

# Bake Sale

Wiz Khalifa

Mistercap  
You ready again bro?  
Yeah!  
TGOD Mafia  
Straight out of Pittsburgh, mane  
Can't smoke weed to it  
Don't doubt this nigga  
I don't wanna listen to it  
He the truth, nigga

At my bake sale yeah  
We can't wait to bake, hell yeah  
Laughin' off this drank, hell yeah  
Lovin', havin' sex, hell yeah  
All day, hell yeah  
We've been countin' cake, hell yeah  
Puffin' on this dank, hell yeah  
We can't wait to bake, hell yeah

I've been on the phone, hell yeah  
Gettin' calls from home, hell yeah  
So I started up a bake sale, yeah  
They know I got all the cake, hell yeah

Cookies and OG  
Come to my crib, we blow by the Os  
Kush, you already know  
It ain't in a joint, we don't even smoke it  
I keep a bitch gettin' stoned  
We wakin' and bakin', puffin' a J  
She told me that I'm her new favorite  
How much do we blaze? A hundred a day  
Say they got the good but what the pack smell like?  
Feel like it's a dream but now we back to real life  
It's incredible  
I got flowers, wax, inhalers, edibles  
All shit you never saw  
And it's all at my bake sale  
Roll another one, help me think well  
I stay with the plane  
I'm slangin' them thangs, you know we ain't new to this  
Let's turn on the stove and call up some hoes  
Let's roll up and do this shit

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I just rolled a pound at my bake sale  
Bitches goin' down at my bake sale  
I just keep it real, I don't fake well  
Niggas say they on, well I can't tell

I just fucked three hoes, I don't know their name  
Pussy come and pussy go, it's all the same  
I'm rollin' up the weed while I count the cake  
Naked bitches in the kitchen, shake 'n' bake  
What you think? I'm on this dank, I'm off that drank  
I often blaze an ounce a day  
You at my crib, it's no mistake  
Rollin' papers, rollin' trays, shattered pieces  
Glasses, lighters, torches, spark it, anything that matters  
You can get it all right here at my

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Roll, roll one up  
Got a J, make a plane, now we goin' up  
All day, every day, we ain't roll enough  
Get a pound, break it down, get them cones though  
It's goin' down, goin' down  
I'ma roll one up  
Get a J, make a plane, now we goin' up  
All day, every day, we ain't smoke enough  
I'm on the K, K, stoned as fuck  
At my bake sale yeah