

# Wassup

## Wiz Khalifa

Yeahh.  
Some old school shit.  
When uhhhh, you be at the lunch table  
Ha ha ha.  
This that right here.Uh yeah  
I put my team on  
Now we in the game but I memba days when I ain't have no-one to lean on  
I learned to hold my own  
And sing the skys the limit, take a hundred dollar bill and make a paper plane.  
And try to make a name  
And when ya done giving ya all you give ya everythang  
You got what it takes  
I told the world my song  
They lovin it  
You can't tell me nothin cause my whole clique stuntin  
Boy wassupppYeahhhhhh [x4]So where ya goin, ya lifes on a road  
From the party to the plane and ya names in the light show.  
You find your way back home, away from all the pressure and a women tryin to stress you  
Find a new one  
You've reached a new phase  
They got you lookin at tomorrow like a new stay  
And not a new day  
To some it may seem wrong  
But fuck it, cause I'm good weed puffin and my whole team stuntin  
Boy wassupppYeahhhhhh [x4]And I hop up out the bed  
Grab my iPhone  
Put some kush in the swisha  
Roll one up  
When you live the star life  
Gotta go hard so you workin all night, sleep when the sun come upYeahhhhhh [x2]Hahaha.  
Yeah  
Okayyyyyyy

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>