

(Jet life)

White carpet in my star face house  
No one to gon dis on my scar faced spouse  
My IV the twisted reefer and delivering that dough  
To the front door like a piece of carrying her own  
Always financially she don't need me  
She is just in love with a real nigger continuously weedin  
At my under closed location my grow space is reading up on vintage V12 engines  
and the greatest strains this season  
and I grind for that very reason  
the toxic air that I'm breathin a leave an average man weakened

watermarks still on the houses as I drive by  
crack the soundproofs let a cloud out it  
trill shit  
Next time I vacate I'm bringing all my cars on a plane with me  
Lor' see the same we gonna make it an' show our folks how to make them millions  
Grapplin' hooks scaleing the building rap with no hooks I'm high hows you feelin'  
Captin hook wild'n in the ceiling though no stealin that shit heard I know the feeling  
these niggas a borrowin yo style like you wasn't about to go do nuttin with it  
That's why I only kick it with real niggas like Dom Kennedy  
and people I ain't got to name cuz they was probly here gettin high wit me  
If you don't know where to put it at than I'll ride wit it  
There I try to lose you in the system for some weed in my city  
In the heart ain't no love or no pity  
Looking for charity that dog don't hunt don't come in the woods with it

(Jet life)