

# Wiz Khalifa, Goodbye

Yeah  
It's young Khalifa, man  
My weed good  
Fingernails clean now  
I don't do nothing but peel money and touch bitches  
(Tell 'em, go home 'cause I'ma go hard)  
So tell 'em go hard  
I'ma go hard or I'ma go home  
So that's what I'ma do, hahaha  
Yeah  
(Tell 'em, go home 'cause I'ma go hard)  
Juliano on the track  
Tell 'em, go home 'cause I'ma go hard  
I'ma go hard or I'ma go home  
I haven't been there you know in so long  
So goodbye

I worked for everything I own  
Dare a nigga try and take it  
Spent 300 on the frames  
Just for blocking out you haters  
Swear they're in my way  
They're in my rear view mirror  
If a nigga act stupid  
I'mma let him get his issue  
Everything designer  
And my back seats recline  
I got a thing for livin' good  
And blowing money like it's tissue  
But niggas see you eating  
Get to starving for a plate  
Well, you don't give it when they hate  
That's why my niggas keep a biscuit  
It's no gimmick  
I talk it how I live it  
So when nigga cross the finish  
Gotta push it to the limit  
Got a mom and little sister  
I plan on taking care of  
Lost my uncle this year  
A couple niggas in the system  
So I roll  
No telling where I'm landing  
But I know something  
That I'm going towards some money  
I can see you niggas slacking  
Everyday I'm on my job  
Young Khalifa going hard  
'Til the I'm last man standing

Tell 'em, go home 'cause I'ma go hard  
Go hard or I'ma go home  
I ain't been there you know in so long  
So goodbye  
Tell 'em, go home 'cause I'ma go hard  
Go hard or I'ma go home  
And I ain't been there you know in so long  
So goodbye

Got my eyes on this money  
And some good weed burning  
Where I'm from you gotta grind  
Going hard is not an option

Now these niggas acting jealous  
'Cause they feel like they ain't shining  
And their little shit stop  
When this big shit popping  
Probably be a fiend  
Gotta keep it in my system  
60-box of cigarillos  
'Cause I blow it by the onion  
Pay a couple bills  
Send some paper to my young'n  
'Cause he just like Steve Francis  
He be playing with them rockets

Whipping on the wheel  
Got my peddle to the metal  
'Bout to hit another city  
Ain't no point in getting settled  
Straight onto the plane  
Ain't been home in so long  
Niggas think it's my cologne  
But that's money that you smelling  
I act like my father  
Can't stand my older brother  
Got some niggas doing years  
'Cause of funny niggas telling  
Nigga, I'm a keep grinding  
'Til the day that I expire  
I be running through the fire  
'Til I'm the last man standing

Tell 'em, go home 'cause I'ma go hard  
I'ma go hard or I'ma go home  
I haven't been there you know in so long  
So goodbye  
Tell 'em, go home 'cause I'ma go hard  
I'ma go hard or I'ma go home  
I haven't been there you know in so long  
So goodbye