

Wiz Khalifa "Smokin And Dreamin"

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I worked hard for everything so why not salute
They say a grime pays baby all I got is proof
And the Swedish broad better than my main bitch
Cigarillo roll you smell it when it aint lit
She don't cook well but she give me sweet brain
Make a rapper turn singer like t-pain
Got her stayin up late, wakin up baked
And to think this the life that I chose
Argue with attendants that shorted my flight clothes
And er'y girl I fuck feel like their boyfriend might know
Smoking on the Swedish it smells my weed come in
barrels

Fuck with bitches who fiend for Gucci and need her chanel

Nigga im high of your life so my eyes low Cant wait to see whats in the future but I drive slow And wait for the picture, hate it now they say and I can miss like mister

All of the smoking all you got me thinkin And all of this dreamin im supposed to, the life like, the weekend

Know where im goin, sound though, want to see me suceedin

That Ive been livin, smokin, smoking, dreamin, livin

I go to sleep with a picture of a porche on my wall
Nigga im tryin to come up on yall
Pop the trunk in front of my car in front of your broad,
she reconsider in her decision to fuck with yall
I think its because of the possibility of kickin it
courtside, ringside, front row of anything
Living my life simultaneously in a dream, shit going so
good I swear

There are Planes stack change with their gang tail up Wings spread over cities leave shadows everywhere I care less about industry mingling Niggas is wwf wrestlers, court jesters and crossdressers

I got them crosstrainers, nike ass beat Niggas cant feel my shoes, im a nice mc I had a dream that I caked up, trying to roll a joint, will

count a million when I wake up

(chorus)

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