

Red Carpet (like A Movie)

Wiz Khalifa

Yea

Gettin' more scrill, deal or no deal uh

Yea, chubby bags

Heavy hustle, course the gang, uh

On, and on, and on, and on and

We just drink and smoke until the morning

You're homegirl's texting you, ignoring them

Hit the weed, giggle a little, then you get horny

I hit the weed, get on my mission, and then I'm goin' in

Knowin' damn well they got boyfriends

Till they get the front door, asked her which floor I'm on

I'm at the top, polo socks and pajamas on

She smoke chronic, know the lyrics to all my songs

It's like I died and went to heaven, me and all my dogs

That's why we sip champagne till the bottles gone

Roll weed on ya take the bitches, I don't follow y'all

[Chorus]

I can never make up this if I wanted to

It's real talk what I'm saying to you

I don't wanna wake up, knowing just one thought of you

Got me fallen I can't get up (get up)

So will you co-star with me?

Cause my life is like a movie

Champagne parties in my hotel

Her friends don't even smoke, but they diggin' the smell

Ex-boyfriend ringin' ya cell

But every effort to save you's to no avail

Nothin' but starter's on my team nigga coach fail

And all we do is get high and watch the dough swim

Relatively fly like a meteor or spaceship

Party every night, and early morning get wasted

All the way 100 you others niggas are make-shift

Roll that rapper weed, you smoke and don't wanna taste it, lets face it

She wanna fly where the planes is

Got her testin' out all of my trees, mint-flavors

She ? the paper

[Chorus: x2]

We stay smokin' that la-la-la
Easy rider, joint roller, my 9-5
You can prolly smell it in the car when we ridin' by
More like all the way up, we ain't kinda high
We more than fly, introduce you to the gang members
That's Taylor, like blood, no gang members
No names enter, and now you on champagne land
I'm on an island of hard liquor
It be fans, joint lit, and guitar pickers
Goin' nowhere for awhile, I got good snickers
Now you wanna mingle, heard young single
Big face chips baby, stack my Pringles
You call it tight, I say well-fit
And we ain't takin' no prisoners, now you jealous
In ya state please make sure the weed great
Fresh produce, purple and green crates
Groove, crisp bills in my jean pants
Telly room prolly doin' the Uncle Snoop dance, yea

[Chorus: x2]

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