

Wiz Khalifa, Ain't Shit Changed

Sometimes, you gotta cut a motherfucker, huh?
Don't be that motherfucker
Haha
Realistically, I'm just sittin' back
Got back to the crib
Got a pile of KK, pack of cones
Just doing what I do
Ain't shit changed
Ugh

Smoking weed and living how I'm s'posed to be
The police don't say shit when they approach me
Different day, a different coast
I'm doing shit the way I'm s'posed to
Flyin' private, 'way from coach
Was a player, now, I coach, hundred mil', I'm tryna gross
Roll a pound and flow, pour a round and toast
Every day, we focused, no matter how much we smoke
Hit it, never miss, got these niggas pissed
Get caught? Never flip, charges get dismissed
Been a savage since I jumped off in this business shit
Nothing personal, must've forgot what this business is
I keep hustling and won't stop until my clique get rich
Won't do shit, you bury yourself, I'll let you dig that ditch
You a hustling motherfucker
New crib for my son, an AP for my brother, and it's flooded
Them girls ain't gon' get enough of it
Earn my respect, they gon' keep telling you that I'm fucking rich
Earn my respect, he just get jealous because I fucked his bitch
Earn my respect, so when they come to my house, they don't take pics
I'm killing the competition, they still ain't got my permission
I'm finna make my decision, I'm holding out my position