

Wiz Khalifa "Bluffin'"

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[Intro]

Talkin' big money, bitch, uh
That little shit you talkin' 'bout
That's lunch money
We don't even smoke that
And this shit gon' be like this for uh
Pretty much the rest of the time we here
My little niggas got more money than you fuck niggas
man
I promise

[Hook]

I got-I got-I got-I got so much
So much, so much, so much

[Verse 1]

Quarter million, little nigga, I was nineteen
Had my hustle down pat, I did the right thing
They don't move that fast, they act like they don't like
cheese
Had a couple niggas mad like they don't like me
Is it cause I'm hella paid? I think it might be
Yeah my pockets hella straight
And I smoke so much dope I got OG in my IV
So many niggas jackin' that shit don't even surprise me
I don't even want it back, shit it's off to the good
Can't even say I didn't know you would
Make a little money, get it from the bro
Bring that shit back to the hood
Anytime you see me, man I'm on the grind
Nigga wasn't workin' when you knew you should
Now you talk about me when I'm on the road
And when I ride by I'm in the newest one

[Hook]

I got so much money I think I should pay for all this
They ain't down to spend how much they say cause
they ain't ballin'
I got so much paper I just spend it like it's nothin'
Ain't no way they spend how much they say cause they
just bluffin' (x2)
I got so much

[Verse 2]

Big money
Even larger crib
No I ain't just stuntin'
That's how I'm supposed to live
I move fast paced
So I drive faster cars
Take a look outside
Those are really ours
And we're really stars
We all travel safe and go really far
In that custom paint, in that suede floor
In that California, that's really hard
In that California, that's what we on
Smell that strong, you know I'm baked
Chances dog, that's what we take
How much you hate, that's what we make
Roll up one, that's what we face
Lot of y'all claim that you real, gon' show up fake
But that shit don't mean a thing
Cause I'll still be on my grind
And stackin' all of this change

[Hook]

[Break]

Don't even gotta ask if I get enough, cause
I got so much
Gin in my cup, twenty-two cones I'mma stuff
Lightin' another one up
(I got-I got-I got-I got so much)
Live it up, every dollar spend it up
Don't even gotta ask if I get enough, cause
(I got so much)
Gin in my cup, twenty two cones I'mma stuff
Lightin' another one up, cause

[Hook]

[Outro]

Hey man, green is for the money, gold is for the
honeys
Step up your game or step down
Whenever a problem troubles us all
If you trust in the Lord there will be a brighter tomorrow
For there's nothing too much for the great God to do
And all that he asks and expects of you
Is faith that's unshaken by tribulation and yield
Confidence and knowledge that God knows best
And trouble and sorrow, they are only a test

But without God testin' of our soul
It never could reach the ultimate goal
So keep on knowing and believing
All that God has promised you would be yours to
receive
Preach, Church, tabernacle
Wiz! Wiz! That's the way
Wiz! Wiz! That's the way
Wiz! Wiz! That's the way

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