

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