Red Carpet (Like a Movie)

Wiz Khalifa

Yea
Gettin more scrill, deal or no deal uh
Yea, chubby bags
Heavy hustle, course the gang, uhOn, 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
That's 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 movieChampaign 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
I can never make up this if I wanted to
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So will you co-star with me?
Cuz my life is like a movieWe 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, duce 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, yeaI can never make up this if I wanted to
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