

Wiz Khalifa, Yea Yup

Yeah, yup
(La música de Harry Fraud)
(Let me just run through it in my head)
Uh

Get up off your ass
This cash ain't gon' get itself, the race ain't gon' win itself
Focus on your business and your health
Put them notches on your belt
Treat them haters like they not here
Only smoke it if it's top tier
Never puttin' your trust in a girl, that's bein' smart, it's not fear
All that I'm sayin', they motive's not clear
Lookin' for a come-up, you won't get a shot here
And still them bottles gon' pop, 'nother 30K, you gotta go shop
Even though it pains 'em, I guarantee it ain't never gon' stop
I'm with a few G's, you ready or not?
We levelin' up, conversations 'bout television and such
Make a toast to the better us
We never die, never givin' up
Never let sucker sheep get ahead of us
Blow rapper weed on the regular
You just rappers with weed, et cetera

It's our time
I don't wanna hear you cry
Stop complaining, it's our time
I don't wanna hear you cry
Stop complaining, complaining, yeah

Whatever you like, I got it on ice
Trips to paradise, never seen you wear it twice
We don't care the price, diamonds in our wrist-wear
We celebrate 365 days out of the year
It took a lot to get here, some losses
Now we pour out our own liquor and race Porsches
Several options
Stay real and still made a fortune
Doesn't happen often
Pull up, don't let the valet park it
Mama get in, don't make it awkward
This some G shit you wanna take part in
And if it ain't, well then I'll gladly beg your pardon
Rollin' KK, got it straight from out the garden
Bank the largest
Thank the Lord when we make deposits
Lot of hate but we shake it off us
We invest if it's makin' dollars
This for legacy, it ain't for follows

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