

17.5 Cannons

Curren\$y

Jets nigga
Yeah
Jets nigga
Uh
Next they'll be dressing like me
But back in the G they wasn't stressing like me
Good thing I had the balls to boss up
If not for that ain't no telling where I might be
Ain't no telling who you might see
No tint, got your world in my passenger seat, wassup
Dropped her off to you
With her fingertips and her lips smelling like weed
Nigga she been rolling it up
Laced locks on my Jordan Ones
Naw homie they ain't come like that
Ya'll remember Mr. Spitta
Mr. Month-After-Month
Panic, Don Cannon your nigga right back
Bitches just fell through with the loud pack
No cigars in my session my crew don't allow that wussup
Yeah

Yeah
Uh
Paper planes, personals to the brain
Help a nigga deal with the ills of the game
The radio station playing favorites
And I don't even turn the TV on
Cause it ain't about the music artists making no more
Its all about scripted realities from their home
Fussing with their kids, fussing with their chicks
Hundred thousand dollars on the line
Run an obstacle course and eat a plate full of shit
Lose a hundred pounds, celebrate, get highed up
Go to the sober house, lay it down
I'm an artist get me the fuck out of here
Nick Diamond Supply outerwear
Two dope Caprice classics
Got suede interior in my slab bitch
So be careful where you pluck your ashes Tonguezilla what up
Yeah

Shout out to everybody supporting the Jets movement
Don Cannon the money machine
It's real special
Curren\$y, Smokee Robinson
Roll up a doobie or something
And oh yeah
I don't let no projects go
Without having one of my joints on it
Ya dig?