

Wiz Khalifa "The Grinder"

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[Verse 1: Wiz Khalifa]

Uh, rolling up the grass, living better than them niggas
That I used to look up to, I can show you how to come
up

Yeah, I came up from the gutter to a condo out in
Hollywood

Where the weathers good and the parties always
popping up or

Somebody be dropping off some trees

I mean I got enough to go around everything for the
free so you ain't gotta

Smoke with me and my homies down to go at any one
town and get this paper

I swear ain't nobody do me no favours

Twisting up the medicine, shitting on my competition

Easy parts forgetting, but the hardest parts to
try forgiving

Niggas for mistaking me, or thinking I was one to wait
up on

Cause I was young thought I was dumb

Nigga, what you made a photographic memory

Now look at my wife, she got a pornographic figure

And my autograph is bigger to your nieces and your
nephews

And those other ones not to mention your niggas

You caught 'em repping Taylor Gang with us

[Verse 2: Wiz Khalifa]

I see TMZ cameras, paparazzi taking pictures

I spark up a J and ask 'em if they wanna take one
with us

Made man, ain't nobody make a nigga

'Bout to book a flight to Vegas, tryna take one with
us

You niggas too small dawg, me I'm thinking bigger
Critics comment on how I'm smoking weed and
drinking liquor

Or how I was nominated, but not the winner

But you should start counting on how much I made this
year

Yeah nigga, I'm up in the air, nigga

And the shit that I got on cost some money to wear,
nigga

Owner of the team, I ain't even a player, nigga
Four hours up, niggas ain't caring now it's
getting dark for you niggas it ain't even fair, nigga
Blowing hella dank, I mean so much I think it's
growing out my hair
The weed is in the jar, the grinder is over there

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