

For Cuban linx  
Yellow gold, January cold, my mink  
I'm from the the school of old, check out my ring  
I won a super bowl of hash, I saw the Mona Lisa blink  
Not falling off my ass  
Cause I lean like the Tower of Pisa on stained glass  
At the church, funeral services for this beat  
Niggas tryna steal my style, I can hear 'em in my sleep  
Like young thieves outside tryna break in your Z  
28 or your Double S, they hit your Trans-Am  
For your big nose hood and you know them fools man  
And I swear that ain't no good, but I'm not surprised  
Cause it's all fair in the game  
Of fucking these bitches due to your street fame  
This shit's wicked, deserves a documentary  
Deadstocks on my feet, I'm walking ancient history  
Niggas is beast hype, tryna be like what we write  
Ain't nothing but that Jet Life

I'm talking stacks in the walls, floors, ceilings  
A house made of money, feel what I'm building  
(Cause this rap shit just my hustle baby, we paper chasing)  
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I'm talking pounds in the fridge, hundred stack in the armoire  
Constant reminders of what the fuck we grind for  
(Cause this rap shit just my hustle baby, we paper chasing)  
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Still at it, Jet Set mathematics  
I'm, from the city of choppers clappers and levee crackage  
All levels completed, bitch I'm All-Madden  
Smoking out the E-Class wagon  
It's just that "to the airport" action, I am more Mr. 2 Door  
Still running triple O game on my new hoes  
More than one time was I told that I was too cold  
Gucci Mane, tryna be grizzly burr on these hoes  
Foundation laid, and from that, a mansion rose  
When my driver bring yo bitches home, ask her how that Caddy ro  
ll  
You can tell that she was with daddy, just smell her clothes  
Money and smoke, that's all I know

[Hook]