

Wiz Khalifa

"Change Up"

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INTRO - (Wiz Khalifa Speaking)

Uh huh, uh, yeah, ya know, it's the boy Wiz
Sometimes I gotta sit back and think, ya know
The audacity I have for these n*ggas man, ya know
But you know i just gotta focus on the positive, ya know
Cuz' the negative ain't gonna do nothin' but, you know
what i'm sayin'
Bring me down, and I've worked too hard to get where
I'm at
I can guarantee you one thing, I ain't going nowhere
Im'a be right here baby, 412, uh huh, and this the
Prince, yeah, yeah

HOOK - (Wiz Khalifa)

Homie we came up, n*ggas hatin' cuz not havin' paper
just ain't us
Take it from me, shit for free, nobody gave us
Tired of strugglin' so we hustle to get the change up,
yeah, yeah
Hustle to get the change up, yeah, yeah (Repeat X4)

VERSE 1 - (Wiz Khalifa)

Uh, look homie I'm from the ill-gritty, city where they kill
plenty
Lost some n*ggas along the way, some of em' still wit'
me
So why don't ya'll come through, while the boys show
you
How we livin' in the 412
Where young n*ggas got no intentions of workin' jobs
Cookin' that raw is they definition of workin' hard
Chop it, bag it, hit the block and work it hard
Tired of strugglin', so we started hustlin'
Gotta bring that money in, didn't wanna run the streets
But lookin' at an empty plate'll make a n*gga wanna
eat
And get up on his feet, hustlin' and scramblin'
A (..?) will let the cold world make a man of him

And fam listen, pay attention to who you 'round
Another man can never pull you up, but he can pull you
down
This somethin' every real n*gga can feel here
They hate me for the fact that I'm still here

HOOK - (Repeat X4)

VERSE 2 - (Wiz Khalifa)

Yo, some say I mention drugs in every one of my songs
Not knowin' you ain't gotta be doin' wrong to get your
hustle on
Long as you're goin' hard, I was taught, growin' up in
Pittsburgh
Sh*t it means, gettin' cake by any means
N*ggas on that rap shit, n*ggas on that crack shit
Most n*ggas will clap quick, end up on your back split
Some n*ggas will 9 to 5, and never make a pack flip
Tryin' to get that cheese, some n*ggas end up on that
rat shit
'Round here that's how you get sent into a back-flip
Nothin' else to be said, my n*ggas try and see bread
Tired of them stomach pains, n*ggas try and keep fed
Fillin' up your pipe veins, green for the weed-head
City full of pipe-dreams, believe me i been sold those
Heavy chronic habit, we gon' need the whole zone
I stay higher than the Ozone Layer
I'm from the Burgh, n*gga don't go there

HOOK - (Repeat X4)

VERSE 3 - (Wiz Khalifa)

I never backed or run away, slacked for one day
Had somethin' on my chest, and held back what i
wanna say
That's how i wasn't raised, manned up quicker
The young boy grew up into a stand up n*gga
F*ck you pay me, I demand them figures
I'm gettin' mine shorty, we young n*ggas on the rise,
on the grind shorty Had enough of the lies, jealous
n*ggas I despise, look in my eyes

HOOK - (Repeat X4)

Lyrics By : Hunter P
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