

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 yeah
Lemme hear it