

Wiz Khalifa "Far From Coach"

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Ft. The Game & Stat Quo

And the kush became so strong
And the flights became private
And the bread became so long
Fast money and fly whips
We high, don't stop the smoke
And we fly G5, we so far from coach
Now you see why, when we high, can't stop the smoke
And we fly G5, we so far from coach

Smokin' that Buddah fillin'
Blowin' that Kudda illin'
I'm runnin' through the millions
I'm sittin' roofless chillin'
Koolaid in the polar bear
They flockin' cause they know it's there
Money game, money straight
Like Joe Key and Noah had
That's no bullshit, game time
Make you niggas change minds
Forfeit, or consume a full clip
Nigga like me eatin' small fish
With your bitch watchin' Swordfish
Niggas can't ignore this
You can't afford this - extravagant shit
We Louie Gucci Birkin baggin' this shit
Bag of the piff
Hot-boxin' in the back of the six
With Jimi Hendrix on, immaculate shit
Long way from Compton
Where we used to bag it in shifts with mags and the clips
Hurricane, right back on the shit
Back on the block with a package of spliffs
From blowin' cats, it's the Wiz, what it is

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Uh, you niggas want kush? We got ounces
Corgies we got pounds, clips we got rounds
Hundred thousand dollars when I skip through your
town
Baller shit, don't even want a piece, man, we want all of
it
Thirty thousand on the piece where my collar sit
Went so hard in the middle, East don't know what to
call this shit
Now I'm buyin' up all the champagne
Drinkin' away all of my problems, bitch
Might sound crazy
But I just left the private plane, promoter paid 100k
And I ain't even stay the whole day
Hit the crib, bought a pound and smoked the whole
thing
That Givency Men's collection, copped the whole thing
Not to mention all these diamonds in my gold ring
Made it to the top with nobody knowin'
Niggas say they safe, but nobody's showin'
Man he beats this shit, but nobody flowin'
Old Versace shit, the newest Rick Owens
If I'm rollin' it, you know that it's potent
With the Game and we smokin'

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Hah, it's self-explanatory how we get it
Roll the purp in a plane ticket
Stat hop to that money, but I don't ribbit
Post playa ball, nice in the pivot, Jays on but I fuck with
Pippin
Kays on when them niggas trippin'
Uh, pools of your partner blood, ya boy stay slippin'
Never tippin', stay sippin'
Court side, Blake Griffin
Stay missin', stackin' fitted while you niggas stay
bitchin'
Coka and Boca, the kush of them strokers

Grand daddy and oova, blow that smoke to Jehovah
Four-fifty my motor, use your bitch for my chauffeur
I encoded the cobra, mark priced the Rover
T-top in the Trans, hit the gas and it's over
Bitch please, this is how we get them hoes the doja
I got shooters, I know growers from Vancouver
Plus I'm cooler than the cooler at your grandmomma's
picnic
Bitch you?
Somethin' chill from Brazil, on the L
With Wiz and Game, my life is like Corona commercials
Family matters, Kevin Love at you Urkles
That's them wolves, niggas
They here to reverse birth you
Murk you, lights out no curfew
Bitch ain't stoppin' 'til my unborn seed seed's is rich
Or 'til Jesus sit right next to me
And smoke 'til the seasons switch, my nigga

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