

Jets nigga, Fly Society
Where haven't we been yet?
Fear and Loathing in New Orleans
My name is in the streets
Bitches know the planes got it
Uh, my name is my name

Spitta nigga, I am one of the freshest rappin'
Got game, Jesus Shuttlesworth, Ray Allen
I care not to be compared to your man and them
Them fucking barbarians, Neanderthals, all of y'all
Making y'all ringtone music, that's Gieco rap
That's just so easy even a caveman could do it
I am not impressed but I do find it amusing
I'm sure Comedy Central could pay you for what you doing
This is a revolution, I'm fighting for the movement
There's a lot of niggas left who got a million fluid
[?] million dollar check, I'm right there with you, pimpin'
I ain't get mine yet but I look like I got it bout a week ago
And spent at least half of it in the sneaker store
Feel these [?] OGs
First 48 I was looking for [?] 'cause I keep killing the beats, yeah

Yeah, yeah
Where haven't we been yet?
Where haven't we been yet?
Bitches know the planes got it
Bitches know the planes got it
Yeah, uh, yeah

My life is like a see-saw
So if I wouldn't have shook [?] to the floor
Now you niggas hear my real thoughts
You couldn't learn Spitta through that one verse that I had on my first single
Flow fundamentally sound, forensic specialists on the scene
Announcing that the evidence was found
Beat beat to death and lay it on the ground
Serial killers, spitta niggas know how I get down
I ain't like these other niggas, we consider them as clowns
And the boss bitches know y'all wack too
That's why it's always 'bout money when they come at you
Niggas yelling when they see the planes like [?]
Drop bombs over Fantasy Island
Fly Society pilot, MySpace [?]
Killing the game I'm a monster
Listening to my shit would make you an accomplice

Where haven't we been yet?
I don't know myself
Fear and Loathing in New Orleans
Turn the studio into a crime scene
Yeah