

Napkins

Wiz Khalifa

I need my mother fucking keys
Hold on
Bitch you got my keys
Gimme those shits Oh now I'm ready
You start my mother fucking car
Yeah! spark one up
Big Jerm! I'm getting faded while I drive
Got your bitch up in my ride
Smoke up in the car and it's leather all inside
I'm playin old school pimpin
Got your bitch with me that's right homie and we trippin. I'm getting faded while I drive
Got your bitch up in my ride
Smoke up in the car and it's leather all inside
I'm playin old school pimpin
Got your bitch with me that's right homie and we trippin.
67 impala that's with a lot of work
My bitch want her hair to blow so I'ma need a vert
It's never a drought never in need of the work
I see you p**sys from the far in need of a skirt
You know I ride playin old school pimpin
Got your bitch with me homie ohh, that's why you're trippin
Well let me get my luggage that car is bout your budget
She say I go fuck it start the juice like Nantucket
She doing things for me that she don't do it when you around
Prince of the city two bust her down
Alaskan sports ya that's cold game
She doing what she doing I don't know her name
But you say that that's your girlfriend and give her tornado
Got her cut up in my whirlwind
You know I got the juice no bishop though
Red cups sipping slow... hoe!
I'm getting faded while I drive
Got your bitch up in my ride
Smoke up in the car and it's leather all inside
I'm playin old school pimpin
Got your bitch with me that's right homie and we trippin. I'm getting faded while I drive
Got your bitch up in my ride
Smoke up in the car and it's leather all inside
I'm playin old school pimpin

Got your bitch with me that's right homie and we trippin. I be with some hippie niggas trippie niggas
Always smoking with these niggas
If you got a zone and numbers to my phone then hit me nigga
Flashy nigga leaving rental cars around with ashes nigga
Get a joint roll it light it hit it twice then pass it nigga
Famous niggas at the party smell some weed and blame us nigga
You'd be what some smoking on and don't know what the name is nigga
I'll be with the gangest niggas pound o'weed and gangest bitches
Standing on the couch just drinking out the bottle taking pictures
Yeah and my card ain't got no limit and my automor
Is sick and hoe got it so I spend it
On the first class flight but I go private in a minute
What you want I probably got it tryin to do I probably did itAhhAnd my gang so wit it
You niggas act like bitches
Emotional, usually smoke one for you haters
But right now I'm smoking twoI'm getting faded while I drive
Got your bitch up in my ride
Smoke up in the car and it's leather all inside
I'm playin old school pimpin
Got your bitch with me that's right homie and we trippin.I'm getting faded while I drive
Got your bitch up in my ride
Smoke up in the car and it's leather all inside
I'm playin old school pimpin
Got your bitch with me that's right homie and we trippin.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>