

Wiz Khalifa, House In The Hills

Got no time for the conversations or funny shit
Nigga, only the reals who I get my money with
Used to turn on the TV, see what I want
And now the same one I dreamed about, the same one I'm stuntin' in
In the 6-2, almost 26
And every nigga that I'm with got a zip
I look at this shit as one big table and best believe every nigga I'm with got a sit
They try to hold us back, paint a picture of us, then sell it straight to the public
You young, black, then you thuggin'
What they don't talk about the kid that came from nothin'
Who stuck to what he believed in and turned himself into something great
They should use that story to motivate
But instead they'd rather focus on the fact that he's a pothead
Not the fact there's not a lot where I lived
25 and not dead

I'm tryna tell you somethin', this shit's real
When you work hard to get it that's how you feel
Them haters talk but they knowin' they ain't in the way, no
We started small to them houses in the hills
To them houses in the hills
Houses in the hills
Houses in the hills
To them houses in them hills

You make a little money, take care and right yourself
And people start coming up with they hand out
People take their stresses and make them yours
Well that's just what comes with being a man
I try to do all that I can to make sure that
My son grow up without having to see half of the stuff I've been through
But in life we all got our own path
Don't understand that by now you won't begin to
Cop another Rollex or Porsche try and get even with me
Pulled up to the club, swear it looked like the dealer with me
Cause we had so many cars it was stupid
So I don't see a reason to try and reason with me
Made a couple million and fast too
They ain't teach a young nigga that in the classroom
Or how to make your people better by taking knowledge and spreadin' it
Instead bein' in the game, be ahead of it, in a better whip

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Thousand dollar benefit plates
No matter how high the stakes, niggas never outta place
Now I'm high, Empire State
Drunk stumblin', never will I tumble far from grace
I'm one of them under-celebrated greats
Under the influence of what Uncle Snoop threw me
Soon as I stepped off the plane
Switchin' four lanes like Jay and Jermaine
Killin' beats, visitin' grave sites and pissin' champagne
I been in the crib enjoying my habits
Suckers figured this'll be the perfect time to try me
Try me
Assumptions that I'm lunchin', gettin' sloppy

I'm just gettin' better, seasoned veteran
Eagle eye perspective, scope before I go in
Come out with the whole hen
A dollar and a dream
Have a house on the hill and the world on a string

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