Wiz Khalifa, No Worries

This the life we chose, money, cars, and clothes
Takin' trips to different places, livin' like we supposed to
I've been on the road, she outta control
Niggas say they gettin' cake but they ain't even close
I'm just focused on what I'm gettin'
I ain't worried about what I don't got
I'm just focused on what I'm gettin'
I ain't worried about what I don't got

Top spot, catch me at the top spot Wouldn't have made it where I'm at if I didn't know a lot Progress helped me grow a lot Hit my money, show a lot Roll my weed up, smoke a lot Pulled new cars off the parkin' lot And old ones too Show love, that's what real ones do Get my cake long and stay strong Put my niggas on too My whips so foreign My team ballin', my bitch bad, she keep callin' Them niggas talk? We got heat for 'em Been in the game, don't sleep on 'em Hundred K, that's cheap for 'em What you spend that in a week for? What you still tryna keep her for? She was mine, you just think she yours Chauffeur, I don't open doors Fly private, know the pilot On my shit, nigga I'm lit Got your bitch on my dick That's Taylor Gang

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I seen it all before, I seen it all before I gave it to her once and now she wantin' more Ain't here for all the talk cause I'm just tryna score That paper pilin' up, that's what they hate me for I'm on that boss shit, that boss shit Chasin' money like fuck the talkin' That ain't a topic, hit your top and That's a problem, gon' need a medic or a doctor [?] gon' call 'em, that's just the options You talkin' like you on molly, somebody stop him They plottin' like we should rob 'em They want my riches man No Welven them niggas sorry Ain't got no bitches Just watch me pull up in 'Raris Hittin' switches

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