

Medicated (feat. Chevy Woods & Juicy J)

Wiz Khalifa

You be anything you want
Uhh
Just keep going, going, gone, gone, gone
Uhh
It don't stop here nigga
Yeaah
Uhh Back when I was young I had dreams of getting richer
Then my homie Breeze set me down schooled me to the picture
I was with some wild niggas put me on the game
Told me if you tryin' to make your move you gotta know your lane homie
All you got your name and your words will never break
For this life you pay a price you get a chance you gotta take it
Cause most niggas never make it they stranded where I'm from
Ain't no conversation all they understand is get a gun
I was riding in my Bona Ville hoping I could make it
Out selling peas and smoking weed avoiding police right up the street
Way back in the day before I had all of this paper
Before I had all of these diamonds, before I had all of these haters
Now I remember when, I seen it and to me it was stuntin'
I remember when, I bought it I ain't needed or nothing
Always in a different state so now they label me a goner
I ain't come up out of nowhere I'm from straight up off the corner
Now everywhere we go, they probably know my name cause I been there
Now everywhere we go, they said how much I spend when I'm in there
And I'm throwing up my money for the ones who never made it
Say I fucked the ones who hate it rolling up and celebrate Now let's get medicated
Man, let's get medicated
Let's get medicated
Man I'm hella faded
Man, let's get medicated
Let's get medicated
Let's get medicated
Man I'm hella faded
I'm hella faded
Rolling weed up and smoke it
Take your bitch home and poke it
Juicy begin so faded
Thank God I got a chauffeur
Only good cali bud
Pulling hoes bad as fuck
Just like a youngling my nigga
Juicy do all them drungs

Niggas smoking that beverage weed
I be on that light green
Pop marley in the after hours
A member of no slit team
Get a whole pound smoke it by myself
Or maybe after Olympics with my homie Michael Phelps You know I'm fresh up out that
corner, twistin' marijuana
They copy us, they clone us
Yeah we so fly we on us
They acting like they been before
But they ain't never been at all
8 balls I was in no hole
Ain't have time to fuck with y'all
Champagne when we celebrate
Keen sense so I smell the hate
Middle finger we getting paid
It cost much but don't press that eight
That dotted line it ain't like that day
Comic book let em ill it straight
Like power bang when they lift that cane
My cousin died wish I can get that day
Back like it's a vertebre
Bring that nigga on front street
Talk about and never be about it
They don't wanna beef cause that's lunch me
So anything you need you know that's on me
And that's OG, I swear homie Now let's get medicated
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Man, let's get medicated
Let's get medicated
Let's get medicated
Man I'm hella faded
I'm hella faded Riding down the street the way I'm grinding is unique
My city holding on to me so niggers holding on their heat
Throwing up their side rolling up that leaf
Ondoers get high all we want is peace
Always on the grind that's every day so police looking
I'm just rapping killing beats tryin' to stay away from booking
Yeah my nigga dirty crocked I just had to make it on
And let me hit the studio to show they happy to be home Now I remember when, I seen it and to
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>