Getting It

Wiz Khalifa

[Intro]We blowin' money bitch
I go hard, I go hard, gettin paid
I go hard, I go hard, gettin paid
[Chorus]We don't even count the money no more we just blow it
(We spend it all up)
We don't even count the money no more we just throw it
And make 'em pick it all up
[Trae Tha Truth]Money strapped to my waist
Somewhere in the whip I'm in with no bass
Flooded the trap I need a new place?
Money got to go I told 'em theres no space
Never love hoes, hoes I don't chase
Only wear loc's the same as my race
All I know is stunt, make a hater feel like shit to the point
that he in another place? Real talk
I-I-I aint the one but I lean on haters, looking so clean on gator
Try to jack me, I guarantee I'll put the beam on haters
Hood n-gga, when I come to this I'm stocked up
Shit on my wrist tryna light this block up
N-gga said I got a dope man swag, take a look at these jewels
Every one of 'em rocked up
And we still on the corner packed in
Ace town president somethin back then
Hope the slut that I'm with got insurance so
She know I'm about to run up on her back end
Like I set of bad, she was gettin' plugged
Can take it to the streets, take it to the club
I don't ruberband shit I got trash bags
N-ggas make it rain, I'mma make it flood
I aint gonna talk shit I'ma talk bread
I f a hater don't like it, tell em drop dead
I'm in the hood like a fresh set of projects
Where they either rock blue or they rock red
I'm the king of the streets
Aint nobody finna take away what I came to get
Audi R8 that I came is sick, with interior the colour of a all white?
[Chorus]We don't even count the money no more we just blow it
(We spend it all up)
We don't even count the money no more we just throw it
(And make 'em pick it all up)
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[Wiz Khalifa]Big weed in my joint, diss me there's no point
Lil guy but still all my n-ggas got big heat they on point
Rollin up while I drive, engine be in the trunk
Decided in 2005 that I can f-ck any bitch that I want
Ooh, and, and and I aint trying to stunt this a two
seater my bitch can't help but ride up in the front
Ballin' most n-ggas wont try to pick 'em up
Throwin' so much money you even try to pick some up
You tryin' different stuff look at how I block em out
Smoke like a Cali n-gga even when I'm in the south
And when when my car come out the whores come out
Don't even get on twitter no more 'cause I'm what your bitch talkin' 'bout
[Chorus]We don't even count the money no more we just blow it

(We spend it all up)
We don't even count the money no more we just throw it
(And make 'em pick it all up)
We don't even count the money no more we just blow it
(We spend it all up)
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