

Two of the illest back in the kitchen
Filling prescriptions, fiends itching
We serve em through the chain linked fences
Beamers and Benzes on 24 inches
Reefer smoke thick as the tension from them bitch ass niggas
Fuck them bitch ass niggas, Route
They broke and they assed out
That's what they mad 'bout
While I'm in the stash house on the internet checking the latest project progress
They never understand my underground success
The amount of love I get, but I digress
It's obvious that I'm above all this cause I'm a Jet
Center Edge Territory the collective
Mos Def and Jay Elec, Andretti fresh
A pair of thousand dollar steps when I left I threw up my set

I guess everybody gangsters, everybody serving
Everybody slanging, everybody claiming Crip or Blood
Everybody banging, ain't nobody tryna take the fall
They all pointing fingers
Yea I'm tryna win, I'm all out of favors
We started with nothing so hustling our nature
We come from a place where a murder make you famous
We built us a business nobody gave us naythan
The underrated, Shawn Kemp and Gary Payton
Pitch a bag to the lawyer to fight the case
They got me back in the kitchen without the apron
Bucket low like fuck it though
Hell yea I'm fresh up out the gutter but she love it though
Money in the envelope

Arm full of riches we been evicted
Shit been official, that there my status you know the business
Convince the kid to get on a track and we go to spitting
Its Cleopatra, you know we at it, come get a listen
Best pay attention, this is a dynasty in the building
We hit the stage they up to the front they tryna get pictures
It's lemonade that's up in the air we keep it too litty
The bitches stare when we hit the place we come to get busy
No time to spare its 3, 2, 1, back to the mission
We blowing on something different, dispensary flavor hitting
We leave you in the past, the jealous be shifting different
The schedule full of digits, you guess it but it was written
Ba-bang