Air Forces

Young Jeezy

I went from old school Chevys to drop top Porsches
You couldn't walk a mile off in my air forces
And you ain't seen what I've seen
I can get a 100,000 in these Sean John jeans
I went from old school Chevys to drop top Porsches
You couldn't walk a mile off in my air forces
And you ain't did what I did
Where you from, you gotta get how you live
Everybody already know jeezy real street nigga
Every time you see me all around street niggaz
I hope you got yours I keep mine
In the club blowing dro throwing gang signs
And you already know, dog
745 back to back me and O dog
These other niggaz is jokers
What they rein up with I spent it up all the strokers
In one night eight bitches sipped bottles of Cris
Forty grand sit back so you can glance my wrist
Keep bread so we carry dem toaster
But keep back though my earrings ferocious
It's not just my imagination
I'm the one in the topic of your conversation
Jack boyz say they gon rob
But on the real fuck niggaz, y'all don't want these problems
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Black tees, black ones, and a fitted cap
The Mack 11 make me walk wit a crazy dap
Y'all say we country niggaz yee-haw
The money comin back and forth like a seesaw
And y'all ain't never seen what we saw
Stacks of twenty dollar bills, bricks or white rolls

What they got Lil Pha, they don't care 'bout shit
Ludacris, how they ride out twenty wit dem bricks
Shit, I spit it for y'all
On the real my niggaz shit I spit it for y'all
Who gives a fuck about friends?
If you mix the baking soda wit it you can get a Benz
While y'all robbing and boosting
I'm standing over the stove like the chef in Houston
And it's not about the flip mane
Want the real bread it's all about your whip game
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