

Showroom

Isaac Shake, Spray 34 & Oscar Blanco

Checkered flag type shit
Yea, when the speedometer reads 70 miles per hour
A spoiler is deployed from the trunk
Less wind resistance, more power
You ain't sat in nothing like this once (niggaa)
Fresh from the pages of Car & Driver
To the possession of high pilots
File it in my collection
With the rest of my shit
Up-to-date bill sheets, documented mileage
Handbook in the console I know everything about it
Got yo woman wet, she need goggles
See me on the set, I'm the picture of survival
Live in the flesh, dropping bombs on my rivals
We the motherfucking JETS
You just motherfucking clown shoes
Borrowing ya big homie jewelry shooting virals
Never wheeling them cars, just standing by them
Not really knowing them broads, just standing by them
No first class tickets, you just buy the stand-by ones
I'm adding dollars, you admiring
I'm Words With Friends whole time in-flight wireless
Email full of condo prices
Marble or granite, kitchen islands
Got a mill out the deal I'm still on the grind
(JET life on these niggas yeah)
Got 10 more coming just give me some time
(JET life on them bitches yeah)
Putting it all together got something in mind
(JET life on them niggas yeah)
Show them better than I can tell them they gon feel me
Show them better than I can tell em they gon' feel me
Niggas I came up with changing up say they gone kill me
If they ever catch me slipping
I dont give a fuck, sincerely
I know they just emotional, they love me, they fear me
They like my women, they see me steering, wish they was in it
Jealousy, just feeding em negative energy
I put my hands together praying for my friend-emies

Only let paper chasers dwell in this vicinity
Can't violate the JET code without penalty
Even family get let go "Fredo, you killing me"
I work hard, bloggers thinking that it's 10 of me
Dropping record after record like them bitches slippery
I like nice shit and I know how to get it
Hustle dumbass, it's not rocket science or Quantum Physics
Get on task fool, Trap til a trillion
Wrote these raps in New Orleans and performed them in New Zealand
Word to Pusha T and that's legal drug dealing
"My God", what a feeling
engineering
, Decepticon ceilings
Push button disappearing when the drizzle clearing
I'll probably be laid in the enclave, until then
Jet miss in the kitchen grilling up steaks
It'll smell like Ruth's Chris in a minute fool, you want a plate?
The hero unsung when I'm done they'll say I'm great

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