

## Wiz Khalifa

### "Dot Dot Dot"

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[Verse 1: Wiz Khalifa]

King size papers, king size bed  
Niggas blow money but I'd rather keep mine instead  
Roll something nigga, blow something  
Say you're ballin' out of control  
Let a nigga hold something  
Specially if you got in, and he don't put his niggas on  
Tell me what's the sense in even having it for?  
Cause when you're broke, you'll have everything to  
gain  
When you lose it all...  
Let you inhale out the vap'  
Do it for the taste  
Usually I roll one up, then pass around  
But now I smoke it to the face  
Cause chiefting with niggas is such a waste  
Unless they my niggas, and 9 out of 10 times  
They got their own pound with 'em  
Own pack of papers and filters, on the ground  
We be smoking them things like 6 at a time  
5 in the L, 4 breakin' down  
3 in my head, 2 on my mind, nigga

[Hook]

One rolled, one rolled, one rolled, one rolled  
I keep more than one rolled...  
One rolled, one rolled, one rolled, one rolled  
I keep more than one rolled...

[Verse 2: Curren\$y]

A bit of a pothead  
It has been said I keep one rolled up  
Like LL's pants legs  
Full of life in this bitch, though  
I may seem half-dead  
Trust me, I'm cool  
I just ain't talking to you  
And them Jet's coming through  
It's just as I predicted  
Got a bigger portion

Cause the Jet's eating off bigger dishes now...  
Ain't that the biggest fish up in this pond?  
Since life's a bitch, tell her roll my shit up, huh?  
Secret compartment in my car, James Bond  
Though I'm James ball nigga bread long  
And my name known known in e'ry home household  
Caught them pussies slippin' tryna squeeze  
In the mouse, ho. That cheese is "nachos"  
You are not chose by the Gods  
To live as we do, so play your role in the movie  
Ain't no pause, no rewind  
For no man, waste time  
So I ain't wasting mine  
More grass, more green, more grind, nigga I keep:

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Big Sean]

And these bitch ass niggas  
F-ck around, I'ma have to bitch-smack me a nigga  
(These niggas)  
Roll around with a bunch of get-rich ass niggas  
Who the man? You ain't even gotta ask these niggas  
I'mma f-ck around and take these last 3 pictures  
Man, these bitches breakin' their neck  
Just to pass weed with us  
We both get high, get drunk, more shots, reload  
Too high, we know, 3 more, TeVo, we blow  
Bitch, how could you be so fine?  
Shake that ass, she's so mine  
Taking more double shots than free throw lines  
I'm might hit like 3-4 times  
They say "what the f-ck is you on?"  
F-ck if I'm right  
F-ck it, I'm on, you f-cking at home  
Watching my ass, bet that I'm on  
My way to the top, and I'm commin'along wit':

[Hook]

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