Jets At Ya Neck

Curren$y

Jet life jet life jet life jet life.Curren$y:
G'r then youv'e ever been and everywhere you never went,
a decorated veteran
my bitches keep it very trill say they swagga jackin daddy
i say fuck it baby girl we gone let him live
to much money not enough time to get it and want power before they drop the ball
brand new socks and long jon draws i want it all
my young nigga told yall its getting cold out here dog
bundle up motha fuck being around the up
4 niggas deep the number one is us
text homie and tell him his number up
you services are no longer needed
rocka bye baby word to kesha
broad day jets and monsta beats kill niggas on tape
many a track has met his fate at the hands of spitta andretti
them niggas is half way shook and all the way not ready.Chorus:
And im gon keep on driving and smoking
long as baby keep rolling them nice ones up and passing em over to me
i done it how my triple o showed me
smile when i ride by they proud of a grown me
the climb was lonely
got to the top and i stood there on my own feet
2
trill niggas form the best crew now its jets at ya motha fukn neck foo.Trademark:
Sharvees on my feet
cacky lrg jets fitted trees sticky
just riding around the city smoking O's like fiftys
mind on a milli
eyes on a rearview cause these haters out to get me
fuck em, i just duck em like the bitch that was just with me
simply im on a level where these lames cant gain no entry
yeah
i stay high i dont fly on empty
fill my lungs up with blueberry sour and piffy
life of a jet bad bitches and good weed
fast cars and glass jars of sour d
uhh tms d the sv
hover over land lovers like a g3
jets nigga from the net to the tv

we came up quick and made this shit look easy
yeah, now they go in cop my cd
put em in they deck and ride around with them on repeat.ChorusYoung roddy:
and its jets over everything
i put that on everything
we been doing are thing anyway
nigga slash anywhere
first let me twist this up ima tell my driver take me there
secondly and back to back in and out i came prepared
flashback dejavu coulda swore i saw this shit right here
marley told me kill this shit just dont forget your niggas here
bet i wont i done see blood sweat so many tears
bet i blow
thats a fact point blank period
break her off bust her up spread them legs up in the air
slow it down and speed it up she tell me keep on drilling it
show your right i keep it real
something im fimilar with
money coming money going
man i keep on peeling it
my jet set camp
but really tho whats really good
she know im dealing shit
she smell me dog she dig my style gangsta and gentelmen
im good like my jet insureance keep me with benefits.Chours.Street wizzy money
hoes and check cloths
blowing on that fruity pebble shit that will have your throat chockin
we aint tripin in this section full of cloud 9
flotas is a crush im up in my zone
you already know see my grind
its all up in my mind
i come up with designs that will attack a nigga mental
now they keeping off my rhyme
it aint nothing less cause i dont waste time
steaddy zippin in the city money gettin im fly
if you look up in the air you will not see me im so high
bitch im perfect when i glide its like a nerf up in the sky
twisting turning ya holdin pussy shit for my land acrobat
blink a eye and miss a act
stacking stacks up in the leather sack

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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