

# Wiz Khalifa, Moola & The Guap

I got what you need  
The fetti and the cheese  
The moola and the guap  
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I got what 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 smelling super bad; call me MC puffin  
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, dumbie, 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're 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  
Spending dubs  
Like no tomorrow  
I make a lot of chavo  
And meet a lot of bus-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 'cause 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  
To 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  
'Cause 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 a lean  
But I don't sip purple  
I smoke a lot of green  
300 dollar 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

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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