

The Only Thing That Matters

Curren\$y

Yeah, Oooooohooohoo

(Welcome to the Winner's Circle, nigga)

My girl kickin' a buzz in my ear, it's gon' snow
Guess I'll grab the white tee and the chinchilla coat
Game time, front row, court side
Lakers in the Eighties, baby- that's showtime

And I grind like Venture Trucks
That's a shout to my skateboard homies, what's up
Yeah, life is a bumpy road
But that money make the ride a lot smoother like shocks and struts

Yeah, shout out to my homie, Mr. Fab
Next time I'm in the Bay
We can smoke a hundred blunts on your school bus
F.S. Jets in God We Trust

Lame niggas lyin' to they bitches
Sayin' that they hang with us
We was in the same club
But that don't mean that you came with us

Better get it together
Can't be around duck-ass niggas
I'm allergic to the feathers
Yeah, it's whatever whenever
If the [?]
Result in me getting cheddar

From the very beginning, I just felt I was better
Than a lot of these niggas, they are not on my level
You are not competition, just a step on the ladder
Top of the division, write my name on the banner
F.S. Jets, Winning is the only thing that matters

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Fly with the fliest

We comin' through the airwaves
Worldwide high sky Fly until the next day

Yeah, that money on my mind constant
I'm steady flippin' numbers
'Til I'm off my mind countin'

Swag off the chain
Go run and tell about it
We staring in the lane

F.S. Jet Gang
You can check the highlights
Look we live the High Life

You catch me on the cloud 9
With my brain soakin'
Focused in the game
Look I see the lane open

I'm going for the shot
Gain points 'til it's over
Forever gettin' mine
Look I'm clever with the grind

Check the safe place
Look it's lavish with the [?]
I'm runnin' outta time
But I ain't really trippin'

I gotta a lot left
To turn eternal work into some [?]
Yeah

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