

Reach for the Stars (feat. Bone Thugs-N-Harmony)

Wiz Khalifa

Might as well reach for the stars
Way up in the air where you'll be alone
Might as well reach for the stars
Even if you don't make it, you'll still be with the great ones, yeah(Yeah)
My path, been clear
The bottom, been near
My plate, gon' share
My grind, took years
I've faced, my fears
I've passed, my peers
I've switched, them gears
They in, the rear
Goin' hard, there no stoppin' him
Everyday gotta thank God again
Money really ain't no problem
Nigga talk crazy, gon' ride on him
Niggas turn they back
Then they wanna be on your side again
Nigga keep a "D" like alphabet
We ain't tryna be on that grind...
whip on the rap my
I'm a get mines, it's always been cutthroat
Ten toes to the ground, I must blow
On my way up, but I do this for us though
Whatever you set your mind to you can do that, do that
On the ground,
full-time I shine cause I'm
put in my work nigga true that, true that
Ain't it funny how the world go round
Ain't nothin' new to me under the sun
If I did it, Wiz did it, Kray did it, changed it
Puttin' it up on
Just take that up outta your vocab
You so bad
Tell the world that you can, can
Little man, man
You gonna
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Way up in the air where you'll be alone
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Even if you don't make it, you'll still be with the great ones, yeah
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Way up in the air where you'll be alone

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Even if you don't make it, you'll still be with the great ones, yeah
Reach for the stars

Why not go Mars

We go way too hard

Ya'll niggas stealin' cars

No limit the galaxy ours

Thinkin' these suckers they gravity

To the bottom the they grabbin' me

Let 'em know, straight face

Ya'll niggas can't fuck with cray

But I'm on the brand new wave

And I know that these niggas beneath me

Keep 'em beneath me mate

Keepin' the heat, niggas is creepin, I gotta keep the

But the niggas still sippin' the cray

And they don't wanna see cray high, so high, I'm scraping the sky
Bone, Bone, Bone, Bone

This that thuggish, ruggish, bone

Just like I keep my gun on me, I keep my hustle on

I know that I worked the night wrong

Coulda been a betta, betta, betta

But song

Tell a nigga I betta be

gone

Currency

I finna reach for the stars, but don't you hurry me

Currently

The future of this music starts to worry me

That's all ya'll, all ya'll, all ya'll

Cannabis Sativa

And Wiz Khalifa yah
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Even if you don't make it, you'll still be with the great ones, yeah
Tell me how far is that you see

I'm in another galaxy

Fuck Scotty I'mma beam you up and then back down,

check this reality

Stackin' for my four dose of ambition that's ammunition

That click and that clack don't stop

us that drug got cookin' in the kitchen
How many pounds a day?

Maybe get few keys of ye

Ya'll heard but the sound like

Ya'll fuck around, they don't play

E'day, it's a special occasion
E'day, it's a celebration
E'day, a brand new creation
E'day, got a brand new hater
Rewind, rewind
Do the most, do the most
Never told you, I'd never think loose
Never dig loose
Now she's due
And if it comes 'round
Stand in my way, and I'm a show how we do it, do it
Folks let's no play, no conscious leave 'em all clueless
I do this, do this
Forget the garbage I say, now screw this
Rubber doses on the roast are better than me
now prove this(Twinkle, twinkle)
(Twinkle, twinkle)
(Twinkle, twinkle)
(Twinkle, twinkle)
(Twinkle, twinkle)
(Twinkle, twinkle)

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