

Wiz Khalifa, Go'On Hate

Ay, you know that work moving so that paper steady stacking
And niggas out here hating I done made it cuz I'm rapping
My chain is solid gold, man I said later for that platinum
And threw them yellow diamonds on that "P" and got it tatted
A lot of y'all just talk, I let em see I make it happen
Moving rhymes like weight, some mistake and think I'm trappin'
That heat I gotta pack it cuz they wait for me to slip
Let a hater go'on and trip, 32 off in that clip
I'm riding big shit, and I'm smoking even bigger
Your baby mama say she wanna fuck a young nigga
I took it from an eighth, and made it to a half
Now I'm working with a whole one, language do the math
And it ain't about your man, if it don't involve them presidents
Them dead white folk, all that other shit's irrelevant
Never said I'm first to put the Burgh up on the map
I'm more like Mike Tomlin, here to bring the Burgh back
Khalifa man

Now everywhere I go, at a club or a show
A broke nigga got something to say
Bout what I ain't done, or where I ain't from
But everybody know a hater go'on hate
You know me I'm the P-R-I-N-C-E O-F T-H-E C-I-T-Y
I'm W-I-Z K-H-A-L-I-F-A pussy nigga go'on hate (go'on hate)
Pussy nigga go'on hate
Pussy nigga go'on hate

I be riding while I'm coasting, I be drinking, I be smoking
I be rolling up them blunts that have you choking yeah we call it that ray
I'm a hustler, I be stacking, I'm a hundred, y'all be acting
In the Burgh I get it smacking yeah I own it all day
And them hating niggas funny
Don't got no reason not to like me except I got some money
I turn a classy chick into a certified bussy
Not even the baddest bitch, couldn't get a dime from me
They see me and try and hug me, these haters try and plug me
I got a hundred real niggas, ray to fire for me
You waiting 'round for me, well I think I'll get it started
It's number 2, you act stupid my team'll get retarded... yeah