

Blindfolds (feat. Juicy J)

Wiz Khalifa

[Intro: Wiz Khalifa]

Real trippy niggas

Hippy niggas

Uh nigga my mom blow that kinda cash nigga
What you talking about poppin bottles and shit...

Groceries fool

[Verse 1 - Wiz Khalifa]

Uh you know I kill...

Any motherfuckin' song that I go on
And now I dont gotta count the money that I spent
Cause I get it in

My bread so long, my bank big nigga grow long
My brain fried nigga so long
I hate fake niggas and so on

Take all the money that I made this year
And that be the reason that you're hatin
Plus I smoke the bombest weed I call it Californication
A island for vacation I'm piling all this cake
A hundred thousand for the safe
Just bought a pound and I'mma face it
Now watch me

You nigga see my pieces try to cropy
My Rollie presidential plus the rings that I got on by Versace
And I ain't even cocky I'm just confident that I'm the shit
You hatin mother fuckers know what time it is

[Hook]

I'm just riding around on my side of town
Got my windows up and my speakers loud
And we smokin so I'm gonna need a pound
Bet the haters wish they could see me now
But the money in the way
Everyone of us get money bruh
But the money in the way
My nigga on the real, all you see is dollar bill

[Verse 2 - Juicy J]

I blow a hundred bands just to fuck around with
That ho that you in love with the ho I mess around with
Come fuck with a Taylor, blue dream in my paper
Bombeizell for my people but tonight I'm doing Jaeger

20 years on and I ain't falling off
Niggas flex about the check and they run their mouth
Ferrari pull up guess who hoppin out
With a double couple in hand and some money count
Rockin Louie this I'm rockin Louie that
Louie on my ass, Louie on my hat
When I hit the club Louie in my hand
That's the Louie 13, Louie in my glass

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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