

Wiz Khalifa & Curren\$y "Surface To Air"

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Ask yaself... how fly... the planes and the taylor
gang...7x
Haters stand clear of em, yall stand cheer for em,
shook away from lames and over came let's here it for
em'
Zig zag smoke
magic lyrics appear to em',
Outta nowhere air hare jordans
Kicked up sittin' behind a mahogany desk,
crumblin' 'erb just as Big Boi and Andre would suggest
Flow sick need a check up, flow sick that's how I got my
checks up
Bad bitches gold diggin' lame niggas out a trip to
foreign places or bracelet or necklace
Then slide through the set and fuck the JETS cause' she
respect us
You think you got a winner, but you don't I bet she
let us (lettuce)
Pickles, tomatos, onions, mayo, mustard, and
ketchup... the works!
Driving in a aquifina truck to the club cause Wiz told me
that these bitches was thirst
Crash test dummy honey need a helmet cause
she jumping head first
It's amazing how I get so high and stay so down to
Earth
Uhhh, ain't nah niggas iller, explosive and fly, surface
to air missile
Uhhh, ol' sucka ass nigga
go somewhere and fuck yourself cause ain't nobody
fuckin' wit us
You didn't put 100 on it then you can't hit it
Me and my nigga Wiz will smoke an ounce in one sittin'
Yaaa, it's the Planes and the Taylor Gang, lame niggas
puttin' locks and chains on they bitches
Smoke filled rooms, camera lens zooms from a mile
away you smell the fumes
College girls play me in their ipod or zune
Even bitches with bad attitudes bumpin' to our tunes,
they high maintenance
Give em' wings let em' fly places, introduce you to high
times, flavors, and sky scrapers

Rollin' in lime papers and Randy's
, smokin' out somewhere where the sand be.
Plan B killin' these kids
Not Michael Jackson, I ain't feeling these kids,
and you hatin' such a shame that's where your energy
is
Gfizz
flying, leave your bitches with the planes now she sky
diving. Hella vibin'
And your hating adds just more steam, more chips now
I'm living more Rothstein
So for every thing it's worth, I travel all four corners of
the Earth putting in work
Uhhh, ain't nah niggas iller, explosive and fly, surface
to air missile
Uhhh, ol' sucka ass nigga go somewhere and fuck
yourself cause ain't nobody fuckin' wit us
You didn't put 100 on it then you can't hit it.'
Me and my nigga Wiz will smoke an ounce in one sittin'
Yeaa, it's the Planes and the Taylor Gang, lame niggas
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