

KK (feat. Project Pat & Juicy J)

Wiz Khalifa

Is this the top?
I got my own weed, sucker, so I ain't gotta hit yours
I'm talking straight indo
Cali weed blowing like a Rastaman
Kush seed straight from Afghanistan
Shooting up the club like an AK, bow, bow, bow, bow, bow
Smoke a pier strong every day, I'm
Blowing KK, blowing KK, blowing KK, blowing KK
Blowing KK, blowing KK, blowing KK, blowing KK
Blowing KK, blowing KK, blowing KK, blowing KK
Blowing KK, blowing KK, blowing KK, blowing KK
I need it all the time, don't know what else to say
It's always on my mind, that's why every day
I'm blowing KK, blowing KK, blowing KK, blowing KK
Blowing KK, blowing KK, blowing KK, blowing KK
Put it in a joint, not a blunt
Don't disrespect mine, player
This not the two, this the one
Don't even need a scale
Back in high school I used to be the weedman
Quarter ounces, half ounces, what you need, man
Eleventh grade, made my way up to a P, man
And sent it back if I ever seen a seed, man
And you don't even gotta ask
You know it by the smell
I treat every day like it's a payday
Top down, counting up the cake and
I got KK in my pipe, pockets fat like Kelly Price
If you wanna take a hit you can't be afraid of heights
You gon' need some new lungs, rolling up a blunter for 'em
While I'm smoking out the bong getting sucked like a thumb
Boy I'm in a daze, tangerine haze
I smoke so much KK they should've called it Juicy J
Bomb banging lemonade, weed get the lemon taste
Never hit the bong, let me demonstrate
Go and roll it, chief and choking, marijuana, reefer smoking
Trap the semi sum under Reggie, foot up in his colon
Call the doctor, call the clinic, bullshit we staying with
Your life ain't worth a motherfucking quota, what you paying with?
Khalifa kush a hundred pounds, that's a half a mil
Memphis streets so eat this like a baby, like Enfamil
Lungs full of KK, have your mind on a runway

Blow my high, motherfucker, I'm a shoot up like an AK
My white house higher than Willie Nelson, on dabs the wax is melting
These clouds are smoking, help me, I'm flying like Elroy Jetson
I might bring a dispensary down in Tennessee
Has that granddaddy, but he ain't no kin to me
(I'm staying with the greens light color)
Blowing Khalifa kush

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>