

# This Plane (nosleep remix)

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

Songwriters

ERIC DAN, CAMERON JIBRIL THOMAZ

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