

# iSay (feat. Juicy J)

Wiz Khalifa

It's KK what I'm smoking nigga  
And I done popped so many bottles thing I'm through with it  
Been smoking so much weed in public own a school with it  
Been on my grind since I was young and now I'm stupid rich  
You niggas stupid, I'm in the club and it's ruthless  
My crew ain't part of that bullshit  
My new whips the hardest  
Walk in the office like a business man  
I'm just an artist  
Smoking and all, crib full of weed  
Plaques on the wall  
My face on all the magazines  
Kush in this jar I'm getting this cheese  
Pants skinny rubber bands plenty  
Whole team going hard like it's the last inning  
Whole team going hard you got no chance of winning  
Lot of seats on the floor lot of cash pinning  
I play the game left hand like my man Jimmy  
You just a right hand man call that man semi  
What can I say?  
What can I do?  
To show how much  
Real shit a nigga do  
What can I say?  
What can I do?  
To show how much  
Real shit a nigga do  
All of this off the internet  
Those who ain't seen it coming dog I been a threat  
Been smoking up all this weed  
Been rolling up while I drive  
Been to the bottom and back  
Been seen you haters disguised  
Niggas telling me lies  
Just to try to get close  
Shades cover my eyes cause I be higher than most  
Been on the plane for twenty hours, and wasn't tired  
Live by the code, money power  
Once I got on, my niggas hired  
Juicy J he ride, it's the gang or die  
The game will stress you out but that's what this dubie is for  
You acting like you know me now  
Never knew me before  
Snoop sat me down, school me even more

Kick it with my son and don't even do the awards  
Said next year I might win me one  
You got problems don't lend me none  
Got a pound then go send me one  
What can I say?  
What can I do?  
To show how much  
Real shit a nigga do  
What can I say?  
What can I do?  
To show how much  
Real shit a nigga do  
Niggas out here broke because they scared of that bread  
My money so old I got mold on that bread  
How you think I win and copped that Rolls-Royce Corniche?  
Turn around and bought a Maybach next week  
A nigga don't hustle then a nigga don't eat  
A nigga ain't paying fair, and life ain't cheap  
Nigga ain't shit sweet but this box of swisher sweets  
Ever since I was a youngin I was  
Getting it in the streets  
Now I'm on tour even getting it overseas  
All the way in Switzerland stacking swisser-cheese  
I ain't too good for that brown paper bag  
I can still move that work and I get it off fast, hoe  
What can I say?  
What can I do?  
To show how much  
Real shit a nigga do  
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