

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 hell a 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

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