

Wiz Khalifa, Real As You Think

Fresh off the plane
Pittsburgh pimpin' blew up and now he got his own strain
Diamond everything
We tired of paying for it so we put it in our name
To the top, but where we came from is way different
Been a boss and gon' remain
Know the cost, I can't complain
I'm back and rolling joints bigger than ever
The more time I take, the better I get
The more chains I cop, the wetter she get
All bullshit aside but never forget
Heard boss shit before but never like this
Blowing O's in my whip
Writing flows, bringing pounds where we ain't supposed to
But they don't even trip
Name on the list, we don't wait 'til it come out
Might buy every one so they don't exist
Rollie on the wrist
Competition try and miss
Diamonds on my fist
Gotta rock the coldest 'fits
Glad you noticed, never seen nothing like this so they focus
Mixing my new shit with my old shit
White diamonds on gold
We fell in love with how the money fold
Hundred millions I done sold, changed souls with the stories I told
Take it as a compliment when them younger niggas tell me that I'm getting old
That mean my money mature
Villas on shores, having conversations with billionaires
Skip the awards, we already there
Just keep the chronic smoke in the air
Model chick with long hair wearing weave cause it's easier to maintain
My niggas come from hunger pains
Now we all rocking two or three chains, Versace everything
Spilling our drinks, pulling out minks
Live a life that's as real as you think

It take a lot to keep a crew alive
Really socialize
Beef shit, we don't vocalize
Keep it in overdrive
Come through and catch a vibe
Bitches is over fine
G's up, stay cheesed up, smoke it then re-up
It takes a lot to keep a crew alive
From counting twenties and fives
To private jets when we flying
They can't believe us
It take a lot to keep a crew alive
So we keep the bottles on ice
Staying down, still cursin' to Jesus (What?)

So if I tell you something, I meant it, man
I'm not just doing this shit for my motherfucking health
I ain't got time to waste
You know that old ass saying, "Time is money?"
Well I got a whole lot of money
And I don't got a whole lot of time
So don't mind me if I change that up
Let me sit

Paper been sitting up, just collecting dust
Though my Bentley clean as fuck, super sharp
Your bitch got cut, you mad but

You need to analyze the game that you laid
Had hella cracks in the frame, foundation was weak
She peeped early you was a lame
And proceeded to deplete your change
Smoking weed with my gang
Track suit tailored to feature my watch and bracelet
My reputation speak for me, I don't really say shit
Killer whales tip the scale, major sales
They praying that we fail though the real prevail
The illest niggas
Them haters really just wishing they could kick it with us
I swear that's why they so mad
Chevrolets candy painted, laid on the Ave
Hitting switches, drag the ass, sparking like a lighter
Million dollar rap writer, full time low-rider
A New Orleans East Sider
All my weed designer, all my hoes'll open fire

Yeah