

Wiz Khalifa, Mark's Basement

How you want it? Now or later, I blow a pound of flavors
I'm always rollin kush, don't be with entertainers
This ain't just for the look, don't feel like I need favors
Don't play it by the book, occupation smokin' papers
When I pull up they look, cool with the cops and neighbors
I got these niggas shook, like helicopter chases
My car win races, my broad was racist
But now she wanna kick it, get her little brother tickets
I talk, I live it, I ball, I pivot
I go the distance, I'm so persistent
How I'm livin', stackin' millions
Rappin' to children, gettin' that pack in the buildin'
That real shit, I'm bringin' the feelin'
That bad bitch, she bringin' my meal in
My swag good, you think you could steal it
That bag good, I think it's a million

Count it up
Count the motherfuckin' money man
When's the last time you ran somethin'?
Never, motherfucka!
Ha ha ha ha
Matter fact, as long as you know how to roll in 2020, you good
You gang!
Ha ha ha ha ha ha

Who that is
Countin' up, keep the weed tucked
Got a bottle of that new McQueen stuff
Your bitch trippin', tell her ease up
You can see the ink when my sleeves up
It's hoes down, always g's up
Put some money down, Rollie freeze up
What would you do if you paid 4.5?
You would live comfortable too, decorate all of your rooms
I don't know why they assume, only make boss type of moves
They clout chase, I'm hardly amused, but I still try to be cool
I spend a thousand on shoes, I got a house with a pool
I got a mountain to move, she got a mouth, I recruit
If I'm gettin' paper, she count it up too
If I know the price, my accountant do too
I fly in a plane, smoke a pound, and I'm through
All my niggas eat full, what happened to you?

Y'all niggas lookin' real sad
You look happy, but you look sad
All that partyin' and shit and buyin' shit
You just fillin' an empty motherfuckin' space
Some shit you wish you had
It's cool 'cause I know what it feel like 'cause I got it nigga
Yeah
I got it