

Scanners (feat. Neako)

Wiz Khalifa

I'm smoking that reefer and sippin champagne
Damn mayne, I remember those days I was covered in brain
Now it seems I'm surrounded by bitches
And covered in chains
Switching lanes, heart beating fast and I'm? my brain
Born in planes, telling my mama we'll never be poor again
I told her I'd do this a year ago
She told me "you're insane..."
But I gotta be crazy for people to pay me off shit
That I say, shit that I wrote
Whole lot of smoke in my lungs makin me feel like a ghost
To the sky I go, you the?
I'm the villain with the flow
No way can we fit him in a mold
You're the one with the feeling in your soul
In fact, I'm feeling real close
To a whole other moon I go...
Private planes on my jetway
A hundred joints in my ashtray
A couple grand to get just the hate
My money coming up fast way
30 grand is on champagne and that's because I'm thirsty
Bubbles: that's what works for me
Fuck, niggas take it personally
I drink all day, I smoke purple weed
Your money all game and I be?
Somewhere in the South of France, overseas
Kush is rolled, that good cologne
Getting stoned, smoking with the owners
If I'm in the club, I'm getting paid to show up
That's gangsta. Real nigga, that's real gangsta
Bitch you lookin at a real Taylor
Paper in my pocket, none to spend
Just to roll my pot with...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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