

# Gin and Drugs (feat. Problem)

## Wiz Khalifa

[Chorus: Wiz Khalifa & Problem]

Up in this bitch and we all faded  
Fuck 'bout a bitch, no we don't save her  
Nothin' to a boss, do my own thing  
It's money over hoes, no I'm no stranger  
Want more bounce, we got more ounces  
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Want more bounce, we got more ounces  
Gin and drugs, gin and drugs  
Gin and drugs, we got gin and drugs  
Gin and drugs, gin and drugs  
Gin and drugs, we got gin and drugs  
We got

[Verse 1: Wiz Khalifa]

Only on Gin and them drugs, I walked in, in the club  
About three of them, dawg I'm not kiddin'  
When I tell you if you came with your bitch  
Then it's the end of my car, push-start the engine  
Let's start from the beginning  
With a young nigga from the 'Burgh  
Smokin' weed, gettin' money, fuck what you heard  
Know they hate 'cause I'm flyer than I ever been  
High off a medicine  
Bitch bad, her ass fat, I'll probably let her in  
Ball so fuckin' hard I need a letterman  
Know a couple niggas that I'm better than  
Pussy, I don't sweat it or the money 'cause I get it  
Taylor Gang on top, just remember that I said it  
Fuck this nigga bitch, grab my shit, then I jetted

[Chorus: Wiz Khalifa & Problem]

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Gin and drugs, gin and drugs  
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We got! [Verse 2: Problem]  
Baby it's fuck day, who wanna bang?  
Even though I had some, right 'fore I came  
It's lit though!  
Girl you ain't fuckin' what you here for?  
Got at least 3 zips rolled, all ready  
Wiz brought another jar with him  
Gin and drugs got me feelin' like a car hit him  
'Round 6 a.m once I hit my DM  
Didn't have a rubber so she got to feel this skin  
Money stacks stack high, bruh this don't bend  
What's up with your friend? Biatch!  
Ho, yeah-yeah-yeah  
Feeling like Mitch when the light hit him  
Married to the money, let the rice hit him [Chorus: Wiz Khalifa & Problem]  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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