

Reefer Party

Wiz Khalifa

[Wiz Khalifa]Thousand pounds of weed
Riding in my car so fast I wont turn down the speed
Them hoes dont use they feet no more, they break down to their knees
And suck me like a king
Rose in my champagne glass and diamonds in my ring
Uh, roll some, thats your bitch on my dick, I might let her hold something
You niggas smoking sevens Imma need a whole onion, whole youngin, oh
Same ones that hate, same ones that tag along
No Blackberry, too many lame niggas call my phone
Call me world wide Wiz cause I'm never home
Ever leave me round your bitch I'mma get her stoned
And you know that, I rock camos and throwbacks
And go download some of my old track and go play somewhere there's hoes at
Fucking high, and you down there where them lows at
Gettin tired of hearing my flow jacked go head hand me a joint you cant roll that
(Chorus)

I got a whole lot of hochie, and I'm rolling up for anyone in here that knows me
Everybody smoking, yeaaaaaaaaa its a partyyyyyyyyy, oh, its a party
Everybody smoking papers, nobody smoking blunts
Bitches rolling weed and my niggas f-cked up
yeaaaaaaaaa its a partyyyyyyyyy, oh, its a party
[Chevy Woods]Quarter pound of that sour, thats four days on tour
Sleeping on how we smoke, see all these pillows on this floor
Every state we score, fill those papers they be raw
Look like a piece of chalk in my hand but I aint writing on the chalkboard
And I heard its a party, its a party its a party but I'm cool
Them niggas smoking garbage, I'm no fool

We give 5 j's out half zips? Nigga thats really smoking
Aint enough weed up in that swisha to get you high, you joking
Niggas claim that they be high, they be hella low
When they gang up in the building you gon' smell that sour smoke
I could get that shit from my backyard, go pick it out myself
Yellow light let me slow it down, niggas need some help
28 aint enough you need more
All this weed over here, thats 1 weed jar
When them planes get the flying, niggas wanna part
Smoking crash with the plane, Amelia Earhart
(Chorus)

[Neako]What I smoke in one day, these niggas dont smoke in one week
Riding round and its just me, Pepsi can, playing that Bun B
Gotta smoke that dope on the run with me, comfortably, I'm smoking weed
Doing speeds, who with me, probably a chick from TMZ
I make her roll like two or three, let her smoke and feel the breeze
Ya'll chip in on a half a zip, counting grams, saving weed
Average shit, it was us just smoking out in NY
Swear to GOD we let ten fly, thats ten planes with ten guys
Nine smoke, meaning someone left without his mind pot
Planes Continental, flights nonstop
You get some zips, well get some P's
Smoke your spliffs and ragged bitch tell me how does she breath
Perfect planes, we call them G6?s
And its just me chilling, me and three bitches
Rolling up its cool, come take this bong rip
Pack this bold straight dope, make your lungs rip
(Chorus)

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