

Wiz Khalifa "This Plane"

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Uh, Yea, Uh,
Yea, It's Young Khalifa Man
This for Spacely,
Everyone Call me man
Taylor Gang or Die
And this project is brought to you by (its deal or no deal)
Champagne, and paper planes too
Rostrum Records In This Bitch
Taylor Gang, Happy Hustle... Deal or No deal
Yeaah, Bitch

(And Umm)
(I'm)

[Verse]
Screamin fuck them niggas who hated, I'm money affiliated
Speculating me landing, must of got me mistaken with lame nigga's
Know you gone get high as fuck as long as the planes with ya
Left that major situation alone and became richer
People talkin' down but see me I'm the same nigga
Leave yo bitch around we gone drink the champagne wit her
We don't touch the ground see a cloud with my name it,
Only ez-widers, please no cigars for me and my gang
Fool I'm a legend in these streets cause how I do my thang
And Don't wear the fitted, I got the city on my chain
Oh, man still they hate and talk smack, knowing if I was gone there be no throne to throw ya rocks at
Cruise at maximum altitudes I'm tryna top that
So in touch with the real them suckas tryna stop that
But I, live or let die, party get high
And tell them lames to the plane or let fly

[Chorus]
Don't know what they hate for
I'm Just gettin my paper

Well maybe they'll love me more when I'm gone
I don't wanna leave, but I need to, it's such a shame...
They gone miss this plane (plane)...
They gone miss this plane (plane)...
They gone miss this plaaane (plaaane)...
They gone miss this plane (plane)...
I try to believe you, I don't wanna leave but I need to..

[Verse 2]

Uh, stuck alone in this wave race
Say I'm living to fast, don't plan on changing my pace
Got one foot on the gas, there's never a need for
brakes
Smoke ez-wider's with hash, fuck bitches from out of
state
Valet bringing my cars, a waiter to bring me plates
Shrimp and fillet Mignon, we celebrate buying drinks
Wit a couple of broads, my nigga's and who got love
for me
It's lonely at the top, I'm tired of having company
Uh, so while you busy trying to fit in, Imma stand out
And view my life through this lens to see how it pan's
out
Substitute teacher ass nigga's, need a handout
Middle finger screaming fuck them nigga's who hated,
I'm money affiliated
Pop another bottle, that chronic smokin degraded
Speculating me landing must of got me mistaken,
I'm speaking as the captain of the plane,
You's a runner on the jet way

[Chorus]

Don't know they hate for
I'm Just gettin my paper
Well maybe they'll love me more when I'm gone
I don't wanna leave, but I need to, it's such a shame...
They gone miss this plane (plane)...
They gone miss this plane (plane)...
They gone miss this plaaane (plaaane)...
They gone miss this plane (plane)...
I try to believe you, I don't wanna leave but I need to..

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