

Jet Fuel (Ft. Boosie Badazz)

T.I.

I'm the truth, tell it, loud weed yellin'
Get it by the pound, we just smoke it, we don't sell it
What I blow'll make a plane go
Them bitches say "You got some money but you lame"
We blow, jet fuel, plane gas on your lame ass
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We blow, jet fuel, plane gas on your lame ass Man you so lame, just lookin' at you, nigga
While I'm in here no bitch'll give her pussy to you, nigga, no
She say "Not even with a bank roll"
'Cause the king gettin' money when the bank's closed
Yeah, she in her heels on her knees though
Yeah, her nigga call, she don't leave though
Nope, I beat that pussy like she stole somethin'
Then tell that ho get up and roll somethin'
We pourin' up, blowin' gas, weed noisy
She on that molly, won't stop talkin' that annoy me
I'm like, "Why don't you suck a nigga's dick or somethin'?"
Or take it from behind while you eat a bitch or somethin'
I like my bitches doubled up like my white cup
I like my pint sealed up, drank poured up
Yup, and you know you don't wanna catch it
You don't wanna see my niggas actin' ratchet with the ratchet I'm the truth, tell it, loud weed yellin'
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We blow, jet fuel, plane gas on your lame ass I'm a jet fuel smoker, crazy like the Joker
Suck it 'fore you fuck it is exactly what I told her
Ten bottles, two models, kush sack, it's a jet ride
Go and get my game stash, bitch, off the west side
Baby daddy face lookin' long, better change that
Make a nigga drop some change on your lame ass
Bob Marley smoke, spendin' hundred after hundred
Jumped down her throat and in her stomach, now she runnin'
Me and my henchmen, we be gunnin' for the money, blowin' jet fuel
We don't pay for pussy cause we fuck more than we rest, dude

I bet you that your main bitch'll bless boo
And every ho with her when they see me gon' break their neck too
Rich dick in her, I done gave the bitch life support
High in the pussy same way that I was high in court
Flip it, slap it, rub it down, finish, give it back up
Wash the dick off while she roll the kush sack up I'm the truth, tell it, loud weed yellin'
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We blow, jet fuel, plane gas on your lame ass
We blow, jet fuel, plane gas on your lame ass Better kush if them bitches wanna blow, of the blow
For the hoes who be playin' with their nose, now you know
That the king all about the dollar bills, quarter mil'
In the bag, slappin' bitches on their ass with dollar bills
You don't like it, ho? You ain't gotta chill then
Leave the laughin' match and go back to where you live then
Nope, but you don't wanna do that
How this ho blowin' on me, where her trumpet or her flute at?
I brought a pound and she blew that, see he brought two back
Drunk up a pint of lean, ain't sleepin', now who can do that?
She dippin' all that molly, steady askin' where the food at
You don't believe me? Ask my nigga Jeezy, he can true that
I beat that pussy, blew that, man I ain't gon' finesse it
Man you know what I'm smokin', shawty you ain't gotta check it
You can smell it, this shit I'm smokin' straight up out of D4
I ain't talkin' but it's loud when the weed blow
Yup, like I'm fresh up on the runway
Wheels up, weed loud like gunplay
On them sucka niggas with their lame ass
You bustas blowin' train smoke, we blowin' plane gas I'm the truth, tell it, loud weed yellin'
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Songwriters

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