

JLC

Curren\$y

Through text message we plot the takeover
Can't talk out loud 'round these chauffeurs
Way on the outskirts we have slick meetings
Lookin' over our shoulders, mother fuckin' lip readers just wanna know what I told ya
What I rolled ya
Wake up and smell the Folgers, crystals on my doja
The bitches on your posters really comin' over
Feelin' that jet livin', dosin' off on suede sofas
Wakin' up to mimosas, joy rides and high-priced rollsters
My side, east life keep them trees rollin'
Hundred dollar bills foldin'
Fools countin' on me to fuck up
I'm countin' up that money as it's pourin' in
Jets nigga, you know it's them
Losin' to me for you would be a win
Jets nigga, you know it's them
Losin' to me for you would be a win I had to say that again
Jet life commandments
Jet life commandments
Mother fuckers better meet my demand list
Jet life commandments
Jet life commandments
First order of business is make the fam rich
Laid back chillin', posted
Livin' like a villain, mostly
Rap hustlin', smokin'
Our places you not allowed to go in
The beats bitch niggas is scared of, I goes in, on
So King Kong go ahead with that Felicia ass cred
What he smokin' on, personal, this mine, it won't work for you
Your whole click in trouble, need a focus group
Learn you on how to earn but you uncoachable
What you want me to do
Fall back like the top, all that
And the half a joint pimpin' I'm high

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>