

'Bout Me (NICMOR Remix)

Wiz Khalifa

What!

Yea

Worried bout a hater? Not me

Turned to the max, no sleep

Smoked a hundred joints to the face give a fuck what a bitch nigga say E'rything about me ('bout me)

E'rything about me ('bout me)

E'rything about me, E'rything about me ('bout me)

E'rything about me ('bout me)

E'rything about me (what!) Rolling, pockets swollen

Riding in it like it's stolen

Weeded, hella conceded

If it ain't about money, nigga I don't need it

Got a hundred grand in my ashtray

Spend a hundred K on a bad day

And I'm tied up like a cholo nigga act crazy, my dogs go loco

Kush got me moving slow mo

What my nigga Problem? That's my bro bro

Came in through the backdoor

Ten mill this year on the low low

And I'm still smoking pre-rolls

Krissed out, dumb fucking with the clicquot

And my bank full of zeros

Young Wiz will get fly like a hero Worried bout a hater? Not me

Turned to the max, no sleep

Smoked a hundred joints to the face give a fuck what a bitch nigga say

E'rything about me ('bout me)

E'rything about me ('bout me)

E'rything about me, E'rything about me ('bout me)

E'rything about me ('bout me)

E'rything about me (what!) Problem cuz', with them hoe's like a doughnut

Sold more weed then ye's ever smoked up

Dick make her choke up, like a real no rock

But I'm feeling like a mill, off a pill door locked we ain't lettin' all no more bros in

But fo' sho' we'll let y'all hoes in

'Cause when we pullin' money out they be lovin' it

Give her dick 'fore I give a bitch my government (what!?)

Just eight, I got eight more

Super duper high, eighty-eighth floor

Unzip this, that's eight more

Fuck a pussy and fuck rhyming
We gon' live forever, fuck dying
Get it 'til I drop, fuck tryin'
Pedal to the metal, we flyin'
In the fast lane, yellin' Diamond! Worried bout a hater? Not me
Turned to the max, no sleep
Smoked a hundred joints to the face give a fuck what a bitch nigga say
E'rything about me (bout me)
E'rything about me (bout me)
E'rything about me, E'rything about me (bout me)
E'rything about me (bout me)
E'rything about me (what') E'rything about me
Young wild nigga, mouth full of gold teeth
Treatin' bape.com like a swap meet
Going crazy on a bitch until she knock-kneed
I'm in a hella fast whip going top speed
Make a mess in that pussy and then she mop clean
I drop racks and she drops jeans
Smoke green as I lean, top dropping
Nigga I am all about a buck falling out a truck
Prolly with some hoes that I just met and yeah, they all gon' fuck
Got her man callin' up her homies, blowin' all 'em up
Tryna figure out which his girl is, she probably toasted
Like a champagne glass
So much money that ain't a damn thing sad
Do my damn thing in my campaign add
Let's get straight to it, don't let a damn thing pass, nigga what? Worried bout a hater? Not me
Turned to the max, no sleep
Smoked a hundred joints to the face give a fuck what a bitch nigga say
E'rything about me (bout me)
E'rything about me (bout me)
E'rything about me, E'rything about me (bout me)
E'rything about me (bout me)
E'rything about me (what!)

Songwriters

CAMERON THOMAZ, JASON MARTIN, PAULO RODRIGUEZ, PAULO YTIENZA RODRIGUEZ,
SUDAN WILLIAMS, SUDAN AMEER WILLIAMS Published by

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