

Wiz Khalifa "Wassup"

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Yeahh.
Some old school shit.
When uhhhh, you be at the lunch table
Ha ha ha.
This that right here.

Uh yeah
I put my team on
Now we in the game but I memba days when I aint have
no-one to lean on
I learned to hold my own
And sing the skys the limit, take a hundred dollar bill
and make a paper plane.
And try to make a name
And when ya done giving ya all you give ya everythang
You got what it takes
I told the world my song
They lovin it
You cant tell me nothin cuz my whole clique stuntin
Boy wassuppp

Yeahhhhhh (x4)

So where ya go When ya lifes on a road
From the party to the plane and ya names in the light
show.

You find your way back home, away from all the
pressure and a women tryin to stress you
Find a new one
You've reached a new phase
They got you lookin at tomorrow like a new stay
And not a new day
To some it may seem wrong
But fuck it, cuz im good weed puffin and my whole
team stuntin
Boy wassuppp

Yeahhhhhh (x4)

And I hop up out the bed
Grab my iPhone
Put some kush in the swisha
Roll one up
When you live the star life
Gotta go hard so you workin all night, sleep when the
sun come up

Yeahhhhhh (x2)

Hahaha.
Yeah
Okayyyyyyy

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