

## Wiz Khalifa "Smokin On"

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[Hook]

Bet you get high but I ain't smoking with the rest  
though  
Cause if it's in my joint, believe that it's the best smoke  
I'm talking OG kush from the West Coast  
Watch how you hit it, just one hit will burn your chest,  
though

[Wiz Khalifa]

Cut those cameras on cause my camos on  
And my niggas backin me riding around town  
With a big old bag of weed  
Taylor Gang, we ain't in your faculty  
Me and Snoop Dogg, we created a masterpiece  
Smoke all day and we makin this cash, and we  
Bout it bout it like Master P  
Go hard, stack ya cheese, roll a joint, pass the trees  
TGOD, he's DOG, real G shit what it has to be  
My real niggas gon pop tags for me  
Fake niggas gon Get bags for me  
Say you just wanna shake hand with me?  
Same fuck niggas used to laugh at me  
Now I'm riding around town in the car that you can't  
even pronounce  
And you can't go fast as me  
Smoke Marijuana, she know that I'm a player  
So she wanna come up here spend that cash on me  
That pimp shit come naturally  
That Fuck shit is wack to me  
My kush grown organically  
My ballin is actually

[Hook]

Bet you get high but I ain't smoking with the rest  
though  
Cause if it's in my joint, believe that it's the best smoke  
I'm talking OG kush from the West Coast  
Watch how you hit it, just one hit will burn your chest,  
though  
You like to smoke but you ain't smokin what we smokin,  
no  
You like to smoke but you ain't smokin what we smokin,

no

[Snoop Dogg]

Let me turn you on to turn you out  
To make you feel like you really wanna feel  
For real, sho will, nigga I got that kill  
You know what I got: Captain Crunch, soda pop  
Light green kush straight from a bush  
Mix it together, get it together  
Hypo grow with the hydro flow  
Smoking on some shit called I don't know  
This is that shit that was caught  
From my niggas on the block with a .44 Glock â€” oh  
no!  
Cuttin it up, button it up  
Homie don't speak at all  
You might stay, you might be most likely like shark bait  
I might hate, nigga you smoking that lightweight  
Wrong class, featherweight, levitate  
Set it straight: let me break it down for you  
Flip it, zip it, let it fly  
If it's good, it's gonna get you high  
Drop it, stop it, that ain't the one  
We don't even smoke that shit for fun!

[Hook]

[Juicy J]

Yea nigga, I'm rolling up that high-grade  
Chillin on the porch, smoking like it's Friday  
Every day of the week to Juicy J's a high day  
Niggas think I'm Chinese cause my eyes straight  
I threw up a 6 into a 20 ounce  
Smoked a half ounce of kush, felt like 20 ounces  
Fucked around and popped that molly, now I'm high as  
fuck  
Every chick i'm seeing, Juicy screamin out: 'let's fuck!'  
I dun popped a pill and hit the lean behind it  
Where my mind? Somebody help me find it  
Got a black and white bitch, they my mixed bitch  
They keep my double cup full, OG in my Swisher

[Hook]

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