

Wiz Khalifa "Red Carpet"

Visit "[Red Carpet](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Yeah, getting more scrill, deal or no deal, uh
Yeah, chubby bags, heavy hustle, 'course the gang, uh

On and on, and on, and on and
We just drink and smoke until the morning
Your home girl's texting you, ignoring them
Hit the weed, giggle a little then you get horny

I hit the weed, get on my mission and then I'm going in
Knowing damn well they got boyfriends
Till they get the front door, asked her which floor I'm on
I'm at the top, polo socks and pajamas on

She smoke chronic, know the lyrics to all my songs
It's like I died and went to heaven, me and all my dogs
That's why we sip champagne till the bottles gone
Roll weed on ya, take the bitches, I don't follow y'all

I can never make up this if I wanted to
It's real talk what I'm saying to you
I don't wanna wake up knowing just one thought of you
Got me fallin', I can't get up
So will you co-star with me? 'Cause my life is like a
movie

Champagne parties in my hotel
Her friends don't even smoke but they digging the
smell
Ex boyfriend ringing ya cell but every effort to save
you's to no avail
Nutting but starter's on my team, nigga, coach fail

And all we do is get high and watch Adult Swim
Relatively fly like a meteor or spaceship
Party every night and early morning get wasted
All the way 100, you others niggas are make shift

Roll that rapper weed, you smoke and don't wanna
taste it
Let's face it, she wanna fly where the planes is
Got her testing out all of my trees, mint-flavors
She [Incomprehensible] the paper

I can never make up this if I wanted to
It's real talk what I'm saying to you
I don't wanna wake up knowing just one thought of you
Got me fallin', I can't get up
So will you co-star with me? 'Cause my life is like a
movie

I can never make up this if I wanted to
It's real talk what I'm saying to you
I don't wanna wake up knowing just one thought of you
Got me fallin', I can't get up
So will you co-star with me? 'Cause my life is like a
movie

We stay smoking that la, la, la, easy rider, joint roller,
my 9 to 5
You can prolly smell it in the car when we riding by
More like all the way up, we ain't kinda high
We more than fly, introduce you to the gang members
That's Taylor like blood, no gang members

No names enter and now you on champagne land
I'm on an island of hard liquor, it be fans, joint lit and
guitar pickers
Going nowhere for awhile, I got good snickers
Now you wanna mingle, heard young single
Big face chips, baby, stack my Pringles

You call it tight, I say well fit
And we ain't taking no prisoners, now you jealous
In ya state please make sure the weed great
Fresh produce, purple and green crates
Groove, crisp bills in my jean pants
Telly room, prolly doing the Uncle Snoop dance, yeah

I can never make up this if I wanted to
It's real talk what I'm saying to you
I don't wanna wake up knowing just one thought of you
Got me fallin', I can't get up
So will you co-star with me? 'Cause my life is like a
movie

I can never make up this if I wanted to
It's real talk what I'm saying to you
I don't wanna wake up knowing just one thought of you
Got me fallin', I can't get up
So will you co-star with me? 'Cause my life is like a
movie

