Uh
Jets
Yup
Mother fucker you know
Uh
Jets nigga

Uh, uh Flow like Clark wallabees Created and cultivated under palmtrees Sun foor open, AC on Smoking and cooling, misusing the freon NYCA jeans on Stitching's the same color I lean my whip on Bitches know one thing Bring my green home Weed and paper Joint roller and the NES controller on the coffee table Playing original kung fu loaded Homie only had four moves I bet you never noticed And they label me a stoner A bit of a pot head it has been said I keep one rolled up like LL's pants legs Niggas ain't fucking with the planes Jordan quatros do not lace the eyelets up on my wings Hot Spitta man yeah