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 And I'm due with you dudes Haters you do what you do Cuz I'm 'bout mine Cuz I'm 'bout mine What we do in the game Man I'm still 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 Loaf from the lame I'm like a Sony to lames 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 fly, dumb hot, and a nigga 'bout mine

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Man I'm still doin a damn thing
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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 a Kodak 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 hoes You see me a little different Though you're shit for these hoes 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 can't stop for rewind

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If you 'bout chores, never let another nigga doubt yours Life is full of lessons and them blessings, better count yours Watch out for the haters cause your papers what they out for Be a boss, not just another loss to account for

And the flow sick

So ahead of my time

You know Wiz gonna split line-for-line
'Till this nigga get so rich
Gonna hold shit
And I keep tellin' you time-and-time again
Youngin' is locust
Movin' so quick
Slow up
Pace until you can your dough up
And you but can't, you can't show love
Stage and the flame make Wiz go nuts

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