

# Dispensary

Chevy Woods

[Hook: Wiz Khalifa]

Beg your pardon but let me smoke  
And my squad they be gettin' that dough  
Gettin paid and we smoke  
Taking them planes everywhere we go  
Don't gotta ask cus you already know

[Verse 1: Chevy Woods]

Heard you niggas was ballin'  
We ain't nothing alike  
Dug some crack in my palm, on them cold nights  
Now it's just champagne, on cold ice  
And expensive cars and all the women that we like  
You never had conversations with bad bitches  
Who don't need you  
Give them the up all night and they gon' feed you  
You be living fast, but the pays right  
You ain't ready you short still gettin' stage fright  
Bout a dollar, twistin' that marijuana  
The car older than me, I'm sliding in that Impala  
Got niggas actin' like bitches, bitches realer than niggas  
Pussy that shit ain't knew I been hustlin' with killers  
Seen so much when that trunk pop  
See them red and blue lights and we don't stop  
Damn, that's just what a nigga been through  
What the fuck you want me to do? Real shit

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Wiz Khalifa]

Hoppin' out that mofuckin'  
Gettin' out that mofuckin'  
I got so much mofuckin'  
That I don't even mofuckin'  
Why you niggas even mad at me  
I'll gladly teach you niggas how to rap  
You probably should be mad at the fact that you can't stack and you ass back  
wards  
And that's when something bad happens  
You be with, mad actors, mad slackers, you mad average  
You niggas lookin' like mad rappers  
Pull up in the Porsche, skirt up, smokin' that murda  
Illest that you've heard of  
Doin' shows with my shirt off  
Problems with any of my dogs then they squared off  
Heard of, feelings cus of the dollars I've been getting  
Smoking joints with your women  
And we all chillin', Taylor Gang

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Berner]

20 grand in each ear  
Space Jam 11 got three pair  
Weed so strong I don't need clear  
My cuddys locked up and I ain't seen him in three years  
The world keeps turning, and my girls keep working

Hundred pack flipper, your team still hurting  
Last minute trips to masterpiece don't tick  
The rims on the whip all chrome clipse  
I'm fly really, I don't try  
Red eyes while cooking pies who am I? Dice guy  
Big dog stacker, punk bitch slap a bitch trappin'  
And I ain't never gonna switch up  
I brought my new bitch with me to the pickup  
And if they hit us they gon' leave blood with us  
Drug dealers please pull my mud thicker  
Pardon me for smoking

[Hook]