

Bake Sale (feat. Travis Scott)

Wiz Khalifa

[Intro: Juicy J + Wiz Khalifa]

Mr. Captain

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, nigga[Hook: Travi\$ Scott]

At my bake sale yeah

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[Bridge: Travis Scott]

I'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 yeah[Verse 1: Wiz Khalifa]

Cookies 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 shit[Hook: Travi\$ Scott]
At my bake sale yeah
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[Verse 2: Wiz Khalifa]
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 their name
Pussy come and pussy go, it's all the same
I'm rollin' up the weed while I count the cake
Naked bitches in the kitchen, shake 'n' bake
What you think? I'm on 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, spark it, anything that matters
You can get it all right here at my[Hook: Travi\$ Scott]
At my bake sale yeah
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[Outro: Wiz Khalifa + Travis Scott]
Roll, roll one up
Get 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, goin' down
I'ma roll one up
Get a J, make a plane, now 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