

# 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 <https://www.songarea.com/>