

# Wiz Khalifa, Get Sum

Yeah bitch!  
Get you some  
It might look good on ya  
Ha ha ha  
Yeah, yeah...Get some  
Yeah, yeah, get some  
Yeah, yeah, get some  
Yeah, yeah, get some  
Yeah, yeah, get some

They say the boy is sick and they can't diagnose my symptoms  
Went and seen the doctor tryna find me a prescription  
Told him since an early teen all I seen the color green  
He said it ain't nothing wrong, probably wasn't listening  
Listening, out of town  
I'm anywhere the paper be  
Grandma tell me go to church somebody need to pray for me  
So I leave and go and see the preacher he said "holy smoke!"  
See I'm nothing like you, my pockets got the holy ghost  
From that side of town where you can get for the shorty low  
Fuck about a price tag everything's affordable  
And my homie told me you a nigga be a rich one  
Why you on ya ass?  
If you ain't got no money get sum

Got no money get some  
Got no money get some  
Got no money get some  
Get some get some  
Got no money get some  
Got no money get some  
Got no money get some  
Get some get some  
Got no money get some you ain't got it go and get it  
Got no money get some you ain't got it go and get it  
Got no money get some you ain't got it go and get it  
Got no money get some you ain't got it go and get it

If the streets know anything about me they know that I'm a ball  
Different city every night I'm a star  
And I don't need a piece I want it all  
Tell em all  
If the streets no anything about me they know that I'm a ball  
Every night a different chick in my car  
And I don't need a piece I want it all  
Tell em all

Got no money get some  
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Get some get some  
Got no money get some  
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Got no money get some  
Got no money get some  
Got no money get some you ain't got it go and get it  
Got no money get some you ain't got it go and get it  
Got no money get some you ain't got it go and get it  
Got no money get some you ain't got it go and get it

I wake up and think of 'bout how to get my paper  
Then roll some and stink up say hi to all you haters  
No teacher can school me I'm smart but not a scholar  
Shit if I was a book I'd be all about a dollar

I never had a job or something of that nature  
I've been hustling since a cub had a buzz like a pager  
You straight from the path and I'm on one that's narrow  
I'm chasin' muchavo, that mucho deniro  
Fresh like a pharaoh, my clothes come from Cairo  
The beat kick like Bruce Lee  
My flow some like Pyro (Like Pyro?)  
Like payroll and ain't afraid to spend it  
That mean I'm getting money if you ain't got yours get it

Got no money get some  
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Get some get some  
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