

Wiz Khalifa, Rise Above

Uh, you would have thought that from seeing me going hard
That that'd motivate these motherfuckers to get on they job
But instead they hating on what I've been doing
Having conversations in my face about what I should do for 'em
What I'mma do keep rolling and dropping weed on 'em
Pack my bags look like I'm staying for weeks but be gone in the morning
If the flight is private, we probably should board it
You see it you like it, I can probably afford it
If niggas really felt some type of way about the shit I'm doing
You picked a crazy time to start letting me know
Cause jealousy and envy that's a trait for mostly bitches
Not a man so you ain't one if you letting it show
Now the money like the weed how we letting it grow
And I ain't holding on to shit I'm letting it go
Started small but now we all in them bigger game
All in a bigger plane, ballin' and getting paid

First the love was there
Then the paper came
Then the haters came
But we still rise above
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Yeah, my phone is dead, but I got a contact
My sharpie paint pen on my Timbo combats
You talk shit, I won't respond back
But they gon' get, and you don't want that
That nigga will forget the deal
Remember what? Get for real
My whip appeal, my crib is real
My wrist as well you know...the Richard Mille
Hip-hop grunge nigga, I make her come quicker
Then rock toe socks, yellow sponge nigga
I Tebow, for hoes that eat hoes
Emojis fo' me and my people
The hoes love me, I'm on they TiVo
I work they thighs, and they kegels
Skateboard, I love Chanel
Retweet me bitch, I'm @Pharrell

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Yeah, I hustle no muscle, I'll never be muzzled
I'm a piece to a puzzle, I'm Robert Townsend
And my words gon' Hollywood Shuffle
My nigga I move moo, my motivation is moves foo'
I get up and does do, I evenly do ten things at once
Multitaskin' super fast and king of tattin' super pimpin'
House of rollin' run a business while I'm tourin' on you bitches
Doing features while watching a double feature nigga
I see you suffering from haterism, get that check
I take nothin' and make somethin'
There's no breaks when the hustle's runnin'
Ain't dealin' with fakes, ain't fuckin' with snakes

They all in my face now they got what it takes
My nigga I'm straight
So don't reach out cause I peaced out
When I reached out, there's no response
Like knockin' on an empty house
Yeah, so I keep on while you peep on
What I be on and you're behind – that's what karma's about

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Man what the fuck is wrong with these niggas
They rollin' up, let alone doin' a song with these niggas
Claimin' they ballin', to me they playin'
These niggas ain't really doin' what they sayin'
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