

# #jetsgo

## Curren\$y

Yea, yea, yea  
Ain't nothing, to the next life  
Fool ain't nothing changed  
Roll something up mama  
We fucked up  
Make sure of it Uh, never will it stop  
Crate motors with triple digit blocks  
You wanna race I'll leave you by a couple blocks  
Blow the doors off, break the mothafuckin' locks  
Nigga you know my steez  
Spitta Andretti, pedal foot heavy, you know I Speed  
Minus the bus and Keanu Reeves  
Twistin them FernGully trees, Bitch breathe  
Your man smokin good, I'm smoking great  
T-H-C, Tony the Tiger certified these flakes  
Murcielago green, just scored that Ferrari  
But I still got them Lamborghini dreams  
Confetti fall from the ceiling to the floor  
The Jets step through the door  
Issue them awards  
Your hoes hot for me type, tissue to their draws  
You mad upset, Me and your girl just up on the set  
Playin Black Ops, let her drive my Chevy-Box to the corner store  
Rockin Adidas flip-flops, and some J-Crew  
Argyle socks, now watch them speed bumps  
Love don't fuck my rims up  
Maybe we'll stick with you, put you on the team official  
But Jet Misses never tell a Jet business  
That's how we do it big enough for us to live in it  
Them other fools playing wit it, blind rhyming saying they did it  
Shame on them niggas, you can come through the set  
But never bring em withcha Yea though, the Vet flow, Best smoke  
Collecting dough, adhering to the Jet Code  
And the Trill know the Jets cold, Jets dope  
Snatch your bitches, bring em everywhere you can't go Yea Doe pound sign #JetsGO  
Nigga, Yea Doe pound sign #JetsGO  
Bitch, Yea Doe pound sign #JetsGO  
Collecting dough, adhering to the Jet Code Now I just wanna fuck mad bitches, for all the days I never  
On second thought, I always had em though

But now they look better, and quicker to be down for whatever  
Like me, her and her homegirl together  
Changing the weather, by chop of the Cessna propellers  
We landed on the water, the game that I taught her  
Got her showing me the Louie that these duck niggas bought her  
Its a game to us, we just hang and fuck  
While she swipe your credit cards on dispensary pot jars  
I'm laid up, calling the front desk, tell them to send the maid up  
While we play the terrace and blaze up  
These detailed lyrics is far to intricate to be made up  
Not pimping, what you gave her  
Was an inch, she took her foot and kicked you in the ass with it  
The famous story of Mike Tyson and Robbin Givens  
The biggest niggas get beat senseless by little women  
Look at Sam Rothstein, he gave his whole world to Ginger  
Even these bosses be slippin, I catch that  
Try to be more flawless wit it, calculated king of the city  
Christopher Walken wit it, I admire his Empire, as did Biggie  
Machine Gun Funk, out of the Bowls  
Bubba Kush & Hindu Skunk previously rolled  
You know the game chump, your chick chose  
Better luck next time Captain Save a  
Jets, Drugs, and Paper  
Sex, sport cars and vacationsEauh

Songwriters

SMITH, COLUMBUS TOWER / TANNENBAUM, DANIEL / FRANKLIN, SHANTEPublished by  
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>