

Wiz Khalifa, Everyday

Uh, we all out here hustlin', vibin'
Get it how you live, live how you get it
(Yeah, yeah)
Stay on your grind
(Yeah, yeah)
(Uh)
You feel me?

I wish that everyday
That a hustler could make it out the ship, got my family, bills paid, new crib
I wish that everyday
I could make a hunnid bands off the flip, buy the buildings that we ran through as kids
I wish that everyday
That I could roll it up by the zip, now a nigga got pounds where I live
I wish that everyday-ay-ay-ay-ay
I wish that everyday

That I popped up clean, Caddy frame
Got my pop this car that's way too fire, spit flames
Like a stove, back when it's way too cold and we didn't have it
My mama need a few more minks and some more karats
I gotta grind, no need for clockin', I know the time
I know you order, fuck that cost, this check is mine
I need the smiles of my family when we paid, when this money ain't a thing
I wish this everyday
We burn in every spot we go, that's our true lifestyle, our true lifestyle
It's a couple hundred million in this room right now, make room right now
Brunch at Tiffanys
I got rich off epiphanies
I'm hustlin' for my picka'nies
It was written, believe it or not, Ripley's
May your pain be champagne and Hennessy
Big ballin', shot callin'
New foreign, very imported
Stack it up, when you save it, then you don't spend it
Quit it, then I got you singin' that you can't go again
New Benz, few friends, couple girls I just flew in (Uh)
Listening to Loose Ends, wanna take my coupe for a spin (Uh)
Checkin' they makeup in my new rims (Ahaha)

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To pull up on a scene off in Harlem, parlay with my New York fam, what's poppin'?
Like what's happenin'? What's shakin'? What's goodie?
Old Harlem, pull up anywhere in my jewelry
You know the secret to success, be the motherfuckin' best
We already said that
But that's some shit we gotta stretch
Few of the realest motherfuckers alive, (Shh) I confess
You never seen these, these kicks is concepts (Uh)
Blendin' in with the track like the hi-hat
Stoned every time I rap, put New Orleans on the map
The top goes back if you push the button
I don't really be clubbin', they gotta pay me to come in
I'm a OG now, I be in the house
I got a son too, fool, I can't be playin' around
I'm all about the cake, three slices on the plate

Made the plastic fork break, with my hands, I still ate
But I want more, my appetite can't be tamed
Straight game, twenty-thou' wow for the Plain Jane
Paint the rings clean as my cousin color Supreme
European clip up front on seventeen
Stay in the cut, but sometime I stunt
We pull up in everything you want
We pull up in everything you don't
Still keep a gorilla in the trunk
Lane to lane, swang, slam do', yeah

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Always gon' do
Always gon' do