What It Look Like

Spank Rock

[Featuring: Wale][Intro:]We blessed to be here
It's a blessing for you to be here with us
MMG shit, Jet Life, BOA, fuck y'all
What it look like
My niggas fly niggas, this is Jet Life
For the occasion, paper planes
[Hook: Wale]Look, what it look like
My niggas fly niggas, this is Jet Life
Yea!
Look, now roll my J tight
Haha, you know what they like
Yea! Yea!
[Verse 1: Wale]Paris SB's make these niggas catch seizures
Foam game shitting on Irish Springs and Lever
Ha! I'm more cleaver, clever
Weather any weather, nobody doing it better
Me and Spitta, Gucci bucket I'm Gilligan
Ain't no Skipper but all my bitches is Ginger hair
My real estate sweet, yea ginger bread
[?] meaner bars probably in the feds
MMG forever though
Money got me pulling strings, I got that Geppetto dough
Always in them better clothes, I be with them better hoes
No bullshit, every shy bitch can get a rose
Meaning aroused, I'm sorry I'm not too good with vowels
I got a thousand bitches, I'm not too good with vows
We in Spitta Ferrari, brand new Tiffanys on me
The fuck what PBS premiering, I'm addicted to Barney's
That's G shit, I be bumping fiend shit
And I'm on a roll, you would think they giving me a X
Wordplay like a mufucker
I'm Durant at the Rucker, your woman's a perfect jumper
Wetter than a swish and I never miss
Get her at her delicates and I ain't gotta tell her shit
Put it on whatever bitch, me and Spitta high as shit

Rex Ryan on these hoes, Jet Life forever bitch
[Hook:]Look, what it look like
My niggas fly niggas, this is Jet Life

Yea!
Look, now roll my J tight
Haha, you know what they like
Yea! Yea!
[Verse 2: Curren$y]The engine in back of my car
I'm clearly in a different tax bracket now, dog
Mainstream cheese but I ain't acting like y'all
Rapping that garbage, attracting maggots
I'm in Dulles waiting on luggage ? luxury baggage
Four door carriage with the V8 S badges
I'm in the mirror of the Panamera
Looking at them haters crammed in the Dodge Stratus
Can't keep up, get your liters in order
4.8, interior custom, leather suede borders
Not mine, I'm with Wale, I'm just a tourist on the set
Looking for dangerously hot bitches and safe sex
I get mine and I bounce like a bad check
You smell the ounce, I ain't even in ya house yet
We smoke loud, might have to get your ears checked out
After your hoes leave the Jets' hangout
Them lames ain't even know the newest planes came out
But I'm in every real nigga Cutlass in the parking lot of the Wing Stop bumping
So fuck it, I'm platinum in the streets
I never gave a fuck and that's what they love
She just wanna fuck, homie just want her
Rapping roulette, this life is a drug
And baby girl can't get enough ? fill her up
[Hook: x2]Look, what it look like
My niggas fly niggas, this is Jet Life
Yea!
Look, now roll my J tight
Haha, you know what they like
Yea! Yea!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/