

Wiz Khalifa, Errday

Yessir! Yessir!

We getting money man

Yessir!

We trippy, mane

Wiz Khalifa, mane, Juicy J

Let's go

Get up, bitch, get up, bitch, get up, bitch, get up, bitch

Get up, bitch, get up, bitch, get up, bitch, get up, bitch

Get up, bitch, get up, bitch, get up, bitch, get up, bitch

Get up, bitch, get up, bitch, get up, bitch, get up, get up

Foreign cars, that's every day

A million off a tour, that's every day

A hundred broads, that's every day

Getting this money- Living large, in every way

(Smoking dope) that's every day

(Run through your door) that's every day

(Pulling hoes) that's every day

(Get money more) that's every day

(Smoking dope) that's every day

(Run through your door) that's every day

(Pulling hoes) that's every day

(Get money more) that's every day

Rapping ass nigga

There go Wiz, he a rapping ass nigga

I'm in a Benz getting brain from a centerpiece

Before you can mention my name you need ten at least

I know they hate cause of the paper that a nigga see

Light a J and say a prayer for my enemies... Yeah

Made men bunch of made ass niggas

When you paid then you with some paid ass niggas

I heard that money grow on trees so I grew one

Left my old bitch at home got a new one

Said that I quit drinking but I'm back at it

I said that I quit drinking but I'm back at it

Your bitch leaving with us nigga that's tragic

The roof go in the trunk... that's magic

She rolling weed and she don't even smoke

Come to your job and make it flood bet you gone need a boat

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I'm 20 years in and I still win

Hanging with the Taylors drinking gin and I'm dancing

Sunday I will ride the Bugatti- Monday I ride Benz

Any chick and all of her friends you know I'm tossing

Money spent (you know it), little money folded (you know it)

You got one crib (you know it), Juicy got 4 (you know it)

Only clubs that I like gotta have poles (you know it)

Only fuck with model chick, but I play with hoes (you know it)

My mansion sitting on forty acres – who the neighbors? (whooooo)

Kobe Bryant from the Lakers... now that's paper (let's get it)

And I still mob through the hood I don't need no waviars (yes sir)
Cause if you niggas getting wrong, I'mma see you later (Blowwww)

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