

Wiz Khalifa "Hella Dope"

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It's fuck my nigga.
Rep Taylor Gang,
Wassup my nigga?
Big as a truck my nigga.
That's the bag I'm smokin'
You brag I'm hopin' that
You got some shit, too.
That's real shit
That a nigga do.
Like leave a joint on the table
Smoke, I don't drink sir, I'm not Maple.
No, and not able to hate on me, shit.
And the money I get
Make a nigga rich,
Make a bitch nigga sit,
Make a hoe get on dick.
Come to the crib and just strip.
Put a joint to my lips.
And get highed up, scryed up,
I mean skied up.
My niggas fried,
But don't try to run up on us.
'Cause it might happen.
For the streets nigga, I ain't just rappin'.
I gotta couple niggas cappin',
Hatin' on me,
But when you see me you dapin'.
What's happenin'?
You a fuck nigga,
I'm on the roll.
Gettin' bucks nigga,
Gettin' paid,
Gettin' laid.
You a roach nigga gettin' sprayed
By the Raid.
And them cops wanna raid us.
Bitch niggas wanna hate us.
But them niggas can't fade us.
I gotta afro, bad hoes.
Know a nigga name,
Yeah I'm on the plane,

Smellin' like weed.
Bringin' my trees with me
Everywhere I go
And everywhere I blow
Hella dope,
Hella smoke.
Hella dope,
Hella smoke
Hella dope,
Hella smoke.
Hella dope,
Hella smoke.
Hella dope,
Hella smoke.
Hella dope,
Hella smoke.
Hella dope,
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Hella dope,
Hella smoke.
I blow
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