Wiz Khalifa, Global Access

You hear that? It's paper Its bout paper, get your money man Get yours

Lay up, if you wanted me, I'm 6 o'clock That mean I stay up See you niggas standing in a line I got my weight up A lot of niggas owing dues, man It's time to pay up Smoke a joint with my girl every time we wake up In your city, but don't plan on staying If you ain't talking 30 million Then we can't arrange it I treat the game like I'm renovating They call me the landlord I got all the tenants hating Look at my tennis bracelet There's all these diamonds in it And plus my watch is icy too That means it's time to get it Yeah, I think they scared of me like I'm the dentist Like it run in the fam, everyone 'round about our business And I get high off fitness That mean I'm smoking strong Bet all these diamonds will you give you something to focus on Your girl love my song My chain cool the Fonz My kush be the bomb It sing like Solange

Whoa, whoa, whoa, where we go, go, go
That they say that we can't get dough?
All money
Whoa, whoa, whoa, where we go, go, go
That they say that we can't smoke?
Kush
Whoa, whoa, whoa, where we go, go, go
That they say that we can't rep Taylor?
Taylor Gang
Whoa, whoa, whoa, where we go, go, go
That we can't keep getting that paper?
Hell no

Big stunner, ex-weed runner My bitch hotter than the middle of the summer Rocking anything I want and Still watch for undercovers Like, I'm just on the sheet Money make me feel complete See, you don't do this everyday That mean you can't compete I'm on top of the game But I came from underneath Never tame me, I'ma beast Watch my change increase Used to just show up But now I make them pay them fees Used to smoke blunts Now I need the paper Being broke ain't in my nature Either block out what they say

Or use the talk as motivation (uh)
We at the top and know they hating
Know sometimes they like the child that whine and get impatient
But there ain't no complaining

Whoa, whoa, whoa, where we go, go, go
That they say that we can't get dough?
All money
Whoa, whoa, whoa, where we go, go, go
That they say that we can't smoke?
Kush
Whoa, whoa, whoa, where we go, go, go
That they say that we can't rep Taylor?
Taylor Gang
Whoa, whoa, whoa, where we go, go, go
That we can't keep getting that paper?
Hell no

And that's how it is
I just got on the plane, you know what I'm saying?
Smelling like about 5 thousand dollars worth of Khalifa Kush
And I dare somebody to say something to me, motherfucker
Taylor Gang or die
And the gang is for gang
Yeah bitch, yeah