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Wiz Khalifa "Ground Up"

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I could never be a facade, that's just living in disguise I'm only speaking what I'm envisioning in my eyes Even Stevie seen the ribbon in the sky So I'm focused on the prize The real on the rise, I'm getting high And these niggas say they fly, but I got a piece of mind Fuck the lies – I'm still the fucking man behind the pride

I'm just happy I'm alive Â- crack a bottle to that Young nigga, big picture with the models to match Young ladies that we slay and we don't follow them back

And long flights, so excited, I won't bother to nap Yea I made it huh, yea I guess to the average man Not a stroke of luck, fuck the game cause I had a plan Can't be a king if you got a castle made of sand I take it bit by bit Â- I'mma make it stand These niggas never had a chance Snowball effect, keep it rolling, make it avalanche Don't know why they hating on me To fall, it's like they waiting on me They told me that's they way it's gon' be Everything you see, I did it on my own Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh And homie I ain't ever gon' change No matter how much money I make And n'an nigga put me in the game Everything you see, I did it on my own Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Hold up, know that I'm fly if I'mma show up
Don't gotta roll, the joint already rolled up
The bombay and simply already po'ed up
They let us all in simply cause they know us
And count so much Benjies, them shits can't fold up
'Member niggas used to just want a Motorola
Now we order motors from overseas with manuals we
can't even read
You claiming you this high, I fly where you can't even

see

The wintertime get cold, couple hours I change the

degrees

Hater please, leather jacket, gator sleeves Blowing all of mine, you taking all your time and saving trees

All the realest 'round me down to rep the gang with me Heard I'm on my grind, it's going down, they taking knees

I'm still blazing weed, going places, making cheese And tryna keep these critics out my hair Well not really cause I hear them talk, but really I don't care

All buds inclusive, all my cars exclusive Runways and high grade pot music

Don't know why they hating on me
To fall, it's like they waiting on me
They told me that's they way it's gon' be
Everything you see, I did it on my own
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
And homie I ain't ever gon' change
No matter how much money I make
And n'an nigga put me in the game
Everything you see, I did it on my own
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

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