

# Whatever

DJ Khaled

Hide the money and ran outta room, yeah  
I tried to hide the money and ran outta room  
I tried to hide the money and ran outta room  
I tried to hide the money and ran outta room  
DJ Khaled!

Money on your head, you might get hit up today  
You can't be wonderin' why they always stayin' dead broke  
In the kitchen cookin' chickens like a redbone  
My grandma seen me buy my first Polo sweater, ayy  
Got my hand flooded, I  
Buy the whole projects, I  
Got my hood stuntin', this whatever, I  
Charge the whole 30, I  
Got my niggas workin', I  
Got my bitches down for whatever  
I tried to hide the money and ran outta room  
Whatever!  
I tried to hide the money and ran outta room  
Whatever!

(Geek!)

Pay up like I've been runnin' it up forever  
I ran that shit up through the roof  
Young nigga, ran that shit up for his mother  
Buy her everything and I got proof  
Up, designer fit, ain't nothing to buy it  
And I done whipped every tire  
With the brake pad, "Mello Yello"  
Catch up  
Bring me up like your pop-pop  
Whatever you need to  
I skeet then skeet off in a new coupe  
Keep up!  
That V-12 'bout to heat up  
Grab your seatbelt, your seatbelt  
The color of my boxers, yeah I'm Tommy'd up  
Got the Tommy tucked, ayy  
I toss that shit up like a spray  
Watch it spill on the clothes  
I soak that shit up  
When they told me, "Don't matter, boss won"  
I suspended these bitches  
And I subpoenaed these niggas  
See who was real  
I supported my bank account  
And I wouldn't tell you the account  
'Less I need to put some of this money on your head

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Maybach Music

DIamonds all on my fingers  
Misses still miscellaneous  
Left the ski-mask in the 'Rari  
Residencies out in Vegas  
Smoking like Calvin Broadus  
Blueberry with the big homie  
"Idols Become Rivals"  
Down to die for my survival  
Fell in love with the money  
She at the spot every Sunday  
Loyalty's what I lust  
How I measure my woman  
Minimize my mistakes  
Love every tat on my face  
DJ Khaled, my blood  
Got several M's in my safe

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2 Chainz

Watch me break down bales  
Residue on scales  
Yeah, I had the girls sick  
Man-I-Cure like nails  
Competition might fail  
Repetition might sell  
Dirty kitchen, dirty dishes  
Dirty bitches, oh well  
Foreign whip rider  
Lobster on my rider  
You can get the platter  
I put my money up, uh  
You gon' need a ladder  
Work know acrobatics  
Work know calisthenics  
My dick be acting stingy  
My check be acting boujee  
My car got all the groupies  
I bought a new Rolex  
Now my old Rolex tryna sue me  
Fashion on exotic  
Pistol on regardless

Bitches look like Barbie  
Ricky Bobby on my trolly

Tryna set a bando on fire  
I'm just tryna get you so higher  
Money coming in, we get flyer  
You must be tryna wife her like Tiger

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