

# Talent Show

Wiz Khalifa

Every time I go out  
I'm blowing that smoke out  
I buy it don't even know the price  
I talk as I live it  
Come pay me a visit and  
I'll be somewhere up in the sky  
My nigga, It's bout go down  
We fly, it's no lie, that we high, till we die  
We up and these hoes out  
Rolling up, clean the ride, case them hoes wanna jump inside

Got a joint filled with quality shit  
My bottom b\*tches smoking with me niggers talk shit, all of em' shrimp  
I'm a big fish, roll a joint, lick it once till you hit this  
Groupies on my dick, Several b\*tches on my hit list  
In and out these niggas bitches smoking tree  
And not to mention hustlers try to match my business  
You prolly went to class while I was in the hallway skippin'  
Yeah I hear what they saying just be too hot to listen  
Got my money tripping if I even fold it wrong... smoking this good  
If it's fire tell you that I sold it all  
Or wait till one of my hoes come around and roll it up,  
Or say f\*ck it and cuff it till I can smoke a dub  
I show up, I show up, I show up  
Car push to start hit the button once it goes off.  
Keep the money coming in n' them papers rolled up  
Man worry about a hatin' nigga thinking no love

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I go green like I was the archbishop...  
Something like a marathon my... told me... look down and listen  
My bitch get my homework and now I am in detention they showed me  
Suspension  
This is my audition to play your position get the picture I invasion  
Did she mentioned snoop dog was made for kissing... official she only...  
From me  
Pleasure pain and glory is my inventory sat... hear from me  
And now we are... on stage at the gala show we flows my clothes and my...  
Can't you see my telescope... wanna see cause she smell my smoke  
My money tripping even if a thought it wrong... this is the heavy call

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