

Bout Mine

Wiz Khalifa

You know what's on my mind
And why I'm always on the grind
Cuz I'm 'bout mine
Cuz I'm 'bout mine
Young Khalifa's the name
Plus you gonna remember one thing
That I'm 'bout mine
That I'm 'bout mine
[?] do what you do
Haters: you do what you do
Cuz I'm 'bout mine
Cuz I'm 'bout mine
What we do in the game
[?] doin a damn thing
Cuz I'm 'bout mine
Cuz I'm 'bout mine[?] the youngest in charge
Known for the hottest in rap
Straight from the top of the map
Yes, I'm a popular cat
Been to the pits of The Burgh
To the left, cocked as my hat
Wiz keep a spliff for the herb
Niggas with knots full of stacks
And I ain't talkin' to cats
I'm overdosin your brain
Go for the dope in this game
Broke when the flow is insane
I'm like the, young Shaq of rap
[?]
[?]
Man, I'm controlling the game
And I'm bout mine
Tell you on your grind
But it's about time
Outshine haters so the paper
Begin to mount right
Bout mine
Lay it down, homie you'll get out-rhymed
On the track, or flat on your back, you'll get out-lined

Keep the goonies with me
Never leave the crib without mine
And no I ain't talkin ya game
When I say I'm bout shines
I'm talkin dollars, guy
Here's what you should follow by,
Young [?], dumb hat, hand a nigga bout mine [unsure about line?] You know what's on my mind
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[?] doin a damn thing
Cuz I'm 'bout mine
Cuz I'm 'bout mine See, I'm a boss to you cats
And here my job is to rap
Spittin' flame to make ya damn sho you lames fall to the back
It's a shame I'm here now, so for your squad it's a wrap
It's the gritty-city that strong-armed onto the map
More than a rapper, in fact
Man, you fuckin' with the finest here
The best one that's rhymin' here
So I guess I'm a pioneer
No question, I'm fly as air
I'm high, but I'm sittin' low
A blast
So if you niggas gotta ask, then your bitch'll know
Sicker flow
Short change nigga
You need bigga dough
You recall that moment,
Shit I'm a bigger picture, pro
You niggas simply spendin chips on these pros
I'd be right to call you a pimp
Cuz your niggas is hos
You see me a little different
Though you [?] for these hos
I had them pigeons in my crib

Just washin dishes & clothes
You know it's
The young wise-guy
Grind with my eyes wide
I [?] stop to rewind
[?] ahead of my time You know what's on my mind
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[?] doin a damn thing
Cuz I'm 'bout mine
Cuz I'm 'bout mine If you talk chores
Never let another nigga doubt yours
Life is full of lessons and them blessings,
Better count yours
Watch out for the haters
Cuz your paper's what they out for
Be a boss,
Not just another loss to account for And the flow, shit
You know Wiz gonna split line-for-line
And this nigga get so rich
Gonna hold shit
And I keep tellin' you time-and-time
Again, [?] and [?] focused
Movin' so quick
Slow up
[?]
[?]
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