

Wiz Khalifa

"Proceed"

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[Intro - Wiz Khalifa]

This what dreams are made of
Good weed and cold drinks
Taylor, Taylor, Taylor
Thanks for putting this together Jerm!
We gon' be here forever
And you ain't trippin'
Really this high

[Verse 1 - Wiz Khalifa]

If you offer me all the money in the World
I wouldn't trade it for my girl, my family
Or the n*ggas that you see me riding with me outta
town
Or internationally, they gon' fly with me, kinda fry?
Rollin the papers so they get high with me
And if I decide to give this up they gon' retire with me
Enjoy the money and the fame and the power with me
And f*cking hater burn in hell
Sippin' champagne while the waiter breaking shells
N*ggas scream my name probably praying that I fail
The money so insane gotta weigh it on a scale
Gotta weigh it on a scale?
N*ggas blow that, b*tches know that
Never touch blood, chill with us once, never go back
Little homie, that's real
VVS diamonds, my stones are that ill
My watch is an Audemar on smoking OG till my
problems gone
You try and call your man he ain't got no more
Probably cause I bought it all

[Hook]

As we proceed to court bad b*tches and roll good
weed
Fast livin', I'm taking them hoes on trips
Go to places they never been
I'm just gettin' it how it's supposed to be
As we proceed to court bad b*tches and roll good
weed
Fast livin', I'm taking them hoes on trips

Go to places they never been
I'm just gettin' it how it's supposed to be

[Verse 2 - Curren\$y]

Aquafina and the bong
I'm off in that Medina when I'm done
Just sound the alarm, b*tch top drop like Mardi Gras
beads bein' thrown
Francesca you's a mess girl, carry on
Car smelling like a pound when I pull up at the Avalon
Pull your own weight I don't have no time for tag-alongs
Don't know what you yapping for, stacking dough
Catalogue my closet, my belts, my watches
Cell phone in my pocket
My Blackberry biotches
Have 'em ready, I'll watch em, daddy back
N*ggas plottin' on the Jets but we got em
We just waiting to drop 'em
They vexed cause we poppin'
And them hoes ain't worry 'bout 'em
They sure came up
What they sayin' about them boys from the bottom?
Paparazzi cameras spot em
Flash when you see they faces
History in the makin'
I was high when I made it so I can play it for them
haters

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Big Sean]

Used to want a chain, now I got 6
Used to want a Rollie like Pac now it's on my wrist, woah
Livin' the life n*ggas told me was a myth (myth)
Same n*ggas try an' get up on my list (what)
Since I started buzzin', I got eighteen eleven cousins?
New b*tches tryna join the team and old ones that I'm
cutting
Sky high class livin' but n*ggas still grinding
Cause I'm surrounded with the same n*ggas and girls
since I had nothin'
Now, I got signed to my idol
Seen some of my favorite rappers turn rivals
'Ye told me kill em so a n*ggas gotta drop 'em
Peep the Jesus chain he gave me since I can't keep up
with Bibles
No, young n*ggas heeding to the title
Where it's at?
That's the top man, these n*ggas gon' recycle
What, my shit is like a B.I.G recital
But you can't hold a real n*ggas down that's why I keep

real n*ggas 'round

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