

This Plane

Wiz Khalifa

Yeah it's young Khalifa Man
Mr. Spacely
Everyone call me man
Taylor Gang or die
And this project is brought to you by
Champagne
And paper planes too
Yeah
Rostrum Records in this bitch
Taylor Gang, Heavy Hustle
Deal or No Deal
Yeah, bitch You know
I'm
Screaming fuck them niggas who hated, I'm money affiliated
Speculating me landing, must have got me mistaken with lame niggas
Know you gone get high as fuck as long as the planes with you
Left that major situation alone and became richer
People talking down but see me I'm the same nigga
Leave your bitch around we gone drink the champagne with her
We don't touch the ground, see a cloud with my name it
Only ez-widers, please no cigars for me and my gang
Fool, I'm a legend in these streets 'cause how I do my thang
And don't wear the fitted, I got the city on my chain
Oh man, still they hate and talk smack, knowing if I was gone
There'd be no throne to throw your rocks at
Cruise at maximum altitudes I'm tryna top that
So in touch with the real them suckas tryna stop that
But I, live or let die, party get high
And tell them lames to deplane or let flyDon't know what they hatin' for, I'm just gettin' my paper
Well, maybe they'll love me more when I'm gone
I don't wanna leave, but I need to, it's such a shame
(Shame, shame)
They gon' miss this plane (plane, plane)
They gon' miss this plane (plane, plane)
They gon' miss this plane (plane, plane)
They gon' miss this plane
I try to believe you, I don't wanna leave but I need toStuck alone in this wave race
Say I'm living too fast, don't plan on changing my pace
Got one foot on the gas, there's never a need for brakes

Smoke ez-wider's with hash, fuck bitches from out of state
Valet bringing my cars, a waiter to bring me plates
Shrimp and fillet Mignon, we celebrate buying drinks
With a couple of broads, my nigga's and who got love for me
It's lonely at the top, I'm tired of having company
Uh, so while you busy trying to fit in, I'mma stand out
And view my life through this lens to see how it pans out
Substitute teacher ass niggas, need a handout
Middle finger screaming fuck them niggas who hated, I'm money affiliated
Pop another bottle, that chronic smoke integrated
Speculating me landing must've got me mistaken
I'm speaking as the captain of the plane
You're a runner on the jet way

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