

Wiz Khalifa "Pacc Talk"

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I don't really got to say much
I let my pacc talk
I don't really got to talk much
That's what these racks roll

I get fly for the studio
I get fly for the airport
I get fly everywhere I go oh oh oh
30 bottles up in Graystone
In the club rolling airplanes
You get money, you already know oh oh
So much kris, you would think we bought whole sale
And my crib so big, look like a hotel
When we leave here we smoking up the hotel
When we leave ain't no time to pay the whole bill
Cuz we al getting money uh

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We getting it nigga

I'm a broke nigga's nightmare, broke hoes I stir
And I walk in bank roll, long as the dank roll
It's gon be hard to hear you niggas
Louis frame so I don't have to see you niggas
Me and the Taylor Gang, floating on a private plane
Bad bitch give me brain, hide behind this tinted thing
Money bag, kush go long
Niggas wonder what I be on
All about the Benjies nigga, puffy cone
I can make a actress do back flips on mattress
I could make a sack do a backflip on Sex Ville
Get trippy with a star
It will get you far
Turned up in the club, TMZ, I stop my car

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Catch me in the spot with more X but the chalk
Take off cookies, kush, kilos and mollies
Smelling like money, what an elegant fragrance
And this watch I got on is a hell of a statement
Check the clock and know the time
Girl fuck your body, I want your mind
Maybe I've given this money, making you spending
this money
I brought you up many planes, then you should probly
die

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