

# Cabana

## Wiz Khalifa & Curren\$y

Up early, smokin' and plottin'  
Looking at these lames being thankful I'm not them  
This year couple million out the game  
And you're wondering how I got them  
I got it from going hard, I always stay on my job  
Wanna get high you should come to my spot then  
And smoke with some heavyweight niggas  
Jets, Taylor Gang nigga losing's not a option  
Now I'm always on the road  
And everywhere I go people asking what I'm rocking  
I tell em this is next year's fresh and this year's best  
And some shit you niggas not in, so quit copyin'Yeah man  
You niggas got it confused, trying to do what we do  
That's not the point  
The point is for you to do you  
It's a beautiful thing  
I'm in the regal, you in a rut  
Stuck, can't come up  
Old, jealous niggas hatin' on us  
Bitches is wishin' you'd shut the fuck up  
I'm in the position, set my niggas up tough  
What the fuck, just jump  
Continents I promise it  
I could go from bucks to billions in a minute  
Made a split second decision  
Executed with precision  
I feel attention when I walk in the room  
Old cuddly ass niggas go to hidin' they woman  
Thinkin' I'mma walk up to 'em, but I don't do it  
Baby girl know the big shit from the manure  
I could help you shine like a jeweler  
Candy paint make an old whip newer  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>