

Wiz Khalifa

"Og"

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[Hook: Wiz Khalifa (x2)]

Have a little party at my crib
And all the weed is rolled that's how it is
When you f*cking with some OG n*ggas blowing OG
smoke
Don't even gotta ask, you already know, we 'bout to go

[Verse 1: Wiz Khalifa]

Young n*gga that's more famous than these older
n*ggas
Young n*gga got my game up from these older
n*ggas
Motherf*ckas hear my name, I say I told you n*gga
I was taught to count my paper 'fore I fold it n*gga
Now look at my chains, all them things frozen n*gga
Rolling up my Mary Jane before I smoke it wit' ya
Hit this J, I bet this be a day you don't remember
Looking at the top and I don't see not one contender
Cooking out the pot, I like my weed for lunch and
dinner
Got some cookies in the jar, OG in the blender
You paying for quantity, but quality is what you spend
for
If there's a marijuana-ology, I'll be your mentor
And all about this chronic leaf is what you in for
So give your parents my apology for me again or
Get high like we Cheech and Chong
We gon' eat some brownies, we gon' smoke, we gon'
need some bongs
Roll up so we can all...

[Hook: Wiz Khalifa (x2)]

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[Verse 2: Snoop Dogg]

Killer Cali is what we blow
OG n*gga from way down low

Known for banging the blue C rag
Started off smoking nothing but Zags
Popping P's, chopping trees
501's, all of these
All y'all invited, ignite it, light it, now follow me
Laid out, plush couch, flat screen television
Table full of vegetation so you just might smell n*gga
That's what it is, that's what it's gon' be
East Side Long Beach where I'm from
Bring your girls, all y'all come
Give me some, now give her some
It's big Mac, I love to have fun
You are, you are the one
If you get it or do it, then it'll be just like 2 on 1
Break it down, lay it down
Baby work that body like
At the pad, acting bad
Baby what that party like?
Moving so schizophrenic
Baby pull down your panties
Let the Doggy Dog ram it
I cram now understand it
Backroom that's my bedroom
Make a ride up in it
Close the doors, slow all for show
I'm 'bout to slide up in it
Smoke something

[Hook: Wiz Khalifa (x2)]

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[Verse 3: Curren\$y]

Having money and blowing hella chronic
Smoke I'm stunting
Cutlass on them chrome spokes with the engine
running
Sounding like a dinosaur empty stomach rumbling
Your b*tch at the window cause she know I'm coming
She tell you that she 'bout to go jogging and on the
corner
She jump in, take her to the honeycomb
Stuffing kush in raw cones, playing Megaman 3
Your Wonderwoman giving dome out Miami
Said she never leave me 'lone, She wan' have a family
She just high, tomorrow night, she'll be titties out,
dancing
Trying to leave with the next n*gga in a Aston

So why get caught up
I'm too swift up on my toes to have my name brought
up
In sewing circles with them hoes
I rather be a straight G rolling up a whole
O-Z of that OG have them KO'ed

[Hook: Wiz Khalifa (x2)]

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