

Wiz Khalifa, Moola & The Guap

I got what you need
The fetti and the cheese
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I got what need, boy, ya want it
That nigga price high
Mine cheap, so they love it
Do it big, shake 'em off
And these haters wish I wasn't
All about my job
And my guap keep it coming
Who you fooling boy? I does it
Your girl said she loves it
Pocket full of guap, and that moola keep it coming
Heavy hustle, Rostrum Records
On it big, man, it's nothing
Cigarillo full of that Rain Man, I call her fresh puffin
It's-it's-it's smelling super bad; call me MC puffin
Stick that thing in oven
Turn it up and make muffins
Money coming up, that moola and the green
Money coming in, I chop it up between my team
I'm a star in the air
Doing big things
Why you think your lady stare
I'm stunting like a stunna do
Fresh when I want to
Do my shit in front of you
Money everywhere
Look, dumbie, right in front of you

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Yeah
I'm fresh up off the plane
I hit the town straight from touring
I don't run up and down the court
But you can say I'm balling
The money's not a problem
So you know they're gon' hate
When they see them yellow diamonds
You should see them hoes' face
I'mma need a whole case

Hit the club
And pop them bottles
In it with my thugs
Spending dubs
Like no tomorrow
I make a lot of chavo
And meet a lot of bus-downs
Saw me in the club once
Shawty got a crush now
Don't got the time
Got a line
Of sexy women
Wanna fuck the team 'cause they seen how we be spending
Rock expensive linen
Yeah that baggy shit is finished
When you getting money
Everything is fitted
Listen
This ain't nothing close
To most
Of you niggas, weirdos
My swagga is on one, followed by a zero-zero
I got up in her earhole
She hopped up in my seats
Told her ride with a G
If you like what you see
'Cause I

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I got what ya need
A blunt for ya trees
A lot of pipe for all that you got stuffed in them jeans
My ride got screens
I'm high, I got a lean
But I don't sip purple
I smoke a lot of green
300 dollar jeans
Tight white tee
I look at you and tell you to get right
Like me
And check your main broad
Because she might like me
Waiting for the right time
And tonight might be

She say she want a nigga with that moola and that guap
They see me, I don't have to say shit to em, bro, they flock
And as for all them hating niggas, ooh I got 'em hot

They recognize that I'm on number two and ain't gon' stop (two)
I rep my city (city)
Flooding my P (P)
Canary yellow diamonds
Looking like my chain peed (wow)
A pocket full a dollars
My nigga, I gangrene (yup)
So if you 'bout your money
Boy I'm 'bout the same thing (yeah)

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