen a nigga blow it
Yeah, blow it, blowing that strong in your face
Prices going up, down, I ain't got no problem spending all of my money
Tryna see what's up now, I'mma smoke it all with me and my homies

Rolling up 'cause that's all that I know
Joint in my hand when I walk through the door
I get money 'cause that's all that I know
My niggas on point, haters already know
I, I found out that it's all that I know
Tryna get high while I'm already stoned
Yeah, bomb weed and its all that I know
Feeling like a boss 'cause it's already rolled up
Go hard 'cause that's all that I know
Get a little money then I throw it on the floor
Girl, champagne I'mma pour a little more
We can smoke cones 'til four in the morning
I roll up, I told 'em roll up, if it ain't KK, fuck nigga hold up
A millionaire and it's all that I know
Probably with your girl getting blown

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Bring it back, bring it back
Gold ropes and new leather on my coat rack
Four stacks, these dudes hold no pack, throwback
Jerry Rice running gold hat, hold that, I ain't even roll that
Smoke fat on the corner where the blow at
OG from the city, where the SKO at?
Broke boys made they ain't got their ho back
Blow big I'm world-wide touring
I'm in SAC, I just dropped a pack off on foreign
New foreign, new foreign, blue cookies more champagne pouring
Gon' get it, gon' get it girl, got a bitch that will hit the road with it, cold business
Out of town it go up down, we celebrating when it touch down

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I roll 'em thicker than a Snicker
Girl drink this liquor
I got game from the bishop
Bust that thing down for Winston