

Uh, Jets nigga
Uh, Jets nigga (yeah)

Nigga start I was sleeping

Yeah yeah... yeah

I got freaks in the living room getting it on
And they ain't leaving till 6 in the morning
No disrespect to Snoop, I'm a switch it up
I get sleepy round 3am
I don't trust them hoes, somebody better come and pick them bit
ches up
I ain't bringing them home in my trunk
Oh grimy ass bitches, you know how they be
Riding in your shit, drop them off at your crib
Next minute you realise you missing CD's
Can't run G on the G
I know what it look like
Think you fast enough to pass me
Trying to pull the wool over my eyes
But I see the gimmicks, the whack lyrics
The shit is depressing, I came to fix it
Flow butter scream my raps over your biscuits
These niggas claim that their shit so sick
That they spitting, I must be immune to it
Cause I don't get it I talk that shit, I roll with it
I talk that shit, I'm smoking it
I talk that shit, I'm so immit

Yeah