

# Nameless (Feat. Chevy Woods)

Wiz Khalifa

Lifestyles of the rich and famous  
Well I'm rich and famous  
But if you got money, they know what you're name is  
If you don't, you're nameless  
84, that's 3 in the pot,  
these niggas jealous, I'm something they're not  
It's all good, shit, I expected that  
Shit, I've been asleep since we lifted off where we left at  
Yeah it's cool to you, but it's what we deserve  
Needle on the track, I'm dope, you niggas got some nerve  
That's drug talk  
'88 Volvo  
gold B.B.'s, man rest in peace, Macho  
Shit, where I'm from, even kids know the call  
Hit it with some ice, just to cool it off  
I was workin up on that corner like I had a job  
Up in the corner servin', I ain't have a prob  
I'm still feel like I'm sleeping  
With all of this happenin', am I dreamin'?  
But, shit, I'm high and I'm wide awake  
And I what I want I can afford, ain't that an escape  
Uh, talkin' raw papers and long leathers  
Nigga, my drawer filled with couture textures  
Killin' these niggas, bring more stretchers  
Amazed by how I'm in that new  
Mason Martin Margiela  
With my team, we're at the car dealer  
Smokin' big green, I'm talkin' Godzilla  
You're talkin' money, then you sound familiar  
The suite wasn't big enough so me, I bought the villa  
The whip was sick enough, I went and got the ill one  
Your tree wasn't enough, good thing I brought some killa  
Bitch I'm a king, and all my team is loyal niggas  
My wife's a queen with diamond rings and full chinchillas  
And I was raised with niggas with get-money intentions  
Lot of young niggas gettin' made, but I'm the realest  
Give a fuck about if a nigga hatin'  
My dollar accumulation; my only motivation

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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