

# Wiz Khalifa, Speech

Shake'n bake  
Nigga ain't doin' nothing, just sittin' here and swaggin  
It's easy though  
It's easy to not give a fuck

Fresh outta first class, fresh outta purp nap  
My outfit straight outta hearse, I'm fresh to death  
My car from overseas, the steering wheel on the other side  
I'm givin' it all I got and smokin' what's left  
So much money on weed, so much smoke in my chest  
I take the lessons I learned and put 'em all in my flesh  
Tatted, got a strong weed habit  
Going hard, could have sworn you niggas had it  
Buying champagne, what the tab is  
We order more drinks, bring the cabs in  
Rip up jeans, call it fashion  
A lot of cash and a lot of grass  
You niggas broke, you ain't gotta pass  
Chanel bags and them Prada tags  
Spendin' stash, you ain't gotta stack  
Young and rich, don't know how to act  
As the wheels keep spinnin' and my joint keep burning  
And my team keep winnin'

Roll up, what's the hold up, up  
Roll up, what's the hold up, up

Thinking of some shit, that rap taught me  
Sittin' in a whip, that rap bought me  
Look at all the things that I'm affording  
My nigga mean I'm ballin' like a sports team  
You doin' some shit you think's flossin'  
I was doing that back, when I was fourteen  
Gettin' it, buying the most, flippin' it  
Sixteen, time to pay rent in this bitch  
I wasn't even thinking of making millions  
I was just thinking, smokin' and chillin'  
And trying to pay the bills, try get my mom out this building  
And I got my mom out of this building  
I never took a hand out  
Matter fact I put my hand in  
Now everything you see is planned by me  
Boss of my own shit, Taylor Gang Ent  
Nothing but that cali strong  
Gettin' blown by the pound, bitch, TNT  
Uh

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Roll up, what's the hold up, up