

## Wiz Khalifa "Black & Yellow Remix"

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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  
The grim reaper, maybe that bring me that, yellow lack  
stealer logo in the back  
we banging out, that taylor gang  
dub to your face baby till ya say my name  
dont get your clique served  
so much Black and Yellow you would think I'm from  
Pittsburgh  
Intern, get yearn

[Chorus]

[Juicy J]

I'ma bumble bee lit up like a crima tree  
drinking Hennessy, I'm from Tennessee  
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 f-cking 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 n-gga

[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 n-gga f-ck you then  
(Black and Yellow, black and yellow)  
All I do is f-cking 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 dont' 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  
n-ggas on that bullshit my pockets full of Celtics  
and them n-ggas hating on us give them best wishes  
in the club you aint 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 n-gga the weeds lit  
lil mama clothes fallin like the leaves in the fall  
aint worry bout your friends so bring em all

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