

Money Machine 3

Curren\$y

Turn it up (First)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
(Tony said Frank wouldn't last)
Jet Life, Jet Life
Jet Life, Jet Life nigga, yeah (Eastside)
Jet Life, Jet Life, Jet life (Now Frank's woman upstairs packing bags)
Jet Life, Jet Life, nigga, yeah
Da-da-da, da-da-da, yeah, yeah
Da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da, yeah
Jet Life, nigga, yeah
Keep the demented Chevy, gon' switch up, bend it
I'm smokin' weed in it, back a little bit, yeah

Uh, fuck around and get killed for not lettin' me live
Shit around me that real, my niggas is that trill
You was lookin' for a plug, you ain't know
That the man was right here, makin' squares disappear
Magic man, you heard about the legendary three and a quarter length
Furs in February always on point
And it was never ready, I lit my joint and dipped in my Chevy
'57, all stocks, hardtop, I throw switches on my drop
Shawty said she don't fuck around with that help
She want Spitta 'cause that nigga came in here and made a boss of himself
I came through the set, paint wet, rims gold
Like a championship belt, she fucked up when she let me know how she felt
Say you love me, well, baby girl, do somethin' for me
Turn nothin' into somethin', keep your daddy stuntin'
Bentley blueberry muffins, hopped out like a dragon puffin'
Brung two shooters with me and my baddest woman

Jet Life commandments
Thou should not rest until I make my whole fam rich
Fuck you take me for?
Jet Life commandments
Thou should not rest until I make my whole fam rich
Fuck you take me for?
Jet Life commandments
Thou should not rest until I make my whole fam rich
Fuck you take me for? (Take me for, take me for)
No ham omelets, I'm on my conglomerate

And them niggas are still asleep, rest in peace
Close the box on those views from the top like
Top of the mornin' in the black McLaren
Ralph Lauren I'm wearin', heard his car collection was sick
One day we're gon' have to compare 'em
Bet you was starin', hypnotized by my diamonds glarin'
Flarin' every color of the spectrum, drawin' under my section
Miles to the flame, slow with the game
She can't be blamed, this jetsetter
When I met her I knew that I could send her
Dealin' with a winner from the very beginning
Let her drive my Rolls to dinner, then I fuck there in it
I'm not content at all, dawg, I gotta ballin' addiction
Always into somethin', always outside

Always tryna get it to summer, I was throwin' provisions for winter
Focused on livin' with millions and ballin', continue wishin'
These niggas so envious, my brother want me sendin' hits
And I knew one day that all this shit would be like this, my nigga

Jet Life commandments
Thou should not rest until I make my whole fam rich
Fuck you take me for?
Jet Life commandments
Thou should not rest until I make my whole fam rich
Fuck you take me for?
Jet Life commandments
Thou should not rest until I make my whole fam rich
Fuck you take me for? (Take me for, take me for)
No ham omelets, I'm on my conglomerate

Da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da
Fuck they take me for?
One of them niggas who forget the set when he blow?
Yeah, fuck they take me for?
One of them niggas who forget the set when he blow?
Da-da-da, da-da-da
Da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da
Eastside, on mine, just like every time
Yup, I'm here
Da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da
Fuck they take me for?
One of them niggas who forget the set when he blow?
Yeah, fuck they take me for?
One of them niggas who forget the set when he blow?
Da-da-da, da-da-da
Da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da
Eastside, on mine, just like every time
Yup, I'm here