Showroom Testarossa
Leather in here softer than your sofa
Who the livest crew that you know of?
Smelling like a pound when we show up, more getting rolled up
Hostess show us to our section, bring them bottles over
Tip the valet a 50 and a doobie tip in the ashtray of the Rover
That's my lil' homie, I let him sit in there and get loaded
I play the cut 'til the nigga either bored or I'm hungry
Me and my hoes get pepperoni slices at 3 o'clock in the morning
This thing we've built, got my money stacks on stilts
Got my mama driving a Benz, LEDs lit, stunting with her friends
Saturday night card game, still ain't nothing changed, that's m
oms

I love to see her having a good time
Yellow gold Daytona, I'm a fine watch owner
Track suit sleeves can't hide it, yea it's still glowing
This bitch rubbing on my car seats, she fucking rolling
I do my thing and write about it in the morning

Ride for it, get on the stand lie for it
Blow trial, get up in the chair fry for it
Never telling or snitching, rather swim with the fishes
Niggas know I'm committed to Jet living
We niggas know we ride
Nigga forever high
We never die
Jet living

I'm talking audio dope, fool I'm sitting on keys Pilot of the motherfucking J-E-T Now if you wanna join the team, you know you must see me But a sucker motherfucker's who you cannot be Big drapes in my crib, hoes getting good sleep Good rest, get up, go out, do they best On behalf of the set, bring it back to the G's I throw some to my bitch and spend the rest on weed Way more than you need or could ever believe In your lifetime your square eyes have ever see Nigga, on point flow, so infrared beam Choose sides 'fore we ride, nigga no in between Set some fire to that Raw cone Calling shots from a solid gold rotary phone, counting my chees e, nigga The big chief, plotting all in my sleep

Bumping Shyne in that 5-9-9, oh my