

## **Wiz Khalifa "Mia Wallace"**

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Uh, wake up to the cleaning lady knockin' n'shit I close  
the door so I can bake up  
Cause yesterday we partied the night away, stumbled  
in close to fo', room full of expensive bags  
Still all the shit on the floor, but that's just how you live  
when your wife's a model  
Smoke a pound soon as we touch down do the same  
thing twice tomorrow  
Not to mention what I spend in the club nigga don't  
even price the bottle  
I promise my weed exotic all my tree is fire when you  
see me im just  
Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' on that chronic  
Im just Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' on that chronic  
Im just Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' Floatin'  
Down the street pound the beat I smoke a pound of  
weed  
Heard about it don't believe come to my house and see  
I be high, I be somewhere where them ounces be  
California Kush, New York smokin' sour D  
Detroit bubba Kush, Atl that's OG, ask my nigga Burner  
errbody know me  
Out in Amsterdam, Wizzle smokin' overseas  
Imma hit this bong for errone that smoke trees  
Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' on that chronic  
Im just Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' on that chronic  
Im just Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' on that chronic  
Floatin' Floatin'

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