

# Wiz Khalifa, Stranger Things

Yeah, hehehe

Wake up and bake  
Never hate, gotta get to this cake  
I never stress but this money I stake  
I brush my teeth, pray, wash my face  
And thank God I stay far away from the fakes  
Remember days wasn't safe  
Now we got thousands tucked in the safe  
Target practice case you wanna come and see  
I take a look in the mirror at G in front of me  
Difference between havin' dreams and bein' a wannabe  
And livin' comfortably  
I took my dreams and made 'em somethin'  
Doesn't mean that I don't wake up with the same hunger  
Another mansion for my team, couple wave runners  
Couple niggas want our spot but they can't take it from us  
I'm busy smoking like Jamaicans  
Never worry bout you niggas  
Hate, you jealous, I can see it on your face  
I seen 100 dollar bills falling yesterday  
I heard 'em ask who fault it is then I spoke my name  
Young Khalifa man

It's like I'm talking to a stranger  
A stranger, a stranger, a stranger  
Now everybody getting stranger  
They're stranger, they're stranger, they're stranger  
I think I'm in danger, gotta wake my game up  
Gotta stay the same, watching everybody change  
Ah now they're getting stranger  
They're stranger, they're stranger, they're stranger

I wrote my name on the clouds  
Said no waiters allowed  
Do anything to make my Taylors proud  
I do a show, throw a J in the crowd  
Some say I got they favorite style  
You in the game, never make it out  
I blow a pound, rollin' weed by the ounce  
Them niggas talk but they can't amount  
Big bands in my bank account  
Seen it all, I've been here before  
Calculate my moves but nah it's kinda difficult  
I'm always switching up and doing shit in intervals  
Now we professionals, nah we ain't letting go  
Them niggas talk not what they doing but they moving slow  
While I'm knee deep in the game, Mr. Doing More  
This the part where the teacher becomes the student  
And you start to realize I'm the youngin' you need to move with  
Girls run up on me, tell me they love my music  
Niggas try to be genuine I know it's bullshit

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They beat me up so of course they wanna ride with us  
You wasn't trapping on them blocks, you wasn't outside with us

A couple .40's, you got some 9's with us  
And they can't beat us so of course they wanna side with us  
They say if you ain't got no haters you ain't popping  
I got pussy niggas, I got bitches pocket watching  
I got blue hundreds on me in LA  
I come straight from Hollywood then I pull up in the projects, go  
Ay sorry homie you a stranger  
One off in the head if I ever feel in danger  
Started at the bottom but God damn it I done came up  
Trill with my niggas, they can never say I changed up  
Two cups stuffed and I get it out the mud  
All I see is real hate, niggas showin' fake love  
Givin' fake handshakes and that come with fake hugs  
But I promise I'm the same  
Forever gang-gang

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