

Celebrate (feat. Rico Love)

Wiz Khalifa

[Intro]

Get high, get high, get high, get high, get high
Westside, westside, westside, westside, westside[Hook]

We havin' a celebration, love to stay high

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We havin' a celebration, love to stay high

We havin' a celebration, love to stay high[Verse 1: The Game]

Nigga blowing on that ayo, breakin' down them trees

I'm out the door with that dro and them keys

Scooping up Chris and I'm hitting the freeway

Yeah, got a whole zip of that purp

Got a couple hoes home with no clothes on

Get they roll on, let's twerk

Now we hotboxin' that Ghost, Ace all in that door

Ray Bans in my face, never know when my eyes low

Smoke good, fuck good, eat good, steakhouse

She said backwoods, kill swishers, you eat take out

Yeah, but I love fucking them redbones

She country thick and that hair long, that pussy killer, she dead wrong

She went to Howard, her head strong, her mamma tall, So her legs long

She went to college and got her masters, now she bringing that bread home

Roll up[Bridge]

Put the purp in the blunt

Get high, get high, get high, get high, get high

Put the purp in the blunt

Westside, westside, westside, westside, westside[Hook —2][Verse 2: Chris Brown]

It's a celebration, all on the pole they doing the dance

Anticipating I'm feeling your body, hoping that you would just give me a chance

God damn babe, just hold your glass up for this toast

My ca\$h up and yo ass up, and I'm the one tippin' the most

Tonight, on the westside

And if you wanna roll, have the best fuckin night of your life, no lie, no lie

Me and you together girl I'm celebratin' you tonight[Verse 3: Tyga]

Uh, yeah I'm blown no cigarillo, rillo

Love when I'm Mellow, get on my level 101 Karats in my bezel

I'm on, like soon as the ice cream truck at the ghetto

Little knucklehead always in trouble soon as I ask shawty her number, fasho

Yeah I get it, then I'm gone, then I hit it like bone bone

Now you fucking up my zone, my zone, my zone

Said she wait when daddy come home
Told me she ain't got nothing on
I'm talkin' no th-thong, thong thong
Yeah she throwin' that ass back
Hard as a bat, sit on my lap
Fucking with me, ain't nothing better than that
That's a fact, thats a fact
Don't act hollywood cause I don't act
Bout my business but I don't slack
This my celebration rap, so[Hook]—2[Verse 4: Lil' Wayne]
I pour up for Pimp C, light up for Soulja Slim
Straight out the gutter, with the rest of the bowlin' pins
Money for days, bitches go both ways
On the road to riches, bitch I got road rage
Got the kush in the swisher, got the pussy, the liquor
Got a silencer on the gun, take it off like a stripper
Yeah, wake up, wake up, I'm goin' at your face make up
These niggas need stitches cause they taking pay cuts
Man somebody tell them hoes it's a celebration
All my niggas got guns no registration
Now go an' light that weed up, I'm Trukfit tee'd up
Hoes down, B's up[Wiz Khalifa]
Rollin' and chokin' and movin' slow motion, I'm floatin' im gone
Rollin' and chokin' and movin' slow motion, I'm floatin' im gone[Hook]

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