

Wiz Khalifa, Bout Mine

You know what's on my mind
And why I'm always on the grind
Cuz I'm 'bout mine
Cuz I'm 'bout mine
Young Khalifa's the name
Plus you gon remember one thing
That I'm 'bout mine
That I'm 'bout mine
And I'm through with you dudes
Haters, you do what you do
Cuz I'm 'bout mine
Cuz I'm 'bout mine
What we do in the game?
Man I stay doin the damn thang
Cuz I'm 'bout mine
Cuz I'm 'bout mine

Yeah, it's the youngest in charge
Known for the hottest of rap
Straight from the top of the map
Yes, I'm a popular cat
Been to the pits of The Burgh
To the left, cocked, is my hat
Wiz keep a spliff full a herb
Niggas with knots full of stacks
And I ain't talkin to cats
I'm overdosin your brain
Go for the dope in this game
Bro, and the flow is insane
I'm like the young Shaq of rap
Low in the lane
I'm like a Sony to lames
Man, I'm controllin the game
And I'm bout mine
Say you on your grind?
Well it's about time
Outshine
Haters
So the paper
Can amount right
Bout mine
Lay it down
Homie, you'll get out-rhymed
On the track
Or flat on your back
You'll get out-lined
Keep the goonies with me
Never leave the crib without mine
And no, I ain't talkin ya gang
When I say I'm bout signs
I'm talkin dollars, guy
Here's what you should follow by –
I'm young, fly
Dumb high
And a nigga 'bout mine

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See, I'm a boss
To you cats
And here, my job
Is to rap
Spittin' flame
To makin' sure you lames
Fall to the back
It's a shame
I'm here now
So for your squad
It's a wrap
It's the gritty city
That strong-armed onto the map
More than a rapper, in fact
Man, you fuckin with the finest here
The best one that's rhymin here
So I guess I'm a pioneer
No question, I'm fly as air
I'm high, but I'm sittin low
A blast
So if you niggas gotta ask
Then your bitch'll know
Sicker flow
Short change nigga
You need bigga dough
You a Kodak moment
Shit I'm the bigger picture, bro
You niggas simply spendin chips on these pros
I'd be right to call you a pimp
Cuz your niggas is hoes
You see me? A little different
Don't do shit for these hoes
But have them pigeons in my cribbits
Washin dishes and clothes
You know Wiz
The young wise guy
Grind with my eyes wide
I can stop or rewind
I come ahead of my time

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If you 'bout yours
Never let another nigga doubt yours
Life is full of lessons
And them blessins
Better count yours
Watch out for the haters
Cause your paper's
What they out for
Be a boss
Not just another loss
To account for
And the flow sick
You know Wiz
Gonna split line-for-line
'Til this nigga get so rich
Gonna hold shit
And I keep tellin' you time-and-time
That this young'n is focused
Movin' so quick
Slow up
Pace that'll make ya get ya get dough up
And but you can, you can't just show love
Stay spittin flame which makes 'em go nuts

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