

Wiz Khalifa

"Cookies And Pounds"

Visit "[Cookies And Pounds](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

ft. Berner, ChevyWoods

Niggas got it fucked up, probably thinking it's a game
I'mma smile and laugh but I ain't playing with them
I'm up all day I work all night I roll a weed I'm on a flight
Soon as a land I'm gonna write I'm on the grind
40 hours 2 shows 3 planes 6 zeros
Flying all around the world like I'm a fucking hero
Pouring it straight out the bottle that's how we drink
liquor
And we all from the same hood, that's why we feel the
same thing
Life say "If one of our pocket's hurting, we all gonna
feel the same pain"
Eyes smoking out the car service police escorting now
the dawg nervous
We the bomb searchers, penthouse whole room filled
with cash in it
Old school back seat with a stash in it big joint OG
mixed with hash in it
And it's TGOD you niggas last minute your flow last
year, the swag last fall
You just the last place, you ain't gonna last at all

You niggas want kush we got ounces
You niggas want cookies we got pounds
You niggas want kush we got ounces
You niggas want cookies we got pounds

You know it's Taylor Gang or die haha word

Uh, fresh out the spot where they selling
You gotta pay them the coop
Ain't no rules out this motherf---cker
Who sold you that book
Bitch we down when it's cracking
Around my way and you know that
Can get more than I ever asked
So be afraid of the go back
Yeah I'm talk and I'm cool moving
No cameras respect the shooters

I'm out on this money train
You don't know about hustle, do you?
It's everything in or nothing
Bitch you know how I get down
You wasn't mad at me before
So why is you mad at me now?
The alcohol got you talking
You do the same things and the Cops
Know conversation know where we playing
Only for money calls only. more lyrics at eliterics
That mean I can't deal with them old games
That you tryna kick this ain't Shinobi
I told her, "baby you thirsty?" She responded I'm cool
Said your wrist it's got water, I told her bitch it's a pool
Feel me gang now but concrete dive in first
But if you owe me money I need my bread first, word

You niggas want kush we got ounces
You niggas want cookies we got pounds
You niggas want kush we got ounces
You niggas want cookies we got pounds

What you smoking all night? Aha
What you got in your bag,...?
The same shit new bitch with me,.. through fifty
I'm running through the stop lights late night
I told baby girl get your cake right, that kush doesn't
taste right
We take it to the hand, all you smeller KK and cookie
smoke in the Benz
Where my roof go I stack up quick, while they move
slow
White girls in my room I'm smoking while they do blow
Plus life, no crushed ice... my bookie loves life
But fuck it, I like to blow cash I don't talk it's nothing
Two first class flights to the function
Twenty... a hundred twenty grand in the city where the
pretty girls dance
And the plants grow, in the warehouse skinny cash
If you pass me bullshit, I'mma laugh, I'm the man no lie
baby

You niggas want kush we got ounces
You niggas want cookies we got pounds
You niggas want kush we got ounces
You niggas want cookies we got pounds

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

