## **Taylor Gang**

## Wiz Khalifa

Taylor Gang, Taylor Gang, Taylor Gang, Taylor Gang 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 usDown 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 colorAll 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 numbersRolex, 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!

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