#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 itUh, 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 withchaYea 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 goYea Doe pound sign #JetsGO
Nigga, Yea Doe pound sign #JetsGO
Bitch, Yea Doe pound sign #JetsGO
Collecting dough, adhering to the Jet CodeNow 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
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