

G Shyt

Wiz Khalifa

[Wiz Khalifa - Verse 1]

Adjust my Louie V vision

Fall up in the spot

As long as me and my gang get in

Every n-gga I came with, came to spend chips

On popping champagne and tipping waitresses

G'd up, what you think this is?

Put your feet up, this the fast, life mama speed up

Pop the cork, roll the weed up

Nowadays ain't f-cking with the bar

Still aint nothing changed but the horses in my car

Usually ain't into showing hoes where I live

But tonight we gon' go to my crib

Be on your toes, your boyfriend smell that weed on your clothes

He don't know what I did, drop you off at your whip

Work by 8, almost 6, plus your n-gga calling

Think he starting to catch wind

Look at your phone, press end

Can't hurt him with what he doesn't know

Plus you figure we're both grown, come on[Chorus]

Money ain't a thang

Tell the waitress call and bring a bottle for every n-gga that's here with me

That's the kinda G-Shit I'm on

G-Shit I'm on, G-Shit I'm on

Got n-ggas rolling weed

Bitches with their hands in the air

Tell the DJ damn that's my song

I ain't trying fall in love with you

Let me fill your cup then find our way home[Wiz Khalifa - Verse 2]

High off the life I'm living

Rooftop you gonna need binocular vision

Order a few shots and them things that you say you do not do

You probably gonna give in

Say it's wrong, I call it a statement for the mission

To get you high as you want, break dress code

Skip the line to the front

Ride top down, fire the skunk, soon as the dooby get down

Roll another one

? a couple of you, bring my brother one

The bitches can't roll weed, I ain't f-cking with them
That's just real shit, spend Vegas chips, all expense paid trips
Buy the champagne and spill it, we don't save a sip
And you here with me in VIP taking risk
Home girl saying shit like "Rose my favorite"
Plus I'm rolling up all this weed you ever smell
Weed in your hair, weed in your nail, she under a spell[Chorus x2]
Money ain't a thang
Tell the waitress call and bring a bottle for every n-gga that's here with me
That's the kinda G-Shit I'm on
G-Shit I'm on, G-Shit I'm on
Got n-ggas rolling weed
Bitches with their hands in the air
Tell the DJ damn that's my song
I ain't trying fall in love with you
Let me fill your cup then find our way home

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

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