

iSay (feat. Juicy J)

Wiz Khalifa

It's KK what I'm smoking nigga And I done popped so many bottles thing I'm through with it
Been smoking so much weed in public own a school with it
Been on my grind since I was young and now I'm stupid rich
You niggas stupid, I'm in the club and it's ruthless
My crew ain't part of that bullshit
My new whips the hardest
Walk in the office like a business man
I'm just an artist
Smoking and all, crib full of weed
Plaques on the wall
My face on all the magazines
Kush in this jar I'm getting this cheese
Pants skinny rubber bands plenty
Whole team going hard like it's the last inning
Whole team going hard you got no chance of winning
Lot of seats on the floor lot of cash pinning
I play the game left hand like my man Jimmy
You just a right hand man call that man semi
What can I say?
What can I do?
To show how much
Real shit a nigga do
What can I say?
What can I do?
To show how much
Real shit a nigga do All of this off the internet
Those who ain't seen it coming dog I been a threat
Been smoking up all this weed
Been rolling up while I drive
Been to the bottom and back
Been seen you haters disguised
Niggas telling me lies
Just to try to get close
Shades cover my eyes cause I be higher than most
Been on the plane for twenty hours, and wasn't tired
Live by the code, money power
Once I got on, my niggas hired
Juicy J he ride, it's the gang or die
The game will stress you out but that's what this dubie is for
You acting like you know me now
Never knew me before
Snoop sat me down, school me even more

Kick it with my son and don't even do the awards
Said next year I might win me one
You got problems don't lend me none
Got a pound then go send me one
What can I say?
What can I do?
To show how much
Real shit a nigga do
What can I say?
What can I do?
To show how much
Real shit a nigga do
Niggas out here broke because they scared of that bread
My money so old I got mold on that bread
How you think I win and copped that Rolls-Royce Corniche?
Turn around and bought a Maybach next week
A nigga don't hustle then a nigga don't eat
A nigga ain't paying fair, and life ain't cheap
Nigga ain't shit sweet but this box of swisher sweets
Ever since I was a youngin I was
Getting it in the streets
Now I'm on tour even getting it overseas
All the way in Switzerland stacking swisser-cheese
I ain't too good for that brown paper bag
I can still move that work and I get it off fast, hoe
What can I say?
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