

# 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 fly Don'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 to Stuck 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

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