

Wiz Khalifa, Got Me Some More

Young Chop on the beat
Uhh

Where you going? What you doin'? (This type of shit)
They hating on it, but you keep it moving
Got money, then I got me some more (You could just spin it all the time)
Got money, then I got me some more

Hundred bottles that's nothin'
I be out Greystone and I'm stuntin'
I be up standing on the couch bottle in my mouth
Pourin' champagne and spitting champagne out
Just cause I came up from not havin' shit
Made a couple mill off this rapping shit
Smoking papers ya'll smoking backwoods
Hustle smart, while ya'll hustle backwards
Niggas gettin' lost in the game
Me, I'm all getting sorts of change
Niggas tryna cross in my lane
I'm thinking that it's awesome, fixing up a cone
Porsche getting washed in the rain
Rolex watches, diamonds in my chain, damn look at all them rings
Don't know what to call it, smoke like a rasta
Drink like an alcoholic, like I just came back from college
Take another shot I'm balling, KK cones up in my wallet
Came here and turnd up, Now your hoes wanna' go with us
At the crib with my niggas
They ain't acting like they your bitches no more

Where you going? What you doin'?
They hating on it, but you keep it moving
Got money, then I got me some more
Got money, then I got me some more

Keep that KK, and it's rolled up
Got that Bombay, now we slowed up
Got money, then I got me some more
Got money, then I got me some more

When I started this ain't have all of this
Now I came up what chu' calling it?
Couple millionaires on my calling list
Need it Hookah's niggas yes men
Scared to tell the truth cause
Now these old heads think they the new us
Got a bitch so thick call her two cups
And my chain so cold got the roof up
I only been here for three years and made more than you in ten
Told my niggas we started broke and never going there again (thank god amen)
Them niggas hating but they know we don't stop
Now I'm flying out to different places
Talking shit
Demonstrating shit that makes us rich and famous
Money conversations
Obligations, not about a dollar is a foreign language
Now I got everything
A better car, a better team and I ain't worried about niggas

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Got money, then I got me some more
Got money, then I got me some more

Got money, then I got me
If it's 'bout money, it's 'bout me
Made my way up in the game
When they doubted me, oh
Got money, then I got me some more
Got money, then I got me some more
Got money, then I got me
If it's bout money, it's bout me
If you rolling up, ain't no getting high
Without me, no
Got money, then I got me some more (Oh)
Got money, then I got me some more (Yeah, yeah)

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Got money, then I got me some more

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