

The Thrill

Wiz Khalifa

Searching for the thrill of it, thrill of it,
Say that it's love, but to me it's looking counterfeit,
I get done with one and move on to another bitch
Yea college educated, she graduated
Any bill she can't front, her parents paid it
The show was far, you the only one with a car
And your girlfriends, but being that she's a big fan, of course she made it
Most girls wanna hide the fact that the thrill they chase it
But you just wanna get drunk tonight and fuck someone famous
So I just name a time and a place and your game for it
Value player, hotel room, meet you there[background]:]
{Walking on a dream
How can I explain
Talking to myself}
Just travelin' the world
{Will I see again}
Tryin' different drugs and girls{We are always running for the thrill of it, thrill of it
Always pushing up the hill searching for the thrill of it
On and on and on we are calling out and out again
Never looking down, I'm just in awe of what's in front of me}And I'm addicted to champagne
Fuck the room we buy the hallway
Bitches I Taylor Gang that
They just wanna know where the planes atTake the little one outta there
Or like, just turn it down
And then I'm um probably just gonna go back smoke another one in an hour
Just get real airy, fuckin' dreamy and shitWake up drunk go to sleep fucked up
We both amazed at what we just done
Mixin' drinks, knowin we'll regret this
Ain't been asleep yet, room service bringin' us breakfast
All this money, darlin, what else is left to do
But smoke an enjoy my presidential view
Got a swimmin pool in my living room
On stage, interviews, tons of sour, let's consume{We are always running for the thrill of it, thrill of it
Always pushing up the hill searching for the thrill of it
On and on and on we are calling out and out again
Never looking down, I'm just in awe of what's in front of me}And I'm addicted to champagne
Fuck the room, we buy the whole wing
Bitches I Taylor Gang that
They just wanna know where the planes atAnd I'm addicted to champagne

Fuck the room, we buy the hallway
Bitches I Taylor Gang that
They just wanna know where the planes at
What's this?
Burn after rollin?
Yeah, that's what it is
Until I drop the next one
It's just that { Catch me I'm falling down
Catch me I'm falling down
Don't stop, just keep going on
I'm your shoulder lean upon
So come on, deliver from inside
All we got is tonight that is right till first light } I'm stoned
This is what, mix tape number 6? 7?
I don't know, but um, good weeds still in the building
Your bitch still hittin me on whatever I use on the computer these days
Everything's going how it's supposed to be
Yes, Taylor Gang over everything...

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

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