

The Grinder

Wiz Khalifa

Uh, rolling up the grass, living badder 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 part's forgetting, but the hardest part's to try forgiving
Niggas for mistaking me, or thinking as the one to wait up on
Cause I was young thought I was dumb

Nigga, what you made's 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

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, I'm thinking bigger

Critics comment on how I'm smoking weed and drinking liquor

On 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 yo
u niggas it ain't even fair, nigga

Blowing helladank, I mean so much I think it's growing out my h
air

The weed is in the jar, the grinder is over there