

Bake Sale

Wiz Khalifa

Mistercap
You ready again bro?
Yeah!
TGOD Mafia
Straight out of Pittsburgh, mane
Can't smoke weed to it
Don't doubt this nigga
I don't wanna listen to it
He the truth, nigga

At my bake sale yeah
We can't wait to bake, hell yeah
Laughin' off this drank, hell yeah
Lovin', havin' sex, hell yeah
All day, hell yeah
We've been countin' cake, hell yeah
Puffin' on this dank, hell yeah
We can't wait to bake, hell yeah

I've been on the phone, hell yeah
Gettin' calls from home, hell yeah
So I started up a bake sale, yeah
They know I got all the cake, hell yeah

Cookies and OG
Come to my crib, we blow by the Os
Kush, you already know
It ain't in a joint, we don't even smoke it
I keep a bitch gettin' stoned
We wakin' and bakin', puffin' a J
She told me that I'm her new favorite
How much do we blaze? A hundred a day
Say they got the good but what the pack smell like?
Feel like it's a dream but now we back to real life
It's incredible
I got flowers, wax, inhalers, edibles
All shit you never saw
And it's all at my bake sale
Roll another one, help me think well
I stay with the plane
I'm slangin' them thangs, you know we ain't new to this
Let's turn on the stove and call up some hoes
Let's roll up and do this shit

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I just rolled a pound at my bake sale
Bitches goin' down at my bake sale
I just keep it real, I don't fake well
Niggas say they on, well I can't tell

I just fucked three hoes, I don't know their name
Pussy come and pussy go, it's all the same
I'm rollin' up the weed while I count the cake
Naked bitches in the kitchen, shake 'n' bake
What you think? I'm on this dank, I'm off that drank
I often blaze an ounce a day
You at my crib, it's no mistake
Rollin' papers, rollin' trays, shattered pieces
Glasses, lighters, torches, spark it, anything that matters
You can get it all right here at my

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Roll, roll one up
Got a J, make a plane, now we goin' up
All day, every day, we ain't roll enough
Get a pound, break it down, get them cones though
It's goin' down, goin' down
I'ma roll one up
Get a J, make a plane, now we goin' up
All day, every day, we ain't smoke enough
I'm on the K, K, stoned as fuck
At my bake sale yeah