

Mia Wallace

Wiz Khalifa

Uh, wake up to the cleaning lady knockin' n'shit I close the door so I can bake up
Cause yesterday we partied the night away, stumbled in close to fo', room full of expensive bags
Still all the shit on the floor, but that's just how you live when your wife's a model
Smoke a pound soon as we touch down do the same thing twice tomorrow
Not to mention what I spend in the club nigga don't even price the bottle
I promise my weed exotic all my tree is fire when you see me im just
 Floatin' on that chronic
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Floatin' Floatin' on that chronic
 Floatin' on that chronic
Im just Floatin' on that chronic
 Floatin' on that chronic
 Floatin' Floatin'
Down the street pound the beat I smoke a pound of weed
Heard about it don't believe come to my house and see
I be high, I be somewhere where them ounces be
 California Kush, New York smokin' sour D
Detroit bubba Kush, Atl that's OG, ask my nigga Burner errbody know me
 Out in Amsterdam, Wizzle smokin' overseas
Imma hit this bong for errone that smoke trees
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