

Blow

Young Roddy

Jet Life (x3)

And if it dont make bread it aint rightyeahOne time for the set that I rep
Your best bet if you come come correct
I show no love to the weak no respect
They tell me life a gamble I holla bet
But outta no where this nigga became a threat
And I aint even break a sweat but she soaking wet
And just like my logo for the money I jet
Theres no days off on my road to successLong as that money on my mind theres no rest
When we aint have a deal we had to pay our self
Roddy just a name I gave my self
Cause either she get right or get left
But before even I got unpacked she undressed
Word, Real recognize real I guess
So till Im dead and gone its Jets at your neck
Im in a city with murder money and sexD Wade flow, fuck it better yet Durant
Skinny as I am I tote my city on my back
I stay highed up that helps me relax
I get behind it if she throw that ass back
Shorty ride until the wheels go flat
I stay strapped and my track gone clap
In the fast lane peddle to the mat
To the floor, shit way better then beforeThis a jack move I kick down the door
Im on my grind I hope you own yours
I never close like my neighborhood stores
Never once reveled my jet codeWe stack dough till that shit overflow
I fall back when these hoes pay me close
Why smile when that shit aint no joke
Cause all we know is hustlin' till you croke
Jet Life, Jets Go Jets Go
Sure nuff you pray, we gone blow
Its hard to breath around all this gun smoke
Man this weed get me to high to be gettin it for the lowyeahI said this weed get me to high to be gettin it for the
low
Its hard to breath around all this gun smoke
Man this weed get me to high to be gettin it for the low

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