

## Red Carpet

Wiz Khalifa

Yea  
Gettin more scrill, deal or no deal uh  
Yea, chubby bags  
Heavy hustle, course the gang, uh

On, and on, and on, and on and  
We just drink and smoke until the morning  
You're homegirl's texting you, ignoring them  
Hit the weed, giggle a little, then you get horny  
I hit the weed, get on my mission, and then I'm goin' in  
Knowin damn well they got boyfriends  
Till they get the front door, asked her which floor I'm on  
I'm at the top, polo socks and pajamas on  
She smoke chronic, know the lyrics to all my songs  
It's like I died and went to heaven, me and all my dogs  
Thats why we sip champaign till the bottles gone  
Roll weed on ya take the bitches, I don't follow ya'll

I can never make up this if I wanted to  
It's real talk what I'm saying to you  
I don't wanna wake up, knowing just one thought of you  
Got me fallen I can't get up (get up)  
So will you co-star with me?  
Cuz my life is like a movie

Champaign parties in my hotel  
Her friends don't even smoke, but they diggin' the smell  
Ex-boyfriend ringin' ya cell  
But every effort to save you's to no avail  
Nuttin but starter's on my team nigga coach fail  
And all we do is get high and watch the dough swim  
Relatively fly like a meteor or spaceship  
Party every night, and early morning get wasted  
All the way 100 you others niggas are make-shift  
Roll that rapper weed, you smoke and don't wanna taste it, lets face it  
She wanna fly where the planes is  
Got her testin' out all of my trees, mint-flavors  
She ... the paper

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(2x)

We stay smokin' that la-la-la  
Easy rider, joint roller, my 9-5  
You can prolly smell it in the car when we ridin' by  
More like all the way up, we ain't kinda high  
We more than fly, introduce you to the gang members  
That's taylor, like blood, no gang members  
No names enter, and now you on champaign land  
I'm on an island of hard liquor  
it be fans, joint lit, and guitar pickers  
Goin' nowhere for awhile, I got good snickers

Now you wanna mingle, heard young single  
Big face chips baby, stack my pringles  
You call it tight, I say well-fit  
And we ain't takin' no prisoners, now you jealous  
In ya state please make sure the weed great  
Fresh produce, purple and green crates  
Groove, crisp bills in my jean pants  
Telly room prolly doin' the Uncle Snoop dance, yea

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