

# JETS (Put Your Arms Out)

## Consequence

Oh, it's the  
My city don't slay!  
Put your arms out and get ready to take all,  
This is New York, is running the play  
Of course, ya all know who is the best,  
So spell it out loud with the is J.E.T.S!  
J.E.T.S, J.E.T.S, J.E.T.S!  
Is J.E.T.S!  
J.E.T.S, J.E.T.S, J.E.T.S!

You would think that I'm the same kid,  
that you never knew me,  
I throw bullets and I play.  
But what you see after the  
the money in the air, your boys' loss.  
Cause I'm on a receiving team,  
Receiving dream I've been  
Which means, but where are the run back?  
Cause there's no come back!  
Once I a shot,  
Walking that  
Make the crowd go nuts,  
Cause my L.T. cuts,  
Is cat Tom.  
Forget of the game if you passed prom,  
Cause the real rap comes from the hard time.

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We're all on top in the A.C.S  
To this  
But we know what they say in these streets,  
So we are told that we all play for kids.  
Weather we're or the underdogs,  
The watch, all big van,  
The pack of the  
We came to win, so no black and yellow when  
..if you just do the math.  
Is no way you gonna score this fast,  
for six seconds to go,  
Apart from the penalty we are far from going,  
And is third in a set, two in a row,  
be impossible like  
Why and why you think is got a back tripping?  
Cause there's no time to get cozy,  
Until we bring home the trophy.  
And got it sit in a metal lance,  
So is only one message I'ma tell you man!