

Wiz Khalifa, No Time

Niggas checkin' on, niggas checkin' on
I've been drinkin' a lot of alcohol, right
Niggas drunk, right
(La música de Harry Fraud)

Play the game the way the game's supposed to be played
No time for haters, gotta make that paper
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Uh, joint rolled, cup filled
No luck, just skill
Homie I prayed for this, gotta work every day
All work but still make time for a little bit of play
Hit me, say she on the way
Man I'm livin' what these lil' motherfuckers dream
Either you in or you out, ain't no in between
I put my soul on the track, so my son could eat
And we gon' get that money back if I'm on the beat
I'm hella cool but don't relax when it come to cheese
We by the pool but don't get water on my shirt please
My '61 is clean, there ain't a spec on my seats
Stay workin' out but I can't lie my pockets obese
Come pay that toller fee

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Cut off vintage tees, Versace bed sheets
I gave her a [?], she said it was a breeze
Know we could make it grow, soon as we plant the seed
We doing the brighter side of things we overachieve
I'm givin' niggas game, givin' the valet keys
You look good but I'm the only one you tryna please
Multiple old schools, some for style, some for speed
I got chicks tryna pay me first time we meet
You stick to the plan, watch our paper increase
I got your body, soul and mind, just to say the least
I got you all up on your grind, tryna save your seat
You 'bout the money all the time, that's the way to be

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