

# Wiz Khalifa, Bluffin (feat. Berner)

Talkin' big money, bitch, uh  
That little shit you talkin' 'bout, that's lunch money  
We don't even smoke that  
(I got, I got, I got, I got so much)  
And this shit gon' be like this for uh (I got so much)  
Pretty much the rest of the time we here  
(I got, I got, I got, I got so much)  
My little niggas got more money than you fuck niggas man  
I promise (I got so much)

Quarter million, little nigga, I was nineteen  
Had my hustle down pat, I did the right thing  
They don't move that fast, they act like they don't like cheese  
Had a couple niggas mad like they don't like me  
Is it cause I'm hella paid? I think it might be  
Yeah my pockets hella straight  
And I smoke so much dope I got OG in my IV  
So many niggas jackin' that shit don't even surprise me  
I don't even want it back, shit it's off to the good  
Can't even say I didn't know you would  
Make a little money, get it from the road  
Bring that shit back to the hood  
Anytime you see me, man I'm on the grind  
Nigga wasn't workin' when you knew you should  
Now you talk about me when I'm on the road  
And when I ride by I'm in the newest one

I got so much money I think I should pay for all this  
They ain't down to spend how much they say cause they ain't ballin'  
I got so much paper I just spend it like it's nothin'  
Ain't no way they spend how much they say cause they just bluffin'  
I got so much money I think I should pay for all this  
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I got so much

Big money, even larger crib  
No I ain't just stuntin', that's how I'm supposed to live  
I move fast paced, so I drive faster cars  
Take a look outside, those are really ours  
And we're really stars  
We all travel safe and go really far  
In that custom paint, in that suede floor  
In that California, that's really hard  
In that California, that's what we on  
Smell that strong, you know I'm baked  
Chances dog, that's what we take  
How much you hate, that's what we make  
Roll up one, that's what we face  
Lot of y'all claim that you real, gon' show up fake  
But that shit don't mean a thing  
Cause I'll still be on my grind and stackin' all of this change

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I got so much

Don't even gotta ask if I get enough cause (I got so much)  
Gin in my cup, twenty-two cones I'mma stuff  
Lightin' another one up (I got, I got, I got, I got so much)  
Live it up, every dollar spend it up  
Don't even gotta ask if I get enough cause (I got so much)  
Gin in my cup, twenty two cones I'mma stuff  
Lightin' another one up, cause

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Hey man, green is for the money, gold is for the honeys  
Step up your game or step down  
Whenever a problem troubles us all  
If you trust in the Lord there will be a brighter tomorrow  
For there's nothing too much for the great God to do  
And all that he asks and expects of you  
Is faith that's unshaken by tribulation and yield  
Confidence and knowledge that God knows best  
And trouble and sorrow, they are only a test  
But without God testin' of our soul  
It never could reach the ultimate goal  
So keep on knowing and believing  
All that God has promised you would be yours to receive  
Preach, Church, tabernacle  
Wiz! Wiz! That's the way  
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