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