

Jumpin on a Jet

Future

Yeah hoe (Jumping on and off the jet)
Yeah hoe (Jumping on and off the jet)

We say it's up
Then it's up
Perfect timing
Throw the diamond in my cup
Solitaires on my ankle, I'm way up
See, you trolling, and that shit not weighing up
Lambo truck, and I'm flexing, Prince's cup
On the G4, Fendi my clothes, top of the globe
Put the carats in my nose
Never did fold, and I won't sell my soul
Platinum rose gold
Phillipe my hoes
Tricking it oh-oh-off
Fucking on a star
Might get your car
I was standing on the bar
Me and my squad
We dripping in Ar

Ordered the 14 passenger
Flyest nigga in America
Fresh Chanel and a manicure
VVs got my hoes sprung
Jumping on and off the jet
Jumping on and off

Say it's war
We gon' down him and fuck his hoe
I'm the boy, putting these marbles in my doors
I can't change, ya gotta swip with' us
I'm on flames, me and my hoe play gangbang
I'm a superstar, but I already got my stains
I was in the back seat, but I was switching lanes
Headrest, clearport
I stay deadfresh, far in my transport

Ordered the 14 passenger
Flyest nigga in America
Fresh Chanel and a manicure
VVs got my hoes sprung

Jumping on and off the jet

Jumping on and off the jet
Jumping on and off the jet
Jumping on and off the jet
Jumping on and off the jet
Jumping on and off the jet
Jumping on and off the jet
Jumping on and off