

# Wiz Khalifa, Fuck The Money

Well, I'm gonna make a lot of money (make a lot of money)  
Then I'm gonna quit this, quit this crazy scene

Well I'm a quit this crazy scene  
Cause being famous ain't all what they make it to be  
But back then y'all this was my favorite dream  
But now, I wouldn't hesitate I would leave  
Cause I'mma

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Oh, well I guess got problems  
I dropped out of school  
Ain't think about college  
So my apologies to my mother and father  
For bein' stubborn, ever since I was a toddler

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Well I'mma quit this crazy dream  
Cause when I hit the stage all the ladies scream  
And when I pass by they all waving at me  
But I be getting tired y'all, pray for me

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Oh yeah, you say it could be worse?  
Oh here, step into my shoes  
Put yourself in my shirt!  
I'm only human y'all so we all gotta work  
But sometimes I wonder why I even came to this Earth  
I'mma

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Sometimes I just feel hopeless  
Pacin' back and forth, man I can't even focus  
That's why I'm always smokin' in the booth recordin'  
As my mind races  
Like Jeff Gordon  
I'mma

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It ain't supposed to be so hard  
I always said I'd quit if it felt like a job  
I'd rather be pissed than pretend that I'm not  
And try to play along with the whole facade  
I wanna:

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It ain't a question to me  
Look at me, I know what I'm destined to be  
This is spiritual y'all, I'm wrestlin' beasts  
But pretty soon, I'll be restin' in peace  
I'mma

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Come on, y'all actin' like I can't feel you  
I can look in your eyes and tell you what you done been through  
And I could give a fuck because I got bigger issues  
So at this point in my life  
How can I get through?

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Look  
A lot of haters attack but  
It's my job to speak the truth on the track  
So say what you like, you just givin' me gas  
Cause by now, I got enough to drive to Venus and back  
So I'mma:

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Fuck the money I'm leavin'  
I'm goin' back home after I break even  
I said what I said so as long as I'm speakin'  
B.o.B got the upper hand as long as I'm breathin'

Yeah  
It's Young Khalifa man  
They don't want none  
They don't none

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Uh, how can I not  
Give these niggas the game, when game's all I got  
The car of your dreams, we push it off the lot  
Besides smoking the most expensive pot  
Baby, I'm tryna

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Well, not quitting  
I bought my niggas Bob  
We like Jordan and Scott Pippen  
Try to tell 'em before for some reason or another  
They would not listen  
Tell the driver, we smoking raise the partition

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Meet a lot of bad women  
Smoke joints with 'em, take 'em all swimming  
Shop, drink liquor until we fall  
Some would say it's wrong, that's what I call living  
And them groupies ain't afraid to get in the car with 'em  
Leaving there man and get high as my credit card limit  
Fuck 'em all, I'm tryna

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That's real shit

Weed jars, muscle car garage  
Charge it to the game  
No signature being forged  
The boss of my own shit, I'm in charge  
Only one goal, live life, live large, yeah  
Playing my part, Larry Johnson  
Now a round of applause for what I've accomplished

Fucking awesome