Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, In The Middle

It's the Planes and the Taylor Gang!

And I'm

Fuckin' with the Chronic 'cause the Chronic give me dopeness

Center of the camera focus

Once the car service doors open

I'm with a chick you only seen on magazine covers posing

I really know this bitch

I won't tell you I got it unless I could show you it

I'm not gon' tell you about it until I go through it

Formula One car, code word for solo whip

Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you I'm cool

Weed lit

Lights flipped up on the Porsche

The same model Tony escaped from the club with

When them haters tried to knock him off

That's cold

Destroyer of the track I am Spitta Destro

You in the club line obeying the dress code

I drive by

Bitches making googley eyes

Google me Ma

I do that music so beautifully huh?

Believe that

JETS nigga retweet that

And In the Middle we stay calm we just drop bombs

In the Middle we stay calm we just drop we just drop

In the Middle we stay calm we just drop bombs

In the Middle we stay calm we just drop we just drop

Yeah

Gang

Plus

Planes

JETS Taylor Gang

You know the slang

Bad bitches feeding me champagne

Show up smelling like weed on the plane

People cut they eyes but they don't say shit

Rep Taylor Gang plus the Planes bitch

Polo Socks

Bad Bitches dig em 'cause they know the flow so hot

They be at my shows hoping one day they can meet us

And maybe we'll smoke

I ain't on no Hollywood shit

You sexy and know how to handle your weed?

You probably cook bitch

Bong rips send us to Hong Kong trips

My life is a movie stick to the script

Can tell that it's quality before it's lit

He is I and I am him

Some bitches a lot of weed and gin

Tattoos cover half my skin

Hoes scream Taylor Gang out they roof

Plus they love the JETS music

Uh huh veah

Lemme hear it