Wiz Khalifa, Black And Yellow (G-Mix)

Yeah, uh huh, you know what it is
Black and yellow, black and yellow, black and yellow, black and yellow
Yeah, uh huh, you know what it is
Black and yellow, black and yellow, black and yellow, black and yellow

G-mix!

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

G-mix, come on
Big Snoop Dogg and Wiz Khalifa
See on the West Coast I'm the big chief-a
The Grim Reaper
Maybe that, bring me back, yellow 'lacs
Steeler logo in the back

We banging out, that Taylor Gang
Dub to your face baby 'til you say my name
Don't get your clique served
So much black and yellow
You would think I was from Pittsburgh
In turn, get your'n

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I put it down from the whip to my diamonds
I'm in black and yellow, black and yellow, black and yellow, black and yellow

I'm a bumble-bee lit up like a Christmas tree
Let go
Drinking Hennessey Black, I'm from Tennessee
Let go
Juicy J make the way on my own two
Let go
Quarter mill for the Phantom, bitch I own you
Who mind?

And they go for every chick that I'm fucking with
Black and yellow bitches all around me, yeah I dig
In their purse, gotta get that reimburse
On the bills and that purple pint of syrup

And I stay Louis'd down to the socks
Rings and watch, weed and Glock
Beans to pop
My pants swole with them rubber band knots
I'm getting old but them rubber bands not nigga

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You can catch me in my Lamborghini
Black and yellow, black and yellow
I can rock it on the beat or a cappella, a cappella
Sideways in the turning lane (turning lane yeah)
Fire flame I be burning man (burning man yeah)
Teddy Pain about to hurt the game (game)
Took a break for a while I've been learning things (boom)

I learned how to tell a nigga "Fuck you then"
Black and yellow, black and yellow
All I do is fucking win (win)
I told you (told you) and now I'm on
You thought it was over (over)
You thought I was gone (gone)

I'm going in, you gon' have to let me, have to let me
Back from the dead like I'm Makaveli, Makaveli (boom)

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Black and yellow, all black and yellow
See me now they treating me like I'm somebody special
Smoking on that good, know it's me soon as they smell it
You could chill I'm the one who get it not the one who sell it

I grind every day I'm balling I can't help it
Niggas on that bullshit my pockets full of Celtics
And them niggas hating on us get our best wishes
In the club you ain't even on the guest list 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
Two words: Taylor Gang

Remix G-shit
The champagne's poured nigga the weed's lit
Little mama's clothes falling like the leaves in the fall
Ain't worry about your friends so bring 'em all

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