

Change Up

Wiz Khalifa

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 niggas 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

Homie we came up, niggas 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

Uh, look homie I'm from the ill-gritty, city where they kill plenty
Lost some niggas 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 niggas 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 nigga 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 nigga can feel here
They hate me for the fact that I'm still here

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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
Shit it means, gettin' cake by any means
Niggas on that rap shit, niggas on that crack shit
Most niggas will clap quick, end up on your back split
Some niggas will 9 to 5, and never make a pack flip
Tryin' to get that cheese, some niggas end up on that rat shit
'Round here that's how you get sent into a back-flip
Nothin' else to be said, my niggas try and see bread
Tired of them stomach pains, niggas 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, nigga don't go there

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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 nigga
Fuck you pay me, I demand them figures
I'm gettin' mine shorty, we young niggas on the rise, on the grind shorty
Had enough of the lies, jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

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