Wiz Khalifa, The Grinder

Rolling up the grass, living better than them niggas
That I used to look up to, I can show you how to come up
Yeah, I came up from the gutter to a condo out in Hollywood
Where the weather's good and the parties always popping up
Or somebody be dropping off some trees
I mean I got enough to go around everything for the free so you ain't gotta
Smoke with me and my homies down to go at any one town and get this paper
I swear ain't nobody do me no favors
Twisting up the medicine, shitting on my competition
Easy part's forgetting, but the hardest part's to try forgiving
Niggas for mistaking me, or thinking I was one to wait on
Thought cause I was young that I'd be dumb
But nigga what you made's a photographic memory
Now look at my wife, she got a pornographic figure
And my autograph is bigger to your nieces and your nephews
Than yours ever was, not to mention your niggas
You caught 'em repping Taylor Gang with us

I see TMZ cameras, paparazzi taking pictures
I spark up a J and ask 'em if they wanna take one with us
Made man, ain't nobody make a nigga
'Bout to book a flight to Vegas, tryna take one with us
You niggas too small dawg, me I'm thinking bigger
Critics comment on how I'm smoking weed and drinking liquor
Or how I was nominated, but not the winner
But you should start counting on how much I made this year

Yeah nigga, I'm up in the air, nigga
And the shit that I got on cost some money to wear, nigga
Owner of the team, I ain't even a player, nigga
Before I was on, niggas ain't care
Now it's getting dark for you niggas it ain't even fair, nigga
Blowing hella dank, I mean so much I think it's growing out my hair
The weed is in the jar, the grinders over there

Nah man, we're always gonna be the same
They're always gonna look at us the same
And they're always gonna look at us like
We ain't supposed to be there