

# Wiz Khalifa, Should I Feel Bad

Yeah!  
(Her Hasselblad was on her knees) Two!  
Yeah! Two-Up!  
Uh

They call me young boy, young crack  
Brought up where them slums at  
Hustle, I done done that  
Customers I brung back  
Just cause how I sung raps  
Some of them are slung crack  
Slide 'em in my tuck, only some will let their gun clap  
Me, I'm on a cash chase, I'm running where them funds at  
Roll another L and put something where my lungs at  
Money come in dumb stacks, niggas looking hungry and they wonder where they lunch at  
I already come for that  
I ain't find comfort at, any spot less than the top  
You niggas had it but ya records done flop  
So I picked it up and ran with the rock  
And I ain't gotta sing it on the cards for you to understand that I'm hot  
I just face one, stand up and rock  
I give my hat a good cock, to the side and do my damn Diddy bop  
I'm the man to be watched, or the nigga to see  
If you want it, then I got it, you can get it from me  
Young

I'm doing my thing a young nigga tryna get his cake up  
(Should I feel bad for what's happening)  
Doing what you can't do so you niggas out here hating us  
(Should I feel bad for what's happening)  
I'm doing my thing a young nigga tryna get his cake up  
(Should I feel bad for what's happening)  
Doing what you can't do so you niggas out here hating us  
(Should I feel bad for what's happening)

Should I feel bad cause niggas sold you a dream  
Now Young Khalifa, I'm controlling the scene  
I ain't roll with ya team, did my own little thing  
Now the records I be making got me holding the cream  
And I'm only a teen, got respect like a man though  
But all the real niggas say they love how ya man flow  
Love how I'm repping the Burgh at every damn show (412)  
Sit back, puff on the herb, counting my damn dough  
Smile in my face, doubt ya kid on the down low  
They ain't believe it before, them fuckers now know  
But now though, you see through like a plate of glass  
Tryna hide, I see you with ya hating ass  
I'm bout making cash, haze by the eighty bag  
Me and Sledgren switch the swag just to make em mad  
And niggas watching my moves, so I'm make em fast  
I'm first up, you out of luck, and takin' last

I'm doing my thing a young nigga tryna get his cake up  
(Should I feel bad for what's happening)  
Doing what you can't do so you niggas out here hating us  
(Should I feel bad for what's happening)  
I'm doing my thing a young nigga tryna get his cake up  
(Should I feel bad for what's happening)  
Doing what you can't do so you niggas out here hating us  
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