

Taylor Gang (Feat. Lil Wayne)

Wiz Khalifa

Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang,
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Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang,
Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang,
You know I'm reppin' Taylor

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 that you know just what my name is
Muthafuck 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 faces, 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 west coast

Oh you down to fuck? well shorty lets go
Diamonds in my chain niggas tryna steal my lane
Tryna get 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 than you know it's us
That yellow car pulling up, them 'n'-ggas ain't hot so they close to us
Down to fly ya two fingers and hold em up Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang,

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Muthafuck a hater Bought a crib like scarface's

This is my world
All my 'n'-ggas down to bang but we can try worse
Smoking ounces to the head til my lam 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 'n'-ggas 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, bowflex,
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,
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And I throw it up so that you know just what my name is
Muthafuck a hater 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 them 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 'n'-ggas gotta get the ok 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 'n'-ggas 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! Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang,
Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang,
Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang, Taylor gang,
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Songwriters

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