

Yeah, yeah
Yuh, jets nigga now where haven't we...
Bitches, I 'Taylor Gang' that
Yuah

Yuah
How fly, uh?
The backseat is for newborns
Homie, I'm grown
I'll hop in front and drive this bitch on my own
Out the driveway windows half raised
Bumpin' Ma\$e or some Sade'
Chuckin' the deuces to my neighbors
Like them Houston players
Got the two door Caprice
Black and red, like a Sega Genesis
Password first pimpin' or you can't get into this hangar
Access denied, you can't fly you a lame
Spiderman tangled in a web of lies
Global travel, red eyes
Plan plots, strategize
Double XL, now I'm after The Source and the Vibe
Only magazines yet to recognize in 2009
Nigga worth it, he deserve it
He ain't perfect, but he workin' on that second album
Dropped the first one with Amalgam
Digital dollars, afford flights
Where the massages will be provided
By my down ass exotic dancing Italian goddess
The planes got it
That's why she's ridin' with the pilot
Find Spitta smoked out in the same crowd
Where Waldo was spotted
Orange rectangle boxes in my pockets
Niggas on a quest like Jonny and Hadji

Haha, yeah
(Jet set, now where haven't we been yet?)
How fly?
The mixtape it's officially done
This is it, right here
Haha, yeah, uh

I'm back better than ever
No hiatus, just weed crushers
Rollers, and one and a half wide papers
Catch me and Spitta smokin' up
You got trees? Nigga, light it
I heard this is a weed friendly environment
Seen 'em at my shows front row, gettin' excited
They all smoke and memorize my lines
Say I'm the tightest
Know bitches who rep the gang hard as niggas who do the same
And don't support the bullshit they only do the planes
In every city we smokin' like a train
They heard I'm swingin' past now them bitches gettin' gas, octane
Not a name to compare 'em to

I can skydive, no parachute
With just a dope pair of shoes
Zig zags and hella tattoos
Put you in a mindstate
That this is my movie
Put you in it too
The bomb weed make it critical
Sit with the vampire in his interview