Wiz Khalifa, Mismatch

Couldn't be easier
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Fuck nigga better what your tone
All that talking I ain't with that
(No, no)
All that shit in your song
Boy stop you ain't never did that
(No, no)
Your hoe don't wanna go home
All in her stomach like a six pack
(No, no)
Been killing these niggas so long
This shit feeling like a mismatch
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You would think I speak another language
Niggas just don't understand it
I done took shots for the cameras
I done ducked shots when they came for us
It was just me and my niggas
Wasn't nobody else riding
Let a nigga find bodies killer
He gon' put one up inside him
And my eyes still low
Ain't shit change, on my grind still, bro
Got a Summer full of shows
And a phone full of hoes
Cause my life kinda ideal, yo
Ain't the one you wanna try here
You just a rookie in the game and you lookin' at the top tier
And my niggas got no fear
You ain't got enough niggas so you don't go nowhere
I got a crib out in California
I got a three-year old kid so I live out in California
But shit's real out in California
You take a loss, ayy, that's just how it is out in California
But anywhere niggas run up on ya
You better watch yourself, you beat and got yourself
They gon' catch you out of bounds where you not yourself
Be a lesson that you learn, you done taught yourself
The fuck niggas runnin' they mouth
The real ones out getting paper
I'mma hit the studio now
Then go fuck a bitch later
Bad bitch from down south
Cook food with hella good flavor
I'mma get money in pounds
I ain't got time to go save her

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Fuck nigga stop dapping me off
Unless you talking bout the money
You a duck nigga and you soft
Please stay the fuck from around me
A muthafuckin' lame nigga make me sick
Joker, fuck you and your homies
Talk is cheaper than a bitch
If you a real nigga gotta show me
Back when I didn't have shit
Niggas act like they ain't know me
I was sleeping outside by the ditch
All of my potnas got phony
Everybody stop answering their phone
Nigga that shit was so lonely
I was scraping up $1.24 for a lil pack of bologna
Now I got the chips with the dip
And all these bitches back on me
Throwing hundreds in the air like Wilt
Cutting niggas off like Tony
If you ain't talkin' 'bout no money
Nigga turn down your convo
Kush got me like a mummy
Got my shirt off like Tonto

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