

Wiz Khalifa "Taylor Gang"

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(Wiz Khalifa Laughs)

TAYLOR GANG TAYLOR GANG TAYLOR GANG TAYLOR
GANG

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GANG

YOU KNOW IM REPPIN TAYLOR (Bang X16)
ON MY WAY FROM CALI,
SO YOU KNOW I'M SMOKIN FLAVOR
AINT FUCKIN WIT BLUNTS,
YOU KNOW WE ONLY SMOKIN PAPER
AND I THROW IT UP SO YOU THAT THEY KNOW JUST
WHAT MY GANG IS
MOTHER FUCK A HATER

[Wiz Khalifa verse 1]

I left the crib with 10 grand bought a hundred pair,
im the coach i can show you how to be a player,
Five-eights is the fitted, bitches love my hair,
camo shorts go with anything i wanna wear,
the 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 shortie lets go,
diamonds in my chain niggas tryin to steal my lane,
tryin to get my brain bitch im reppin taylor gang,
smoke till im insane, drinkin til im throwin 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 aint hot so they
close to us,
got em flying two fingers and hold em up,

[CHORUS]

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[Wiz Khalifa 2nd Verse]

bought a crib like scarefaces, this is my world
all my niggas down to bang but we can try worse
smoking ounces to the head, feel my mind twirls
im 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, boflex,
throw your set up what you rep when you twistin ya
fingers,
real recognize real and my nig you a stranger,
gotta bank for a scrilla, a brain full of papers,
got a phone full of hoes, and a gang full of taylors

[CHORUS]

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[CHEVY WOODS]

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 these dollars do,
gettin all this money wit you know who,
its 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 ok bout stuff,
they aint 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 cuh, on the left side,
its taylor gang, and thats or die,
CHEVY!

[CHORUS]

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