

# Wiz Khalifa, Got Me Some More

Young Chop on the beat  
Uhh

Where you going? What you doin'? (This type of shit)  
They hating on it, but you keep it moving  
Got money, then I got me some more (You could just spin it all the time)  
Got money, then I got me some more

Hundred bottles that's nothin'  
I be out Greystone and I'm stuntin'  
I be up standing on the couch bottle in my mouth  
Pourin' champagne and spitting champagne out  
Just cause I came up from not havin' shit  
Made a couple mill off this rapping shit  
Smoking papers ya'll smoking backwoods  
Hustle smart, while ya'll hustle backwards  
Niggas gettin' lost in the game  
Me, I'm all getting sorts of change  
Niggas tryna cross in my lane  
I'm thinking that it's awesome, fixing up a cone  
Porsche getting washed in the rain  
Rolex watches, diamonds in my chain, damn look at all them rings  
Don't know what to call it, smoke like a rasta  
Drink like an alcoholic, like I just came back from college  
Take another shot I'm balling, KK cones up in my wallet  
Came here and turnt up, Now your hoes wanna' go with us  
At the crib with my niggas  
They ain't acting like they your bitches no more

Where you going? What you doin'?  
They hating on it, but you keep it moving  
Got money, then I got me some more  
Got money, then I got me some more

Keep that KK, and it's rolled up  
Got that Bombay, now we slowed up  
Got money, then I got me some more  
Got money, then I got me some more

When I started this ain't have all of this  
Now I came up what chu' calling it?  
Couple millionaires on my calling list  
Need it Hookah's niggas yes men  
Scared to tell the truth cause  
Now these old heads think they the new us  
Got a bitch so thick call her two cups  
And my chain so cold got the roof up  
I only been here for three years and made more than you in ten  
Told my niggas we started broke and never going there again (thank god amen)  
Them niggas hating but they know we don't stop  
Now I'm flying out to different places  
Talking shit  
Demonstrating shit that makes us rich and famous  
Money conversations  
Obligations, not about a dollar is a foreign language  
Now I got everything  
A better car, a better team and I ain't worried about niggas

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Got money, then I got me  
If it's 'bout money, it's 'bout me  
Made my way up in the game  
When they doubted me, oh  
Got money, then I got me some more  
Got money, then I got me some more  
Got money, then I got me  
If it's bout money, it's bout me  
If you rolling up, ain't no getting high  
Without me, no  
Got money, then I got me some more (Oh)  
Got money, then I got me some more (Yeah, yeah)

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