

Wiz Khalifa, Revenge Of The Cool

And I'm all up in your shit nowadays
That's what them haters get
Uh
Yeah, yeah

When you puttin' up with them lows, them haters all at your door
Talkin', "Where you been, bro? Why you don't come 'round no more?"
Shit, 'cause money on my mind, if I go broke, then I'm fucked
If the world was four flat tires, y'all niggas'd leave me stuck
And the main one claiming money ain't a thing owe me bucks
Always talking 'bout he pimpin' when his old lady tryna fuck
I got news for you, I ain't the one for hoopin' and hollerin'
You ain't extendin' my commas, we ain't got nothin' in common
I'm sayin', you seen 'em in the club, first to grab on the bottle
Ain't dropped a dime in the VIP, going live with this shit
Always lyin', talkin' down like they supply for the clique
But everybody looking 'round like, "Who the fuck them niggas is?"
"Who the fuck let them niggas in?" 'Cause we some players and we know the difference
I'm never lettin' up on these lames, keep 'em in they feelings
'Cause while they scopin' on my wallet and droolin' over hookah
Man, I was plottin' up a million, some shit they can't be doing

Man, I was all off in your crib, eatin' out your fridge
Feet up on your couch, fuckin' with your bitch
That's what you haters get
That's what you haters get
Man, I was sippin' on your drank, smokin' on your shit
Pressin' on your buttons, ridin' in your whip
That's what you haters get
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She for the city though (For the city)
While your silly ass was puttin' on your shitty show, she was all up in my videos (Uh)
She came to Death Row
Faded off the petrol
Kind of hard to wrestle her off, she mastered Greco
Neck stroke is the death stroke
Cartier specs like I'm Esco'
Keep shittin' on them no matter the amount of pep though
All about the Creflo (Dollars)
Let's go take a look at the escrow
Bets go down
Might triple up next go 'round
I hit them packs if them checks slow down
Slow down, DZA, you're killin' 'em, yet profound
Can't slip, you gotta check those clowns
I'm like, "What a disgrace"
I put 'em all in they place like Section 8 (Uh)
The hate be hereditary, a family trait (Uh)
Revenge of the cool guys, I done ran up the rate
Park you, nigga, cancel your fate

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