

# It's Nothin (feat. 2 Chainz)

Wiz Khalifa

Count another grip, smoke another zip  
Yet 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 thing  
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'mma spend all my bread like  
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'mma spend all my bread like  
It's nothing, It's nothing You 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 old  
My 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 Theraflu  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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