It's Nothin (feat. 2 Chainz)

Wiz Khalifa

Count another grip, smoke another zip Let them young niggas tell it I be on my shit Make a hundred k, spend it all today What can I say, my DNA is Givenchy What my swag is, retarded What I'm driving, Ferrari What I'm rocking, Armani, Gianni, Versace, huh Fuck around and I'll buy one of you broke niggas My change, insane My chain, oh that thingIt's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothing Stackin' cheese till my bread right Smokin' weed till my head right Did it all on my own so, I'ma spend all my bread like It's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothing Stackin' cheese till my bread right Smokin' trees till my head right Did it all on my own so, I'ma spend all my bread like It's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothingMy hair longer than your girl Go shawty it's your world Sub-zero flow, when I spit, I see snow flurries Scarface, all out All I want in this world I mean all I want for lunch, is a blunt, and your girl It ain't nothin' to me but it's somethin' to you Count money like it's somethin' to do Summer time I'm like fuck the roof, winter time I'm in 'Lo boots

And uh, it's nothin' I like being high because it's a better view And, I told your ho my chain so cold it's on TherafluIt's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothing Stackin' cheese till my bread right Smokin' weed till my head right Did it all on my own so, I'ma spend all my bread like It's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothing Stackin' cheese till my bread right Smokin' trees till my head right Did it all on my own so, I'ma spend all my bread like It's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothingYou niggas chasin' money I'm on top of it If it ain't money don't know what the topic is Don't come out till next year that mean I'm rockin' it Order thirty-seven bottles call it poppin' shit Goddamn, what you on? A private plane, fuck you on? Party in south of France when it's cold Used to rock all that old shit till it got oldIt's nothing, it's nothing It's nothing, it's nothing Stackin' cheese till my bread right Smokin' weed till my head right Did it all on my own so, I'ma spend all my bread like It's nothing, It's nothing It's nothing, It's nothing It's nothing, It's nothing It's nothing, It's nothing

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