

Airborne Aquarium

Curren\$y

Haha, Yeauh
Lames Catch Feelins We Catch Flights, Jet Life, Fool
Turn it Up Some
Lames Catch Feelins We Catch Flights, Jet Life,
Yeauh, Eauh I'm gettin hella mail from jail, niggas tellin me to kill it,
When they get out I'll bring them 'round some bitches,
Shinobi how I kick it, American Ninja, major motion picture,
Flippin my remote, same way I do them hoes,
But she already know before she touch my Chevy door,
Real nigga, lemme make it as clear as my windows,
No square shall enter in the circle of winners,
Know I'm prepared for whatev, you know what I been thru,
Rearview, Clear vision, memories of paid dues,
Confined to a runway, thunderstorms came thru,
But look what it came to, somethin' that amazes you,
soon as you quit hatin' and hear what I gotta say to you,
Baby blue, souls D's, White 11, '96,
No retro card came with this,
Same year, my Impala with the floor shift,
4-door suicide, Muscle car chauffeured,
Shawty body chocolated, Russel Stover,
Brung weed wit' her whenever I invite her over,
Polo sweater, tether belt hangin' off her shoulder,
No care, over here, so we put it in the air,
Walkin' 'round my house, say she wanna fuck errywhere,
That's cool baby, but I just got that pool table,
We ain't gotta stay away from it, It's all good,
if you wanna get under it, then I guess I can fuck with it,
Before I got on this beat, it made out a bucketlist,
and these boys, I granted his deathwish,
Legendary lay-up Jordan with the right-left switch,
Hang time, Hand glide, Stir fried, Chanky-eyed, Shanghai,
Candy rain, drizzle frame, I ride,
'87 Corvette ZR1, to the T-top softened,
put 'em in the trunk bitch, all gassed up, she been drinkin' from the pump,
That's all bad, tryna pass, fucked around and crashed,
Bitches all flip, Fools tryna make it last,
Emotional luggage, nothin' of it, I don't check bags,
I just carry-on, leave that bullshit in the past,

Half Rose, Sean Don, OJ in my glass,
Mimosa, Testarossa program, Prota-J curriculum,
doors open like a pendulum swingin,
Rock in my Jetset Emblem,
Fool is to serve like Wimbledon, Interior cinnamon,
the car that I'm sittin' in, Calm my bad nerves, I call her my Ritalin,
Just kiddin, not pillin', just element twistin',
From the herb come the fire and the wind I'm livin,
not pillin', just element twistin',
From the herb come the fire and the wind I'm livin,
From the herb come the fire and the wind I'm livin
YeauhhJets, where haven't we
Jets, where haven't we been
Jets, where haven't we. . .

Songwriters

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