

Wiz Khalifa "Blindfolds"

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[Intro: Wiz Khalifa] Real trippy niggas

Hippy niggas

Uh nigga my mom blow that kinda cash nigga What you talking about poppin bottles and shit...

Groceries fool

[Verse 1 - Wiz Khalifa]

Uh you know I kill...

Any motherfuckin' song that I go on

And now I dont gotta count the money that I spent

Cause I get it in

My bread so long, my bank big nigga grow long

My brain fried nigga so long

I hate fake niggas and so on

Take all the money that I made this year

And that be the reason that you're hatin

Plus I smoke the bombest weed I call it Californication

A island for vacation I'm piling all this cake

A hundred thousand for the safe

Just bought a pound and I'mma face it

Now watch me

You nigga see my pieces try to cropy

My Rollie presidential plus the rings that I got on by

Versace

And I ain't even cocky I'm just confident that I'm the shit

You hatin mother fuckers know what time it is

[Hook]

I'm just riding around on my side of town

Got my windows up and my speakers loud

And we smokin so I'm gonna need a pound

Bet the haters wish they could see me now

But the money in the way

Everyone of us get money bruh

But the money in the way

My nigga on the real, all you see is dollar bill

[Verse 2 - Juicy]]

I blow a hundred bands just to fuck around with

That ho that you in love with the ho I mess around with

Come fuck with a Taylor, blue dream in my paper

Bombeizell for my people but tonight I'm doing Jaeger

20 years on and I ain't falling off

Niggas flex about the check and they run their mouth

Ferrari pull up guess who hoppin out
With a double couple in hand and some money count
Rockin Louie this I'm rockin Louie that
Louie on my ass, Louie on my hat
When I hit the club Louie in my hand
That's the Louie 13, Louie in my glass

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