

# Mia Wallace

## Wiz Khalifa

Uh, wake up to the cleaning lady knockin' n'shit I close the door so I can bake up  
Cause yesterday we partied the night away, stumbled in close to fo', room full of expensive bags  
Still all the shit on the floor, but that's just how you live when your wife's a model  
Smoke a pound soon as we touch down do the same thing twice tomorrow  
Not to mention what I spend in the club nigga don't even price the bottle  
I promise my weed exotic all my tree is fire when you see me im just  
    Floatin' on that chronic  
    Floatin' on that chronic  
Im just Floatin' on that chronic  
    Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' Floatin' on that chronic  
    Floatin' on that chronic  
Im just Floatin' on that chronic  
    Floatin' on that chronic  
    Floatin' Floatin'

Down the street pound the beat I smoke a pound of weed  
Heard about it don't believe come to my house and see  
I be high, I be somewhere where them ounces be  
    California Kush, New York smokin' sour D  
Detroit bubba Kush, Atl that's OG, ask my nigga Burner errbody know me  
    Out in Amsterdam, Wizzle smokin' overseas  
Imma hit this bong for errone that smoke trees  
    Floatin' on that chronic  
    Floatin' on that chronic  
Im just Floatin' on that chronic  
    Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' Floatin' on that chronic  
    Floatin' on that chronic  
Im just Floatin' on that chronic  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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