

Wiz Khalifa, Look What I Got On

Hold up
I done made eighty grand a nigga didn't even show up
Niggas used to talk about the way that I dress
Now I see them on they videos pants legs rolled up
Wasn't even thinking bout getting a Rolex
Now we got a Rolex and the whole thing froze up
Now you takin pictures of this shit
Walk around getting bitches off this shit
They just talkin but I'm living off this shit
Kenny Powers really feel like I'm the shit
MC Hammer pants I feel like I'm legit
9/11 not the day but thats the whip
Taylor Gang they be on that shit
Always on the grind tryna keep my mind on the finer things
I gotta get that'll make a nigga rich
Lotta new kicks lotta new fits
Lotta swag that you see on me that'll take a nigga bitch
They get dressed like I get up and go
Grabbing all my shit up and roll
Walked in and lit up the store
Took a dab and roll another joint now I lit up for show
And my bitch is like a pin-up if I like it then I buy it
Most of the time the shit is free and they just in it
Major paper and I'm winning and my outfits sick
I'm a walk up in this bitch and I'm a make a nigga spit up

Can't get this from the store
That's a one of one that mean they don't make it no more
I be like look what I got on, look at what I got on
I be like look what I got on, look at what I got on
Never seen it before
Try spending what I'm spending and you'll probably go broke
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Have you ever seen a nigga dress good as me
Have you ever seen a nigga go shopping for the furs
Turn around right where the leathers be
Have you ever seen a nigga with some shit wonder where he get it
When you try to get the thing in the store
Have you ever seen a nigga lookin' crazy then the motherfucker
In it but the price you don't even know
Never seen nobody walk up in the store without no money
When they come out they hands are full of hella bags
Never seen nobody come into the store and get the treatment that I get
I guess that mean I spend hella bands
Have you ever got your suit tailor'd by the man
Have you ever got your suit flown in by the man
You don't get that kind of money you don't understand
You ain't ever touch a hundred grand
You just say you do
Like a lame would do
My Taylor Gang niggas a fatal crew
We taking your paper and rocking the latest
You try to hate but my clique hater proof
My closet go on for a day or two
Ain't one of them niggas who switch the shit it up
No I'm staying true like a player do
So show me my tab and who to pay it to
Fuck you and them niggas you came with too

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Old heads look at what I got on
Young niggas look at what I got on
Broke niggas look at what I got on
Rich niggas look at what I got on

And I'm floating, my windows open
My eyes all low cause I'm off that potent
They jacking my style I got that notion
Can't even get it, you on that slow shit
Pull up in it, they like "oh shit"
Hella expensive, smoking explosive
Where did he get them? Nobody knows it
Don't even go there

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