

# Wiz Khalifa, The Grinder

Rolling up the grass, living better than them niggas  
That I used to look up to, I can show you how to come up  
Yeah, I came up from the gutter to a condo out in Hollywood  
Where the weather's good and the parties always popping up  
Or somebody be dropping off some trees  
I mean I got enough to go around everything for the free so you ain't gotta  
Smoke with me and my homies down to go at any one town and get this paper  
I swear ain't nobody do me no favors  
Twisting up the medicine, shitting on my competition  
Easy part's forgetting, but the hardest part's to try forgiving  
Niggas for mistaking me, or thinking I was one to wait on  
Thought cause I was young that I'd be dumb  
But nigga what you made's a photographic memory  
Now look at my wife, she got a pornographic figure  
And my autograph is bigger to your nieces and your nephews  
Than yours ever was, not to mention your niggas  
You caught 'em repping Taylor Gang with us

I see TMZ cameras, paparazzi taking pictures  
I spark up a J and ask 'em if they wanna take one with us  
Made man, ain't nobody make a nigga  
'Bout to book a flight to Vegas, tryna take one with us  
You niggas too small dawg, me I'm thinking bigger  
Critics comment on how I'm smoking weed and drinking liquor  
Or how I was nominated, but not the winner  
But you should start counting on how much I made this year

Yeah nigga, I'm up in the air, nigga  
And the shit that I got on cost some money to wear, nigga  
Owner of the team, I ain't even a player, nigga  
Before I was on, niggas ain't care  
Now it's getting dark for you niggas it ain't even fair, nigga  
Blowing hella dank, I mean so much I think it's growing out my hair  
The weed is in the jar, the grinders over there

Nah man, we're always gonna be the same  
They're always gonna look at us the same  
And they're always gonna look at us like  
We ain't supposed to be there