

Wiz Khalifa, No Worries

This the life we chose, money, cars, and clothes
Takin' trips to different places, livin' like we supposed to
I've been on the road, she outta control
Niggas say they gettin' cake but they ain't even close
I'm just focused on what I'm gettin'
I ain't worried about what I don't got
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Top spot, catch me at the top spot
Wouldn't have made it where I'm at if I didn't know a lot
Progress helped me grow a lot
Hit my money, show a lot
Roll my weed up, smoke a lot
Pulled new cars off the parkin' lot
And old ones too
Show love, that's what real ones do
Get my cake long and stay strong
Put my niggas on too
My whips so foreign
My team ballin', my bitch bad, she keep callin'
Them niggas talk? We got heat for 'em
Been in the game, don't sleep on 'em
Hundred K, that's cheap for 'em
What you spend that in a week for?
What you still tryna keep her for?
She was mine, you just think she yours
Chauffeur, I don't open doors
Fly private, know the pilot
On my shit, nigga I'm lit
Got your bitch on my dick
That's Taylor Gang

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I seen it all before, I seen it all before
I gave it to her once and now she wantin' more
Ain't here for all the talk cause I'm just tryna score
That paper pilin' up, that's what they hate me for
I'm on that boss shit, that boss shit
Chasin' money like fuck the talkin'
That ain't a topic, hit your top and
That's a problem, gon' need a medic or a doctor
[?] gon' call 'em, that's just the options
You talkin' like you on molly, somebody stop him
They plottin' like we should rob 'em
They want my riches man
No Welven them niggas sorry
Ain't got no bitches
Just watch me pull up in 'Raris
Hittin' switches

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