

Bake Sale (Ft. Travis Scott)

Wiz Khalifa

Mistercap
You ready again bro?
Yeah!
TGOD Mafia
Straight out of Pittsburgh, mane
Can't smoke weed to it
Don't doubt this nigga
I don't wanna listen to it
He the truth, niggaAt my bake sale
We can't wait to bake, hell yeah
Laughin' off this drank, hell yeah
Lord, for heaven's sake, hell yeah
All day, hell yeah
We've been countin' cake, hell yeah
Puffin' on this dank, hell yeah
We can't wait to bake, hell yeahI've been on the phone, hell yeah
Gettin' calls from home, hell yeah
So I started up a bake sale, yeah
They know I got all the cake, hell yeahCookies and OG
Come to my crib, we blow by the Os
Kush, you already know
It ain't in a joint, we don't even smoke it
I keep a bitch gettin' stoned
We wakin' and bakin', puffin' a J
She told me that I'm her new favorite
How much do we blaze? A hundred a day
Say they got the good but what the pack smell like?
Feel like it's a dream but now we back to real life
It's incredible
I got flowers, wax, inhalers, edibles
All shit you never saw
And it's all at my bake sale
Roll another one, help me think well
I stay with the plane
I'm slangin' them thangs, you know we ain't new to this
Let's turn on the stove and call up some hoes
Let's roll up and do this shitAt my bake sale
We can't wait to bake, hell yeah
Laughin' off this drank, hell yeah

Lovin', havin' sex, hell yeah
 All day, hell yeah
 We've been countin' cake, hell yeah
 Puffin' on this dank, hell yeah
We can't wait to bake, hell yeah I just rolled a pound at my bake sale
 Bitches goin' down at my bake sale
 I just keep it real, I don't fake well
 Niggas say they on, well I can't tell
I just fucked three hoes, I don't know they name
 Pussy come and pussy go, it's all the same
 Rollin' up the weed while I count the cake
 Naked bitches in the kitchen, shake 'n' bake
What you think? I'm off this dank, I'm off that drank
 I often blaze an ounce a day
 You at my crib, it's no mistake
 Rollin' papers, rollin' trays, shattered pieces
Glasses, lighters, torches, fuck it, anything that matters
 You can get it all right here at my At my bake sale
 We can't wait to bake, hell yeah
 Laughin' off this drank, hell yeah
 Lovin', havin' sex, hell yeah
 All day, hell yeah
 We've been countin' cake, hell yeah
 Puffin' on this dank, hell yeah
We can't wait to bake, hell yeah Roll, roll one up
 Got a J, make a plane, now we goin' up
 All day, every day, we ain't roll enough
Get a pound, break it down, get them cones though
 It's goin' down, it's goin' down
 I'mma roll one up
 Got a J, make a plane and we goin' up
 All day, every day, we ain't smoke enough
 I'm on the K, K, stoned as fuck
 At my bake sale yeah

Songwriters

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CRAZY MIKE Published by

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