

Wiz Khalifa "Black And Yellow G-mix"

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[Wiz Khalifa]

Yea, Uh huh, you know what it is
Black and yellow [x4]
Yea, Uh huh, you know what it is
Black and yellow [x4]

[Chorus: Wiz Khalifa]

Yeah, uh huh, you know what it is
Everything I do, I do it big
Yeah, uh huh, screaming that's nothing
What I pulled off the lot, that's stunting
Repping my town when you see me you know
everything
Black and yellow [x4]
I put it down from the whip to my diamonds, I'm in
Black and yellow [x4]

[Snoop Dogg]

Big Snoop Dogg and Wiz Khalifa
see on the West Coast I'm the big Chief-a
Grim reaper, maybe that bring me that, yellow lack
still a logo in the back
we banging out, that taylor gang
dub to your face baby till ya say my name
don't get your clique served
so much Black and Yellow you would think I'm from
Pittsburg
Intern, get yearn

[Chorus]

[Juicy J]

I'ma bumble bee lit up like a crima tree
drinking Hennessy, I'm from Tennessy
Juicy J make their way on their own two
quarter mill for the Phantom, bitch I own you
and that go for every G that I'm fucking with
Black and Yellow bitches all around me, yeah I did
in the hearse, gotta get that reimbursed
on the pills and that purple pint of Surp
and I stay Louie down to the socks
Range, and watch, weed and glock

fiends to pop
my fans roll with them rubberband knots
I'm getting old but them rubber bands not nigga

[Chorus]

[T-Pain]

Catch me in my Lamborghini
(Black and Yellow, black and yellow)
I can rock it on the beat or Accapella, accapella
sideways in the turning lane
fire flame I be burning man
Teddy Pain bout to hurt the game
took a break for a while I've been learning things
I learned how to tell a nigga fuck you then
(Black and Yellow, black and yellow)
All I do is fucking win
I told y'all, told y'all
and now I'm on
you thought it was over
you thought I was gone
I'm going in, you don't have to let me, have to let me
back from the dead like I'm Mackavelli, Mackavelli

[Chorus]

[Wiz Khalifa]

Black and yellow, all black and yellow
see me now they treating me like I'm somebody special
smoking on that good know that its me as soon as they
smell it
you can chill I'm the one who get it not the one who sell
it
grind everyday I'm ballin I cant help it
niggas on that bullshit my pockets full of Celtics
and them niggas hating on us give them best wishes
in the club you ain't even on the guestlist bitch
sound like you need to get your weight up
go to sleep rich and count another million when I wake
up
they wondering how I do my thang 2 words, Taylor
Gang
remix g-shit
the champagnes poured nigga the weeds lit
lil mama clothes fallin like the leaves in the fall
ain't worry bout your friends so bring em all

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