

# Wiz Khalifa, Yea Yup

Yeah, yup  
(La música de Harry Fraud)  
(Let me just run through it in my head)  
Uh

Get up off your ass  
This cash ain't gon' get itself, the race ain't gon' win itself  
Focus on your business and your health  
Put them notches on your belt  
Treat them haters like they not here  
Only smoke it if it's top tier  
Never puttin' your trust in a girl, that's bein' smart, it's not fear  
All that I'm sayin', they motive's not clear  
Lookin' for a come-up, you won't get a shot here  
And still them bottles gon' pop, 'nother 30K, you gotta go shop  
Even though it pains 'em, I guarantee it ain't never gon' stop  
I'm with a few G's, you ready or not?  
We levelin' up, conversations 'bout television and such  
Make a toast to the better us  
We never die, never givin' up  
Never let sucker sheep get ahead of us  
Blow rapper weed on the regular  
You just rappers with weed, et cetera

It's our time  
I don't wanna hear you cry  
Stop complaining, it's our time  
I don't wanna hear you cry  
Stop complaining, complaining, yeah

Whatever you like, I got it on ice  
Trips to paradise, never seen you wear it twice  
We don't care the price, diamonds in our wrist-wear  
We celebrate 365 days out of the year  
It took a lot to get here, some losses  
Now we pour out our own liquor and race Porsches  
Several options  
Stay real and still made a fortune  
Doesn't happen often  
Pull up, don't let the valet park it  
Mama get in, don't make it awkward  
This some G shit you wanna take part in  
And if it ain't, well then I'll gladly beg your pardon  
Rollin' KK, got it straight from out the garden  
Bank the largest  
Thank the Lord when we make deposits  
Lot of hate but we shake it off us  
We invest if it's makin' dollars  
This for legacy, it ain't for follows

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