

Wiz Khalifa, Got What You Need

I got what you need
The fetti and the cheese
The moola and the guap
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I got what you need, boy, ya want it
That nigga price high, mine cheap, so they love it
Do it big, shake 'em off, and these haters wish I wasn't
All about my job, and my guap keep it coming
Who you fooling boy? I does it, your girl said she loves it
Pocket full of guap, and that moola keep it coming
Heavy Hustle, Rostrum Records on it big, man, it's nothing
Cigarillo full of that Rain Man, I call her fresh puffin
It's-it's-it's smellin' Superbad; call me McPuffin
Stick that thing in oven, turn it up and make muffins
Money coming up, that moola and the green
Money coming in, I chop it up between my team
I'm a star in the air, doing big things
Why you think your lady stare? I'm stunting like a stunna do
Fresh when I want to, do my shit in front of you
Money everywhere, look, dummy, right in front of you

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Yeah
I'm fresh up off the plane, I hit the town straight from touring
I don't run up and down the court, but you can say I'm balling
The money's not a problem, so you know they gon hate
When they see them yellow diamonds, you should see them hoes' face
I'mma need a whole case, hit the club and pop them bottles
In it with my thugs, spendin' dubs like no tomorrow
I make a lot of chavo, and meet a lot of buss downs
Saw me in the club once, shawty got a crush now
Don't got the time, got a line, of sexy women
Wanna fuck the team cuz they seen how we be spending
Rock expensive linen, yeah, that baggy shit is finished
When you getting money, everything is fitted
Listen, this ain't nothing close yo most of you niggas, weirdos
My swagga is on one, followed by a zero-zero
I got up in her earhole, she hopped up in my seats
Told her ride with a G if you like what you see
Cuz I

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I got what ya need, a blunt for ya trees

A lot of pipe for all that you got stuffed in them jeans
My ride got screens, I'm high, I got lean
But I don't sip purple, I smoke a lot of green
300 dolla jeans, tight white tee
I look at you and tell you to get right like me
And check your main broad because she might like me
Waiting for the right time and tonight might be (uh-huh)
She say she want a nigga with that moola and that guap
They see me, I don't have to say shit to em, bro, they flock
And as for all them hating niggas, ooh I got 'em hot
They recognize that I'm on number two and ain't gon stop (two)
I rep my city (city), flooding my P (P)
Canary yellow diamonds looking like my chain peed (wow)
A pocket full a dollars, my nigga, I gangrene (yup)
So if you bout your money, boy I'm bout the same thing (yeah)

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