Wiz Khalifa, The Grinder

Rolling up the grass, living better than them niggas That I used to look up to, I can show you how to come up Yeah, I came up from the gutter to a condo out in Hollywood Where the weather's good and the parties always popping up Or somebody be dropping off some trees I mean I got enough to go around everything for the free so you ain't gotta Smoke with me and my homies down to go at any one town and get this paper I swear ain't nobody do me no favors Twisting up the medicine, shitting on my competition Easy part's forgetting, but the hardest part's to try forgiving Niggas for mistaking me, or thinking I was one to wait on Thought cause I was young that I'd be dumb But nigga what you made's a photographic memory Now look at my wife, she got a pornographic figure And my autograph is bigger to your nieces and your nephews Than yours ever was, not to mention your niggas You caught 'em repping Taylor Gang with us

I see TMZ cameras, paparazzi taking pictures
I spark up a J and ask 'em if they wanna take one with us
Made man, ain't nobody make a nigga
'Bout to book a flight to Vegas, tryna take one with us
You niggas too small dawg, me I'm thinking bigger
Critics comment on how I'm smoking weed and drinking liquor
Or how I was nominated, but not the winner
But you should start counting on how much I made this year

Yeah nigga, I'm up in the air, nigga
And the shit that I got on cost some money to wear, nigga
Owner of the team, I ain't even a player, nigga
Before I was on, niggas ain't care
Now it's getting dark for you niggas it ain't even fair, nigga
Blowing hella dank, I mean so much I think it's growing out my hair
The weed is in the jar, the grinders over there

Nah man, we're always gonna be the same They're always gonna look at us the same And they're always gonna look at us like We ain't supposed to be there