Wiz Khalifa, Villa

So real I
Said fuck the suite, get the villa (Said fuck the suite, get the villa)
More McQueen chilled up (More McQueen chilled up)
Now I'm smokin' making 'em uncomfortable
When we step in the buildin' (When we step in the buildin')
Hunnid dollars bills pounds on the flight conceal
Heard they on me and they worried 'bout my paper trail
I'm at work while you goin' on vacation there

We smokin' on the shores in Jamaica
Versace robe, Balenciaga windbreaker
Come to weed, I own acres
You niggas fallin' off, need replacements
We each own our Porsche down the streets racin'
Gotta keep one eye out for leechers, swingin' for the bleachers
Bad bitch with some real features
Waitin' for my time I ain't reachin'
Joint filled up with bomb weed
Can't walk a mile in my sneaks
I'm stoned on an island full of freaks
My niggas got millions on they mind, drink liquor all the time
Fuck bitches in they prime
Drive car with switches, count tons of riches
Always stay committed
Gettin' on the plane, make sure my company name bigger
Roll up the strain, turn on the beat and I pain't pictures
They understand me and see me clear as a movie is
Value the process, wether I lose or win
Jheeze, my wrist below thirty degrees
Weed from California, my bitch come from Belize
Rollin' trees, there ain't a seat in here
Tryna get y'all to think the same way as the millionnaires
When it's all said and done, we the niggas who never run
They spendin' up all the funds, gotta save for my son
The waittress just hit the bottle, we poppin' off everyone
Smokin' weed and the motto was all that we got is trust

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Sixteen hours flight to Brazil
When I get there shit is real
Got a lot of beautiful women
But they money's what appeal to me
I know exactly how it feel
Say I've been here before, I know to me it ain't enough
Games I don't play with 'em
They be so mad 'cause after I fuck I don't stay
Fuck around, got another one on the way
If she give me an attitude
I'm killin' stage, the crowds of fans that would laugh at you
I'm rollin' up, while you can't smoke, I'ma pass a few
We gettin' money, the niggas with me they havin' too
Eatin' steak and shrimp, hotels tell us that we can't smoke, ain't that a bitch?
Come to my room and we gon' blow the whole zip
Security might come up but they won't trip
And if they do, I'ma walk out and I'ma talk to that nigga like
"Hmm, it's nice to meet you sir, I'm Young Khalifa

If you don't mind, I'ma spark this weed up
I know you got some family members you can call that I can take a picture for, yeah I'll be glad to m
It ain't my fault, you can take it or leave it
You smell the kush, so it's not a secret"
Ain't the one you wanna look around and you not on the team with
I'm a boss, I be on some G shit

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They don't make 'em like they used to
The way me and my gang move around the world like we ain't got a thing to prove
Why you worried about who's who?
We takin' trips goin' to beaches
And spend the money on dinners and places we thought we'd never be
Experiencin' things we thought we'd never see
Was hated on heavily
Now our girls look heavenly
And you can tell it's me, just by the smell
Our own kush to inhale, the McQeen shots to celebrate the times when we couldn't be here
Rollin' up another paper to elevate my mind
Not knowin' if the owner's cool or not
I just got a show to do and a bunch of fans to meet
So if I'm not in my best mind state, how you expect me to do my best?
Thank you, I'ma continue smokin' now
Prayin' to make it home is an understatement
But I know God got my back
He wouldn't give me more than I could handle
I just gotta step up to the play, and be a boss when the time comes
Who wants to chase success and run from their real responsibilities at the same time?
That sounds like hustlin' backwards to me
But I'm tryna hold it down, 'til we back in the villa again