

# 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  
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 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  
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  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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