

Money Machine

Curren\$y

Jet Life

Roll one up for them haters, I'm just counting my paper

Jets count millions

Make my way to a million looking out the plane windows

Yeahh

Tony said Frank wouldn't last, now Frank woman upstairs packing bags
Survival of the fittest, her sponsor no longer living, plight of these kept ass bitches

When the dreams all end and then the boss, slam, casket closed
Welcome to the school of hard knocks, you ain't know you was enrolled ?

Cold, I know, what's colder is these streets

When your name no longer hot, you feel me?

Seen niggas and bitches go through a dope game in the music lifestyle
Hard to attain

But it's easy to get used to it, try to maintain, under pressure

Only few do it, and that's what inspires you to try

The gleam in your eye, manifested in your mind, then you start your climb

Remembering whoever you step on to come up, you may meet them another time

Fuck em, doe

Cause if the foot was in the other shoe, them niggas' stand on you to get a better view

Telling you the truth, while taking them to school

Fools don't think how I think, can't see these lines like I scribbled in invisible ink in these tablets

Jet Life Commandments, thou shall not rest until I make my whole fam rich

Fuck you take me fo? One of them sucka niggas who forget to sit when he blow?

Never that, JLR, we'll have his whole world changed by tomorrow

Lighters and Ozium in my car, in no way am I playing with y'all

When I say I'm so high, if I was to trip and fall, I'd land on Mars

But don't mistake my highness for blindness, giving me them fake smiles, I know what's behind them

I swim with the sharks everyday

You back stroking with the guppies

Supposedly big dogs get chopped down to puppy, size

Utterly euthanized by these flows I've been crafted, secretly in my labyrinth, sleeping on a charred mattress

Nights so hot, get that girl to the pool before she pass out, livin in a landmark

New Ferrari underneath the carport, my landshark

Invite me to your party, reserve me somewhere to park

I'm not sure what you thought, fuck pullin off on the [?]

You got twenty minutes free? How bout a fast brunch?

Pitch me whatever proposals you, want, but no promises though

I got a lot on my plate, no ham omelets, I'm on my conglomerate
Word to the kid, Willie the fly, always on top of shit, really...
Yeahh

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