

Wiz Khalifa, Taylor Gang

Taylor, Gang, Taylor, Gang
Taylor, Gang, Taylor, Gang
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' flavor
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
Mothafuck 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 West Coast
Oh you down to fuck? 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 'til 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 it's us
That yellow car pulling up
Them niggas ain't high so they ain't close to us
Down to fly, yeah, two fingers and hold em up

Taylor, Gang, Taylor, Gang
Taylor, Gang, Taylor, Gang
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' flavor
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
Mothafuck a hater

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 flag 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 don't call or give 'em numbers
Rolex, more, sex
Good, weed, no, stress
Run my town, arms, chest
Lift, weights, Bow-flex
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

Taylor, Gang, Taylor, Gang
Taylor, Gang, Taylor, Gang
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' flavor
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
Mothafuck a hater

You see me out, I rep my gang, used to serve that John McCain
That John McCain, hold up, they don't know my name?
Chevy (who?) Chevy (who?) look at all that shit them dollars do
Gettin' all this money with you know who, it's Taylor Gang over you
We poppin' bottles gang signs, all my niggas' gang signs
Rollin up gang signs, niggas trippin', bang time
Hold up, what they say 'bout us?
Same niggas gotta get the okay bout stuff
They ain't in the same league, they 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 that
Get 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
It's Taylor Gang, and that's or die
CHEVY!

Taylor, Gang, Taylor, Gang
Taylor, Gang, Taylor, Gang
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' flavor
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
Mothafuck a hater