Wiz Khalifa, Nameless

Lifestyles of the rich and famous
Well I'm rich and famous
But if you got money, they know what you're name is
If you don't, you're nameless

84, that's 3 in the pot, these niggas jealous, I'm something they're not
It's all good, shit, I expected that
Shit, I've been asleep since we lifted off where we left at
Yeah it's cool to you, but it's what we deserve
Needle on the track, I'm dope, you niggas got some nerve
That's drug talk, '88 Volvo, gold B.B.'s, man rest in peace, Macho
Shit, where I'm from, even kids know the call
Hit it with some ice, just to cool it off
I was workin up on that corner like I had a job
Up in the corner servin', I ain't have a prob
I'm still feel like I'm sleeping
With all of this happenin', am I dreamin'?
But, shit, I'm high and I'm wide awake
And I what I want I can afford, ain't that an escape

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Uh, talkin' raw papers and long leathers
Nigga, my drawer filled with couture textures
Killin' these niggas, bring more stretchers
Amazed by how I'm in that new Mason Martin Margiela
With my team, we're at the car dealer
Smokin' big green, I'm talkin' Godzilla
You're talkin' money, then you sound familiar
The suite wasn't big enough so me, I bought the villa
The whip was sick enough, I went and got the ill one
Your tree wasn't enough, good thing I brought some killa
Bitch I'm a king, and all my team is loyal niggas
My wife's a queen with diamond rings and full chinchillas
And I was raised with niggas with get-money intentions
Lot of young niggas gettin' made, but I'm the realest
Give a fuck about if a nigga hatin'
My dollar accumulation; my only motivation

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I'm pretty sure he likes my music

He might. He's aware of it, we know that

If you like rap music, if you like hard stuff
You can't deny it