

# Taylor Gang

## Wiz Khalifa

Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang  
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You know I'm reppin' Taylor  
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang  
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang  
On my way 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 you that they know just what my gang is  
Motherfuck a hater  
I left the crib with 10 grand, bought a hundred pair  
I'm the coach, I can show you how to be a player  
Five-eight's is the fitted, bitches love my hair  
Camo shorts go with anythin' 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 shortie let's go  
Diamonds in my chain, niggas tryin' to steal my lane  
Chronic in my brain, bitch I'm reppin' Taylor gang  
Smoke till I'm insane, drinkin' 'til I'm throwin' 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 pullin' up  
Them niggas ain't high so they ain't close to us  
Got 'em flyin' two fingers and hold 'em up  
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Bought a crib like Scareface's, this is my world  
All my niggas down to bang but we can try worse  
Smokin' ounces to the head, feel 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 livin' 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, Bowflex  
 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  
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 You see me out, I rep my gang, used serve that John McCain  
 That John McCain, hold up, they don't know my name?  
 Chevy who? Chevy who? Look at all that shit these dollars do  
 Gettin' all this money wit 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 cuh, on the left side  
 It's Taylor gang, and that's or die, Chevy  
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