Yeah, hehehe

Wake up and bake Never hate, gotta get to this cake I never stress but this money I stake I brush my teeth, pray, wash my face And thank God I stay far away from the fakes Remember days wasn't safe Now we got thousands tucked in the safe Target practice case you wanna come and see I take a look in the mirror at ${\tt G}$ in front of me Difference between havin' dreams and bein' a wannabe And livin' comfortably I took my dreams and made 'em somethin' Doesn't mean that I don't wake up with the same hunger Another mansion for my team, couple wave runners Couple niggas want our spot but they can't take it from us I'm busy smoking like Jamaicans Never worry bout you niggas Hate, you jealous, I can see it on your face I seen 100 dollar bills falling yesterday I heard 'em ask who fault it is then I spoke my name Young Khalifa man

It's like I'm talking to a stranger
A stranger, a stranger, a stranger
Now everybody getting stranger
They're stranger, they're stranger, they're stranger
I think I'm in danger, gotta wake my game up
Gotta stay the same, watching everybody change
Ah now they're getting stranger
They're stranger, they're stranger, they're stranger

I wrote my name on the clouds Said no waiters allowed Do anything to make my Taylors proud I do a show, throw a J in the crowd Some say I got they favorite style You in the game, never make it out I blow a pound, rollin' weed by the ounce Them niggas talk but they can't amount Big bands in my bank account Seen it all, I've been here before Calculate my moves but nah it's kinda difficult I'm always switching up and doing shit in intervals Now we professionals, nah we ain't letting go Them niggas talk not what they doing but they moving slow While I'm knee deep in the game, Mr. Doing More This the part where the teacher becomes the student And you start to realize I'm the youngin' you need to move with Girls run up on me, tell me they love my music Niggas try to be genuine I know it's bullshit

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They beat me up so of course they wanna ride with us You wasn't trapping on them blocks, you wasn't outside with us A couple .40's, you got some 9's with us And they can't beat us so of course they wanna side with us They say if you ain't got no haters you ain't popping I got pussy niggas, I got bitches pocket watching I got blue hundreds on me in LA I come straight from Hollywood then I pull up in the projects, go Ay sorry homie you a stranger One off in the head if I ever feel in danger Started at the bottom but God damn it I done came up Trill with my niggas, they can never say I changed up Two cups stuffed and I get it out the mud All I see is real hate, niggas showin' fake love Givin' fake handshakes and that come with fake hugs But I promise I'm the same Forever gang-gang

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