B.A.R.

Wiz Khalifa

Fuckin' hoes everywhere we go
Taylor Gang, paper planes
Uh, they lovin' what I say
Tell her keep count
What you other niggaz speak bout[VERSE 1]
Lamborghini dreams, beach house wishes
Poor bottles of champagne for my beach house bitches
It ain't new to me, the money boy I been bout
Throwin 100's on the floor, I tell her keep count
Nigga, they in love wit what I say
Cuz I, really live the life you other niggaz speak bout
Got my camera man, he down to do a movie for me
Couple niggaz round us, down to do the shootin' for me
I'm still ridin' wit my main bitch
She rollin' the joint, somethin' old school playin'
She love me, we fuck and we in the fly-free zone
When some niggaz will captain-save-it
I let her shop till she drop dead
Sleepin' in her crib, wake up to decent pot plan
Jordan shorts and a pear of polo socks, blazin'
Wit yo bitch, you wanna live smoke this[CHORUS]
I'm glad to be here, I been waitin' so long (so long, so long)
I finally found me a cloud to float on (float on)
And I'ma float on (float on)
Float on (float on)
And I'ma float on (float on)
Float on, float on, float on
And I don't have much, but I'll take all I got and that's what I give (what I give)
What I get in return is the money I earn, and the life I live (life I live)
I'm so gone as I burn after rolling (after rolling)
And float on, and float on, and float on[VERSE 2]
Talk numbers, I hire people to speak for me
If you love her, then hide your bitch so you keep shorty
Ever fly private
So much diamonds in my chain, hella sky mileage
I fell asleep on a plane
And never woke up, and now I'm living a dream
Suckas hate hard, hoes treat me like I'm a king
They wanna live comfortably, sippin on champagne

Real niggaz fuck with me, so drama is not a thing
I gave my momma the ocean
Told her anything to come through the door to open the whole clip
I'm wit yo bitch smokin, let her keep the mid, I'ma roll this potent
Hotel so close to the water
You can even here the ocean
Them bitches can't breathe
Beware of them niggaz wit tattoo sleeves[CHORUS][VERSE 3]
Wanna smoke, cuz they know that I keep flavors
Tell me how them other niggaz lame
And she love the cool crowd, so she fuckin' with the Taylors
Wear All-Stars and smoke papers
iPhone with no ringtones
Vibrate or on plane mode
Palm trees and bomb pre-rolls
The weed burnin, but the money just fold
While I'm lookin at you niggaz face
Light another L, and pull the liquor out the case
Niggaz try and fail, see me now they wanna hate
Fly another plane, a different city, another state
My cash change the forecast
As the team was half-baked before class
Now I smoke joints wit others niggaz hoes, and this shit you burn after you roll
Fool[CHORUS]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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