

Taylor Gang

Wiz Khalifa

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You know I'm reppin' Taylor

All my weed from Cali, so you know I'm smokin flavour
Ain't fuckin with blunts, you know we only smokin' paper
And I throw it up so that you know just what my name is
Muthafuck a hater

Left the crib with 10 grand bought a hundred pair
I'm the coach I can show you how to be a player
5/8 is the fitted, bitches love my hair

Camo shorts go with anything I wanna wear
They let me in the club, fuck a dress code

Me and all my niggas rollin up the best smoke
OG kush from the westcoast

Oh you down to fuck? Well shorty let's go
Diamonds in my chain, niggas trying to steal my lane
Chronic in my brain bitch, I'm reppin' Taylor Gang
Smoke till I'm insane, drinking til I'm throwing up
Only papers if you Taylor'd nigga throw it up

High socks, low cuts

Smell that good weed, then you know its us

That yellow car pulling up, them niggas ain't high so they close to us
Down to fly, yeah, two fingers and hold em up

Bought a crib like Scarface's

"This is my world"

All my niggas down to bang but we can try words

Smoking ounces to the head til my mind twirls

I'm the mayor and my bitch look like a fly girl

Topic of discussion talk shit cause they bitches love us

Plus them niggas suckas I got that in living color
All my cars are different colors, all my broads
are different colors

All I do is fuck 'em once, and I dont call or give 'em numbers
Rolex, more sex, good weed, no stress

Run my town, arms, chest, lift weights, bowflex

Throw your set up, what you rep when you twistin' ya fingers?

Real recognize real and my nig you a stranger

Got a bank full of scrilla, a brain full of papers

Got a phone full of hoes, and a gang full of Taylors

You see me out I rep my gang

Used serve that John McCain, that John McCain

Hold up they dont know my name?
Chevy who? Chevy who?
Look at all that shit them dollars do
Gettin' all this money wit you know whoIt's Taylor Gang over you
We poppin bottles gang signs
All my niggas gang signsRollin up gang signs
Niggas trippin, bang time
Hold up, what they say bout us?
Same niggas gotta get the OK bout stuff
They ain't in the same leagueThey don't play like us
No stems, no seeds, keep that rolled up
Bang on them hoes, we does that
Socket work, I just had a plug for thatGet your taylor on
Hold for whatever you rep
Throwin up the gang, 4800 still reppin a set
Got these niggas trippin', and these bitches too
They just haters though, no matter what we do
What up cuz, on the left side
Its Taylor gang, and thats or die
CHEVY!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>