Wiz Khalifa, Gang Gang

Gang, gang, gang, gang Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, (Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang) Gang, gang, gang, gang (Yeah) Gang, gang, gang, gang (Gang-Gang-Gang, Gang) (Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang)

I'm rollin' up that motivation, they don't ever give me no credit
No alerts turned on my phone so I ain't get your message
These women all in they feelings over call-backs and all that
Man, tell these hoes that I'm big time and I'm Mannie Fresh, how you love that?
That bank card like uh, rich nigga, no limit
Top off when it pop off, with her head down, how I'm livin'?
Bitch, stay out your feelings, keep it G and get rich
She came over, that's game over, she here talkin' with Richard
I told lite(?) that it's go time, if she 'bout that then it's lit
Cap' just called me on FaceTime while smokin' joints with your bitch
And that's G-A-N-G, gotta say it two times
Twenty cents on me, in the party, I got two dimes, for sure

Gang, gang, gang, gang (Yeah)
Gang, gang, gang, gang
(Gang, gang, gang)

All these hoes in my phone

They be out to get me, swear I ain't really doin' nothing wrong I been goin' so damn hard and I ain't seen it in so long My legs tired from runnin' game but I thank God, I'm strong Every day I gotta fight cause I'm puttin' on for my fam Hundred mill all in my will was always in the plan Hell yeah, that come with it, I sacrifice for the game Baby girl, she layed up, I'm countin' dough with my gang Wizzle man stay gettin' high, Young Veggies doin' the same thing I ain't sayin' no names, all I know is go bang All these hoes is insane but all my bitches go ham Fit them girls in the van, Young Veggies the man For like ten years, I'm still ridin' round with my

Gang, gang, gang, gang Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang) (Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang) Gang, gang, gang, gang Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang)

I got all these niggas screamin' gang, gang
I got all these niggas screamin' gang, gang
Tell me why these niggas screamin' gang, gang
I'm the one that got you screamin' gang, gang
Pop it, please, rollin' lots of trees
You ain't coppin' these, mommy, these is St. Laurent jeans
Now go and top me
I get pussy cause I'm poppin', car pull up, I drop it
If it's money then we talk it, if it's not, you need to stop it
Got a girl but I need options, you like one, take your pick
Love some black girls but this white one lookin' thick
IG, takin' flicks, she TD, takin' dick
Khalifa Man, take your bitch
One rule, make me rich

Gang, gang, gang (Gang-Gang)

Gang, gang, gang, gang (Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang) Gang, gang, gang, gang Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang)