

Wiz Khalifa

"No Limit"

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(Verse)

Top that, just some banging
Made enough of this money to quit complaining
But still I ain't made enough of it to quit the gaming
Hit the camin, cop the telly that's where the bitches
hanging
Nice room I'm bugging wait 'til you hear the prize
Top floor she overcoming her fear of heights
Cut the wave she got motion sickness
Promise a paradise, and watch her settle for a pair of
nikes
Poppin' that killa can't get enough of this skrilla
The papers the pina colada, the dutchess vanilla
They don't come any reala' I can handle the bell
Play the hand I was dealt, won't bluff any dealer
Hoes on my parlay fuck 'em the fair way
They wanna get to know me, my name is more then I
care to tell
I'm just tellin' the truth, raising hell in the booth
Gotta make it to heaven, come back and skip through
the sabbath

(Pre-Chorus)

Linger roll 'em smoke until it's gone
Lay my head down baby I'm a rolling stone
Stoned, drunk won't remember nothing in the mor'
I'ma do this 'til I'm dead and gone

(Chorus)

Smoke weed, fuck bitches
Stunt hard all you lame ass niggers
I got one life I'ma live it
I'ma live my life with no limits

(Verse)

Make it back tomorrow don't care how much I spend
Think I'm a G wait 'til you meet my friends
A beast I've been now they wait on line
'Til I sign their CD for them I am
All who question sleep on him
Eating good soup don't leave a piece for them

We gon' smoke palm trees, drink some gin
Couldn't walk in my shoes, know what your feet fit in
Since I been off the leach like I had a couple of drinks
Watch my buzz increase, now we twistin' up sipping
champainge
On a beach, what either gets in a game go deceased
nigga, nigga
Right about now

(Pre-Chorus)

Linger roll 'em smoke until it's gone
Lay my head down baby I'm a rolling stone
Stoned, drunk won't remember nothing in the mor'
I'ma do this 'til I'm dead and gone

(Chorus)

Smoke weed, fuck bitches
Stunt hard all you lame ass niggers
I got one life I'ma live it
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(Verse)

I came from nothing I won my money making machines
I'm selling raps 'cause there ain't no escaping the
fiends
All over the map just me and my caribbean team
A few from Atlanta, my other niggers repping the B
High definition it seems like we live on the screen
Not 'cause it's clear as day, because me and my
niggers be clean
We stay fly haters hate when we step on the scene
'Cause we young black and living the american dream
Ok, ok this is what I do planning six off in this thing
So it's what believe it's true
Shout out to the homie AO the world don't have a clue
To what's about to happen homie I'm just waiting on my
queue
The gun don't get 'em, pray that they don't let 'em
That nigga be goin' in who the fuck is y'all telling
I plan to ride this motherfucker 'til the wheels broke
Thought I was selling crack while
Listening back like that shit came back real dope

(Chorus)

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Stunt hard all you lame ass niggers
I got one life I'ma live it
I'ma live my life with no limits

