

# Wiz Khalifa, Mismatch

Couldn't be easier  
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Fuck nigga better what your tone  
All that talking I ain't with that  
(No, no)  
All that shit in your song  
Boy stop you ain't never did that  
(No, no)  
Your hoe don't wanna go home  
All in her stomach like a six pack  
(No, no)  
Been killing these niggas so long  
This shit feeling like a mismatch  
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You would think I speak another language  
Niggas just don't understand it  
I done took shots for the cameras  
I done ducked shots when they came for us  
It was just me and my niggas  
Wasn't nobody else riding  
Let a nigga find bodies killer  
He gon' put one up inside him  
And my eyes still low  
Ain't shit change, on my grind still, bro  
Got a Summer full of shows  
And a phone full of hoes  
Cause my life kinda ideal, yo  
Ain't the one you wanna try here  
You just a rookie in the game and you lookin' at the top tier  
And my niggas got no fear  
You ain't got enough niggas so you don't go nowhere  
I got a crib out in California  
I got a three-year old kid so I live out in California  
But shit's real out in California  
You take a loss, ayy, that's just how it is out in California  
But anywhere niggas run up on ya  
You better watch yourself, you beat and got yourself  
They gon' catch you out of bounds where you not yourself  
Be a lesson that you learn, you done taught yourself  
The fuck niggas runnin' they mouth  
The real ones out getting paper  
I'mma hit the studio now  
Then go fuck a bitch later  
Bad bitch from down south  
Cook food with hella good flavor  
I'mma get money in pounds  
I ain't got time to go save her

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Fuck nigga stop dapping me off  
Unless you talking bout the money  
You a duck nigga and you soft  
Please stay the fuck from around me  
A muthafuckin' lame nigga make me sick  
Joker, fuck you and your homies  
Talk is cheaper than a bitch  
If you a real nigga gotta show me  
Back when I didn't have shit  
Niggas act like they ain't know me  
I was sleeping outside by the ditch  
All of my potnas got phony  
Everybody stop answering their phone  
Nigga that shit was so lonely  
I was scraping up \$1.24 for a lil pack of bologna  
Now I got the chips with the dip  
And all these bitches back on me  
Throwing hundreds in the air like Wilt  
Cutting niggas off like Tony  
If you ain't talkin' 'bout no money  
Nigga turn down your convo  
Kush got me like a mummy  
Got my shirt off like Tonto

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