

Shit dun changed, and I'mma be the same
Never switchin' lanes, it's why I stay up in the sky
Yeah, it's why I stay up in the sky
Oh, it's why I stay up in the sky

Yeah, I fell asleep on the plane
Woke up to cameras flashin' and people screamin' my name
They seem to think their agendas all hidden but they isn't
I been onto these swindlers for a minute
Bad girls at the party bein' tough and drinkin' Guinness
Though I'mma play it straight and sip a couple Shirley Temples
Low-key with a sober mental, at least until I get to my car
I got a joint to spark that's waitin' in my glove-compartment
Got to point to proved personal shit I admit I'm caught in
In the end we'll compare moves and then see who's the smartest
Somewhere between the rich and famous and the starvin' artist
I embody that, so I spit which will relate to all them... yeah,
fool

Yeah, do it the Jet way
Put it in the air like I just called the past play
Them niggas wasn't there, they're just talkin' hear-say
Them suckers only in the hood on video days
When it's police barricades and video-tapes
Ain't bein' real, they just bein' real fake
I got real-estate, a couple plenty closin' dates, I'm straight
I know them haters was like "Homie gon' fall off, just wait"
Now they can't walk in their bitch crib without seein' my face
Chalk it up to wrokin' hard and constantly talkin' to God
Produce your Jet membership or you cannot come aboard
We flyin' over you squares, fuckin' checker boards