

Wiz Khalifa "Oz's and Lbs"

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Niggas got it fucked up, prolly thinking it's a game
I might smile a lot, but I ain't playing with them
I'm up all day I work all night
I'm rollin weed, I'm on a flight
Soon as a land, I'm gonna write, I'm on the grind
40 hours, 2 shows, 3 planes, 6 zeros
Flying all around the world like I'm a fucking hero
Pouring it straight out the bottle that's how we drink
clicko
And we all from the same hood, that's why we feel the
same thing
like sayin' one of our pockets hurting, we all gonna feel
the same pain
always smoking out the car service, police escorting,
not at all nervous
We the bomb searchers, penthouse, whole room filled
with cash in it
Old school back seat with a stash in it
Big joint og, mixed with hash in it
And it's TGOD you niggas last minute
Your flow last year, the swag last fall
You just the last place, you ain't gonna last at all

You niggas want kush we got ounces
You niggas want cookies we got pounds
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You know it's taylor gang or die, haha, word

uh, fresh out the spot where they selling
You gotta pay them the coop
Ain't no rules out this motherfucker
Who sold you that book
Bitch we down when it's cracking
Around my way and you know that
Can get more than I ever asked
So be afraid of the go back
Yeah I'm talk and I'm cool moving
No cameras, respect the shooters
I'm out on this money train,
You don't know about hustle, do you?

It's everything in or nothing
Bitch you know how I get down
You wasn't mad at me before
So why is you mad at me now?
The alcohol got you talking
You do the same things and the cops
Know conversation know where we playing
only for money calls only
That mean I can't deal with them old games that you
tryna kick
This ain't Shinobi
I told her baby you thirsty, she responded I'm cool
Said your wrist it's got water, I told her bitch this a pool
Feel me gang now, but concrete dive in first
But if you owe me money, I need my bread first

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Aha, what you got in your bad â€¦ bra?
The same shit, new bitch with me
Bought 20 run through 50
I'm running through the stop lights, late night
I told baby girl get your cake right
That kush doesn't taste right
We take it to the hand, all you smell is cake
And cookie smoke in the benz
Where my roof go, I stack up quick, while they move
slow
White girls in my room, I'm smoking while they do blow
Plush life, no crushed ice, 20k in the game my bookie
love life
But fuck it, I like to blow cash, I don't tuck it it's nothing
2 first class flights to the function
20 xanes a hundred 20 grand, in the city where them
pretty girls dance
And them plans grow, in the warehouse, skinny cash
If you pass me bullshit, I'ma laugh, I'm the man, no lie
baby

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