

## Wiz Khalifa "Air Born"

Visit "[Air Born](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeahh  
Damn  
Hold on turn me up a little bit more  
Yeahh bitch  
Always wanted to do this shit  
This is it what  
Luccini (in front of)  
Ugh Ugh Ugh Nigga Yeah

[Verse 1]

Fresh up off the plane  
Real niggas embrace my music  
And bitches go insane  
Even the kids throwing up the gang?  
They dont bother pronouncing my name  
They just look at my chain  
Boy how much you spent on it?  
This ain't nothing but hard work  
and what you can get from it  
Ain't no toilet paper  
But this smell like the shit don't it?  
Smoking chronic and drinking pints  
til we get sick stomach  
And them suckers ain't gotta like it, cuz your bitch love  
it  
I'm a roll it, she gon' light it  
Tell me she in desperate need of a pilot  
I told her kick her feet up  
We gone go do my pit soon as I roll this weed up  
Call some friends of yours and we could all have a  
smoke out  
You ain't gotta hold it too long,  
this is rapper weed  
Couple hits is all you go need  
In my versace frames, I blaze, somewhere on a Island  
Smokin' some ray, middle of the day, drunk dialing  
Be suprised at how high a nigga get  
I'm a different kinda fly, we aint on the same shit,  
nigga

[Chorus]

I won't lannnd

Won't lannd  
Won't lannd  
I won't lannnd  
Won't lannd  
Won't lannd  
I won't lannnd  
Won't lannd  
Won't lannd  
I won't lannnd  
Won't lannd  
Won't lannd  
I won't lannnd

[Verse 2]

No need to apologize you should know how fly niggas  
do  
Only ez-widers, been done with them cigarillos fool  
I been on the road, shopping and killin them interviews  
Heard I just left a major deal, but my paper major still  
All of them fans in love with me cause I say what's real  
So I could never give a fuck how a hater feel  
But uh, everytime they send a driver for me and Will  
I call it, doin my talkin on the field  
At first niggas was tuff, they don't wanna be gangsta's  
now  
Traces of my flow, yea they copy and paste my style  
Wouldn't think I would notice it  
While in my hotel, smokin wit yo Bitch, FOOL! haha  
And this is it what, relax your feet, put on some music,  
roll a zip up  
And we gon smoke until its gone, never see me cuff  
Can't speak for sucka's who do  
Because I'm G'd up, what! haha

[Chorus]

I won't lannnd  
Won't lannd  
Won't lannd  
I won't lannnd  
Won't lannd  
Won't lannd  
I won't lannnd  
Won't lannd  
Won't lannd  
I won't lannnd  
Won't lannd  
Won't lannd  
I won't lannnd  
Won't lannd  
I won't lannnd

