

Glamorous Lifestyle

The Jacka

[Chorus:]

I know you see me right here everytime you drive by.
But truth to admit you don't ever ask why.
You know I got paper cus I'm a D-Boy.
You my B-Girl, glamorous lifestyle.
Rocks on the wrist big things nice car.
You wana live life with a rich rockstar.
Everybody know us, everybody know ya'll.
I think I'm a a rush so I probly never call.

[Verse 1: The Jacka]

Why you tryna front girl you know you ain't ready
I be in the hood everyday with my family
We the mafia similar gone get me
I'm a animal miss my close don't fit me
Hangin on my ave when we pull up in the bentley
Nobody ever laugh girl we always leanin nigga
All I ever wanted was to see what was in yah
I'm the Jack ice cold Mack from The Figgas
Lock N tha county share my cell with a killa
All he ever said to jack I neva heard a nigga realah fat sherm
To the fo' XIV gorillaz all my niggas doin life do what I can to my life betta

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[Verse 2: The Jacka]

You know you love The Jacka.
I'm right here boutta dipp out in my six fitt gear
Tear tree smoke and them tens on there
Tryna find the Hus nigga all white pair
Buy the gucci Loafers you'll never know where

Go buy ma new shit hop in the chair
Some tell a mutha fucka how it ain't fair
Never seen ma colorr before all my shoes rare
You can hit the mall but you'll never find uhm there no
Boy you know the jump off yeah? yeah
Bought to make it pop off dough tho
This box thing is all I know. Know

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[Verse 3: Andre Nikatina]

My lifestyle baybee lika a S500.
Gather up yo friends jump in and I'm a gun it.
Then give me 10 minutes and mah glock talk hit yah.
Andre Nickatina in yo camera phone picture.
I watch how the wheels rotate, Break down a 8th .
The color of ma sneaker is the color of my face.
I wear my wife beater like a banga .
My rapstyle freak got one up in the chamba.

[Chorus:]

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[musical]

[Chorus: x2]

You know I got paper cus I'm a D-Boy

Rocks on the wrist big dreams nice cars
You know I paper cus I a D-Boy

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