

This Jet Life, don't scrub, you blot that  
Flow rugs in the Porsche, I'm out front and got my top back  
Label me a author, forefounder of lifestyle rap  
Watching these niggas borrow game  
Not acknowledging where they got that  
Though I fall back, let them run with that, consider those my rebel kids  
Clashing with they father figure  
When they know they wanna be just like him  
Where might I have been without my pen  
To scribble about what I done wit 'em  
Girls that I took home last night, Chevys I sat on top them rims  
I'm good in front of that camera lens, weed smoke when my video spins  
At her house, rolling up in her boy shorts, my mafia bitch  
Plotting up, I'm counting up, going for it cause I go and get it  
So you liable to see her with me, my pockets fat, my tires skinny  
Loud pack, got a louder engine, 80 large, all Benjamins  
Vacationing, 2 nights spending, I ain't tripping  
Fool I know how to get that back, homie my triple O showed me that  
Same thing showed my how to roll them Zags

And my reputation precedes me, they already know  
I keep it capital G apostrophe D  
Going hard, making it look easy  
Cause when I do what it do, I do it like I'm doing it for TV

You know I do it like I'm doing it for do  
Watch the shoes, ostrich, you know what time it is like 2 watches  
My reputation, detonation on destination  
I separated, elevated: get salutation  
I'm seldom seen in forest green foreign machine  
Dirty south but the engine clean and that pussy clean  
Criminal thing, a criminal mind  
I got a pocket full of dead presidents, I'mma bring them alive  
Riding shotgun with that K on the side  
Bitches that I'm done with, let them lay on the side  
Clock on your mind, I'm ahead of your time  
Hublot transform like Optimus Prime  
Diamonds on, diamonds off, shawty ass kinda soft  
Tattoos, lip gloss, pockets on Rick Ross  
I'm fantasizing a tantalizing experience  
Bitches like photography, I just take a pick

I'm up in this, 442 on them Budnik rims  
Somewhat a pimp  
All them gangsta bitches fuck with him  
Bring ducketts in  
When records wasn't really bumping, they was in love with him  
To see him balling is like drugs to them  
Mama calling for that Jet to put a reservation in  
Ain't concerned where she going 'long as she stay with him  
They be seeking that foundation, stable niggas with paper  
I'm all that, but I'm stingy, you ain't write n'an one of these raps  
And love, I'm so serious, you might get high from hearin' it  
Get stupid fly at any event, spray some Ozium in that vent  
Bring them hoes and tell them shake that shit, send my jail niggas flicks  
We live it, she love it, in the kitchen, in the oven mitt  
It's Jet Life over e'ry bitch

And e'ry bitch ass nigga breaking they back, tryna take care of them  
We get high, we laugh at them  
I swear ain't no comparin' them to no nigga in my area  
This Jet Life, no play time, we cut them hoes, you carry them

[Hook x2]