

Mismatch

Wiz Khalifa

Couldn't be easier
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Fuck nigga better watch your tongue
All that talkin', I ain't with that
(No, no)
All that shit on your song
Worldstar, you ain't never did that
(No, no)
Your hoe don't wanna go home
All in her stomach like a six pack
(No, no)
Been killin' these niggas so long
This shit feelin' like a mismatch
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You would think I speak another language
Niggas just don't understand it
I done took shots for the cameras
I done ducked shots when they came for us
It was just me and my niggas
Wasn't nobody else riding
Let a nigga find bodies killer
He gon' put one up inside him
And my eyes still low
Ain't shit change, on my grind still, bro
Got a Summer full of shows
And a phone full of hoes
Cause my life kinda ideal, yo
Ain't the one you wanna try here
You just a rookie in the game and you lookin' at the top tier
And my niggas got no fear
You ain't got enough niggas so you don't go nowhere
I got a crib out in California
I got a three-year old kid so I live out in California
But shit's real out in California
You take a loss, ayy, that's just how it is out in California
But anywhere niggas run up on ya
You better watch yourself, you beat and got yourself
They gon' catch you out of bounds where you not yourself
Be a lesson that you learn, you don't taught yourself
The fuck niggas runnin' they mouth
The real ones out getting paper
I'm a hit the studio now
Then go fuck a bitch later

Bad bitch from down south
Cook food with hella good flavor
I'm a get money in pounds
I ain't got time to go savor

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Fuck niggas stop dappin' me out
Unless you talkin' 'bout the money
You a dumb nigga and you soft
Please stay the fuck from around me
A motherfuckin' lame nigga make me sick
So go fuck you and your homies
Talkin' cheaper than a bitch
If you a real nigga, gotta show me
Back when I didn't have shit
Niggas acted like they didn't know me
I was sleepin' outside by the ditch
All of my partner got phony
Everybody stopped answerin' they phone
Nigga that shit was so lonely
I was scrapin' on one-twenty-fours
For a little pack of Bologna
Now I got the chips with the dip
And now these bitches back on me
Throwing hundreds in the air like whip
Cut a nigga's throat like Tony
If you ain't talkin' 'bout no money
Nigga turn down your convo
Kush got me like a mummy
Got my shirt on like Tonto

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