

# Bake Sale (Feat. 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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