

## Wiz Khalifa "Burn After Rolling"

Visit "[Burn After Rolling](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Taylor Gang  
paper planes  
you know what i say, tell them to keep count  
you other niggas speak bout  
Lamborghini dreams, beach house wishes, pour bottles  
of champagne for my beach house bitches  
It aint new to me that money boy I been bout. throwing  
100s on the floor, i tell her keep  
count. nigga they aint loving what i say cause I really  
live the life you other niggas speak bout  
got my cameraman he down to do a movie for me,  
couple niggas round his diamond do the shooting  
for me. Im still riding with my main bitch she rolling the  
joints something old school playing  
She love me, we fucking we in the fly free zone when  
some niggas will cap and save it.  
I let her shop till she dropped dead sleeping in the crib  
wake up to decent pot plant  
Short shorts and a pair of polo socks blazing with your  
bitch, if you wanna live smoke this

(Chorus-x3)

Im glad to be here out the way in so long so long so  
long  
I finally found me a cloud to float on float on  
And im gonna float on float on float on float on  
And im gonna float on float on float on float on float on

And I dont have much but I take all I got and thats what  
i give what i give  
What I get in return is the money I earn and the life I  
live life i live  
Im so gone as I burn after rolling after rolling and float  
on float on float on

Talk numbers I hire people to speak for me, if you love  
her hide your bitch so you  
keep shorty ever fly private so much diamonds in my  
chain hella sky mileage  
I fell asleep on a plane and never woke up and now im  
living the dream

Suckas hate hard hoes treat me like im a king they  
wanna live comfortably  
sippin on champagene real niggas fuck with me so  
drama is not a thing  
I gave my momma the osha told her anything that  
came through the door  
open the whole clip im with your bitch smoking let her  
keep the mid  
im gonna roll this potent hotel so close to the water you  
can even hear  
the ocean. them bitches cant breathe beware them  
niggas with tattooed sleeves  
Wanna smoke cause they know that I keep flavors tell  
me how them other niggas  
lame and she love the cool breath so she fucking with  
the taylors  
wear Allstars and smoke papers iphone with no  
ringtone vibrator on plane mode  
palm trees and bompree road the weed burning but the  
money just flow  
while im looking at your niggas fate light another L and  
pull the liquour  
out the case niggas try and bail see me now they want  
to hate fly another plane  
different city nother state my cash change the forecast  
as the team was half baked  
before class now i smoke joints with other niggas hoes  
and this shit you burn after  
you roll fool.

Visit [Wiz Khalifa](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.