

Wiz Khalifa, Gettin' Up

Yeah
It's Young Khalifa
Mr. Look-the-fuck-up, all that
Feelin' real good about life
Got a drink poured, blunt lit
Let's go

Excuse me
My jeans Levi, my shoes is Gucci
Hoes like "Who he?"
On a paper chase, don't waste my loose leaf
A nigga paying bills, lighting L's on the beach
But I still move with the goons on a loose leash
Some call it weird, hoes call it unique
Swag like I just stepped out a boutique
And I spit like I got a mouth full of loose teeth
Closet full of new sneaks that I'll probably never wear
I'm in that President Suite, bad bitch
And if them niggas ain't me, average
I treat a beat like canvas
Bob Ross on a song, paint it perfect
Ever run out of weed, I'll throw a purp fit
I keep the army at ease 'cause y'all ain't worth it
Been considered hipster 'cause my shirts fit
The way your bitch hit my chirp make a hip hurt
Young nigga ridin' that wave, picture me surfin'
OT, probably see me in your circuit
Same niggas hate, the same ones on my first shit
Now that's irony
Hoes wanna frequent me, flow wrinkle free, no iron needed
I'm on a level y'all dyin' to be at
Or somewhere you gotta fly to be at
You know Leto's home
So we spendin' up the grands on the sand gettin' blowed
Four or five freaks at least, new in my phone
Give you my address, GPS to my home
I party like I own stocks
Smoke blunts with CEO's who own their own yachts
Chillin' with bad hoes who pour their own shots
And pop pills, while I approve million dollar deals
Niggas in a frenzy, city cops on my heels
But I'm too rich to give a fuck
Besides hate, the money gettin' up
The money, the money, the money gettin' up
The money gettin' up, the money gettin' up
The money, the money, the money gettin' uuuppp
The money gettin' up (tahahaha)
The money gettin' up

Yeah bitch!
Taylor Gang or kill yourself man
Look in the mirror, shoot the first thing you see
Yeah, that's not me, that's you
Bitch!