

Wiz Khalifa "The Party"

Visit "[The Party](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Thousand pounds of weed
Riding in my car so fast I wont turn down the speed
Them hoers don't use they feet no more, they break
down to their knees
And suck me like a king
Rose in my champagne glass and diamonds in my ring
Uh, roll some, that's your bitch on my dick, I might let
her hold something
You niggas smoking sevens Imma need a whole onion,
whole youngin, oh
Same ones that hate, same ones that tag along
No Blackberry, too many lame niggas call my phone
Call me world wide Wiz cause I'm never home
Ever leave me round your bitch I'mma get her stoned
And you know that, I rock camos and throwbacks
And go download some of my old track and go play
somewhere there's hoers at
Fucking high, and you down there where them lows at
Gettin tired of hearing my flow jacked go head hand
me a joint you cant roll that

I got a whole lot of hokie,
and I'm rolling up for anyone in here that knows me
Everybody smoking, yeah it's a party, oh, its a party
Everybody smoking papers, nobody smoking blunts
Bitches rolling weed and my niggas fucked up
Yeah it's a party oh, it's a party

Quarter pound of that sour, that's four days on tour
Sleeping on how we smoke, see all these pillows on this
floor
Every state we score, fill those papers they be raw
Look like a piece of chalk in my hand but I ain't writing
on the chalkboard
And I heard its a party, its a party its a party but I'm
cool
Them niggas smoking garbage, I'm no fool
We give 5 j's out half zips? Nigga that's really smoking
Ain't enough weed up in that swisha to get you high,
you joking
Niggas claim that they be high, they be hella low
When they gang up in the building you gon' smell that

sour smoke
I could get that shit from my backyard, go pick it out
myself
Yellow light let me slow it down, niggas need some
help
28 ain't enough you need more
All this weed over here, that's 1 weed jar
When them planes get the flying, niggas wanna part
Smoking crash with the plane, Amelia Earhart

I got a whole lot of hokie,
and I'm rolling up for anyone in here that knows me
Everybody smoking, yeah it's a party, oh, its a party
Everybody smoking papers, nobody smoking blunts
Bitches rolling weed and my niggas fucked up
Yeah it's a party oh, it's a party

What I smoke in one day, these niggas don't smoke in
one week
Riding round and its just me, Pepsi can, playing that
Bun B
Gotta smoke that dope on the run with me,
comfortably, I'm smoking weed
Doing speeds, who with me, probably a chick from TMZ
I make her roll like two or three, let her smoke and feel
the breeze
Ya'll chip in on a half a zip, counting grams, saving
weed
Average shit, it was us just smoking out in NY
Swear to GOD we let ten fly, that's ten planes with ten
guys
Nine smoke, meaning someone left without his mind
pot
Planes Continental, flights nonstop
You get some zips, well get some P's
Smoke your spliffs and ragged bitch tell me how does
she breath
Perfect planes, we call them G6's
And its just me chilling, me and three bitches
Rolling up its cool, come take this bong rip
Pack this bold straight dope, make your lungs rip

I got a whole lot of hokie,
and I'm rolling up for anyone in here that knows me
Everybody smoking, yeah it's a party, oh, its a party
Everybody smoking papers, nobody smoking blunts
Bitches rolling weed and my niggas fucked up
Yeah it's a party oh, it's a party

