

# 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  
Yeah  
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

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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