

# Jet Fuel (feat. Lil Boosie)

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  
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  
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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