

Landing

Wiz Khalifa & Curren\$y

Yuh, jets nigga now where haven't we been yet?
Bitches, I taylor gang that
How fly
The backseat is for newborns
Homie, I'm grown
I'll hop in front
And drive this bitch on my own
Out the driveway
Windows half raised
Bumpin' ma\$e or some sade'
Chuckin' the deuces to my neighbors
Like them houston players
Got the two door caprice
Black and red, like a Sega Genesis
Password first pimpin'
Or you can't get into this hangar
Access denied, you can't fly
You a lame spiderman
Tangled in a web of lies
Global travel, red eyes
Plan plots, strategize
Doubt xl, now I'm after
The source and the vibe
Only magazines yet to recognize
In 2009
Nigga worth it, he deserve it
He ain't perfect, but he workin'
On that second album
Dropped the first one
Digital dollars, afford flights
Where the massages will be provided
By my down ass exotic dancing italian goddess
The planes got it
That's why she's ridin' with the pilot
Find spitta smoked out in the same crowd
Where waldo was spotted
Orange rectangle boxes in my pockets
Niggas on a quest like johnny and hodgy
(jet set, now where haven't we been yet?)

The mix tape is officially done
This is it, right here
I'm back better than ever
just weed crushers
Rollers, and one and a half wide papers
Catch me and spitta smokin' up
You got trees, nigga? light it
I heard this is a weed friendly environment
Seen 'em at my shows
Front row, gettin' excited
They all smoke and memorize my lines
Say I'm the tightest
Know bitches who rep the gang
Hard as niggas who do the same
And don't support the bullshit
They only do the planes
In every city we smokin' like a train
They heard I'm swingin' past
Now them bitches gettin' gas, octaaane
Not a name to compare 'em to
I can skydive, no parachute
With just a dope pair of shoes
Zig zags and hella tattoos
Put you in a mindstate
That this is my movie
The bomb weed make it critical
Sit with the vampire in his interview

Lyrics provided by

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