

# The Blend

## Wiz Khalifa & Curren\$y

I'm in the air all I want is the money and I see it so clear,  
weed in my grinder, mine on a million  
taylor gang on the planes, you know we over the building,  
if they ask me how fly, imma tell ya  
if you reconize game, I should be looking familiar,  
if they ask me how fly, imma tell ya  
if you reconize a G, I should be lookin familiar, Party and chillin and fast livin how im suppose too,  
not the choices given, I chose too,  
leave the club with a couple of hoes who,  
love to smoke trees, rolling it e-z widers,  
paper maintain a low speed, now should I proceed,  
come from a city where niggas ain't got a lot,  
but got it locked, so I be low key,  
money, hoes, clothes is all a nigga knows,  
don't bring enough I blow it by the O,  
I hit the road, cause shit is exactly how it seems,  
why cat's been sleeping on me I been livin out my dream,  
the marijuana is loud but my sorroundings are soreem,  
I'm laughin and smoking hoping my camera catch the scene,  
fresh up out the plane, flick another paper,  
shorty wanna ride with me as bad as I wanna taker her,  
put you in demand bitches taking flicks with the planes,  
and send them to their friends,  
weed the grind mine on a million, and we over the building I'm in the air all I want is the money and I see it so  
clear,  
weed in my grinder, mine on a million  
taylor gang on the planes, you know we over the building,  
if they ask me how fly, imma tell ya  
if you reconize game, I should be looking familiar,  
if they ask me how fly, imma tell ya  
if you reconize a G, I should be lookin familiar, And I'm livin like a balla Loc,  
I'm having money and blowing hella chronic smoke,  
did we just become best friends with these hoes,  
on a boat well, probably so but we don't love them no,  
only can cake causes my heart to palpitate darling,  
clean that money keep this dirty ball revolving,  
no pausing, I get too high to have downtime,  
no matter what your watch say nigga it's my time,  
i hear them critics right now "all them fools make is weed songs" blah blah blah,

you sound like a sucka, tune ya out,  
as i'm tuning up my Chevelle, this weekend imma pull it out,  
lay some rubber down, slanging rocks everywhere, people mad as a mothafucka,  
but he jet connected, so they know they can't touch em,  
airborn from here on, been sworn in,  
fat pockets, cause I took chance even when they were slim

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