

About to land jets on some suckers houses
Homie come about it that side shit
You call your girl crib in the background she bumping my shit
You mad I'm at the crib cutting open vacuum bags
Pouring some of that potent for the true smoking shit my homie had
Last time I was in Cali told him he had to send me that
Ship it to the city, so I could bend some corners
With lil mama tell them hit some of this sticky with me
Just being around me make her slippery, sexy pajamas when she visit me
Her friends fall through, with louder that, over talking, baller stalking
Search for eye contact so they could double back and ass g
When I got some time free, but honestly
Building this empire taking a lot of me
It will be worth it though, shit good right now you found my lighter
And my grinder it be perfect ho
And it's still, and it's still jets at yo motherfuckin

And I stand here, g'd up from the feet up
Paper on my mind, my chick scrolling that weed up
Baby smoke it all, I ain't tripping I just reup
She thought real niggers was dead I made her a believer
Now she us, we a different breed
Come planning from a different species
Young bred to keep it
My life is like a movie but I'm living out the scenes
I'm pulling x for the rex I'm all about the cream
By any means a hustling scheme will fulfill my dreams
A better living fatter pockets, prettier women
Super sticky weed I'm puffing late up in the villa
South beach suite metropost smoking and chilling
Waiting on my bitch to come through with some more killer
Hit her with the Deals she in love with the villain
But my mind focus on writing raps and chopping spinach
Can I get a witness to this g shit that I'm spitting
At Will, it's still, it's still, jets at yo motherfuckin
Already

Ok, girl, where shall I begin?
I told her about my lifestyle she said I'm all in
She say most niggers change you ain't nothing like them
So I got her high as hell, I'm talking about the rim
But I never cared, mama blow it in the wind
Ain't too much changed since back then
But now I got a couple different ways to make my ends
They wouldn't last a minute if they'd live where I live
They couldn't walk a mile in these jordans number 10's
And I got that shit off like think you come again
Such a scary risk but that risk got me rich
So need what my cash for that's word to money mitch
I swear I'm bound to break that bed when I get it in
Haters know the set that I rep to the end
It's crazy I keep hearing voices in my ear, telling me to get paid
My reply bet I will and it's still, it's still
Jets at yo motherfuckin, yeah