

Wiz Khalifa, Isaac Hayes

I'm never gonna give you up
No matter how they treat me
Never gonna give you up
Your love will never come down
I'm never gonna give you up
I'll always keep you by my side-ide-ide-ide-ide

Look and I'm just used to grindin'
And I'm just used to two bad ones, you know like Frankie Lymon
I used to sit on my porch and torch up that smoke
Get high and observe a few folks
Go get a six pack and where your bitch at?
I bust down four times like Kit-Kat
Did that like it was some get back
Sit back with that L, you earned that
Light that joint back up and blow that
Hold that smoke on end, don't choke that
Like you up one don't blow that
Your hood expects your bro back
And don't return like you stole that
Pockets on pufferfish and I know that
You blow pop for that trash pack
Pack the whack shots like Lebron back
I'm off that [?] that you can't finesse
I did it first and I done it best
We run the check and we run respect
It's Taylor Gang and you just a name
It's Taylor Gang and you just a name
And it's Taylor Gang and we just a gang

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Still killin' niggas with more [?]
Money I need more of that
I'm a touch some millions, yeah I'm sure of that
Money behind these tents
Money spent on my lens
Fuck niggas hatin' man, they thought we'd never win
All of these blue bottles, fuckin' models off gin
Spendin' it how I wanna cause I'm a get it again
Gotta keep [?] case niggas spend a band
Let it go down once it won't go down again
If the dough fallin' off, switch the game up
All this money on me, no and I won't change up
All these niggas with me, yeah they on the same stuff
When you see us out homie, throw the gang up, yeah

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Studio fees, palm trees, I'm always smokin' weed
Call her up, fuck her to sleep, she all weak in her knees
Now I'm hot, Instagram thots all in my bachelor spot
She don't smoke pot, think not, I kick the hoe out
Funny hoes show how it goes when in the presence of six zeros

I be with presidents, legends and shit, heroes
Countin' up hella chips
With niggas that don't leave no evidence
All your talkin' is irrelevant
I roll a joint, you roll a joint just for the hell of it
I hit the weed, they gon' complain cause of the smell of it
Jump on this plane, come take a ride and gon' inhale a bit
We ain't the same, it's Taylor Gang nigga

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