

## Wiz Khalifa "Real Estate"

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[Intro]

Ugh

ya'll already know what it is man

If they wanna know my name, they look up and see the  
gang

Ugh, its not a problem, we spending change

[Verse 1]

Got the pedal to the medal when I pull up out the  
garage

they feelin 'em at all, these niggas a mirage

handling my biz like a full body of massage, hands on  
niggas gon hate, hoes wanna menage

cops fuck wit me hopin to get a charge

hoes leaving their man, fuckin us cause our cars

if its one thing I know, its smokin and living large

got me speedin down the interstate

see what I'm eatin, wanna piece up off my dinner plate

hey she fuckin me cause how I win a race

plus I aint cheap, I roll the reefer counting bigger cake

wait I'm talkin fast car, big estate

money come in cash plus in the bank

nigga don't believe me, throw it in your face

bitch I'm in the building like real estate

[Chorus]

They say I'm still the same

you know it aint a thang

? aint a damn thang changed

I'm gettin money, keep the champagne coming

? aint a damn thang funny, nooo, noooo, uh ha

I'm straight, when you gettin money muthafukas gonna  
hate

find the baddest bitch and get her number,

I dont even call her (call her, call her)

feel like a million dollars

When they make it,

they should put my face up on a million dollar bill

dollar bill, dollar bill

cause thats how I feel yup

cause thats how I feel yup  
cause thats how I feel yup  
cause thats how I feel yup  
when they make it,  
they should put my face up on a million dollar bill  
dollar bill, dollar bill  
cause thats how I feel yup  
cause thats how I feel yup  
cause thats how I feel yup  
cause thats how I feel yup  
hey

[Verse 2]

Ballin's not a hobby, its my occupation  
hoes on my dick, thats my confirmation  
couple stars with me, thats a constellation  
Jacksons, Grants, Benjys, thats my conversation  
touch the pedal once, it look like I'm racing  
eyes chinese, smoke like I'm jamacian,  
V.I.P rollin' doobies up and face it  
12 bottles of Rose, I'm on some gang shit  
gettin all the shit, cake crumblin  
aint nothin, told them lil niggas I take from 'em  
laughin my all the way to the bank  
tried to talk but they can't  
they just stand there when they starin  
hatin, mumblin,  
what you make a year, I guarantee I spend it clubbin  
started kinda hot, now its safe to say we bubblin  
400 on a zip, blow it all day  
another city, state, another mill to make

[Chorus]

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