

Plane WiFi

Jay Critch

I
Yeah
Hey

I run it up 'til I'm out of breath, no lie
Flooded up, diamonds in the face, sore eyes
Sometimes I get high and you start to race my mind
Shawty, let's get connected, yeah, private plane Wi-Fi
Know a lot of niggas giving you the run 'round
I was used to bein' down but we up now
Brooklyn nigga, I was juggin' in my uptowns
Where I'm from, a lot of sirens and them gun sounds

Blue faces on me, that lil' bitch a bust down
You won't see me unless it's about some bust now
Gotta keep it with me, nigga, that's a must now
Shit get sticky, nigga, I can't let the [?]
I took down some obstacles up in the streets
I get as high as possible, no for this week
Used to think this shit impossible, it's just a dream
We gon' do whatever's possible to get the green
They was doubtin' me, I gotta give 'em hell
And my Brodie still be gettin' packs up in the mail
We gon' run it up until we tear our ACL
And I know they hated but I gotta wish 'em well
I've just put the work in, pray to God we never fail
Federal indictments, they caught Brodie with them cells
Federal time, I'm thinkin' 'bout Tango in that cell
Lot of situations but my niggas never tell
You not a real hustler, you can't get it by yourself
You say that's your brother, you ain't put up for his bail
Took a few losses but we got trophies on the shelf
Smokin' [?] and that water on me Michael Phelps (Ayy)
We could show you how to get a bag if you need help
I was broke, I gotta flex, like I just won the bell
Swear these bitches poison, man, they bad for my health
Watch out when you get some money, they don't want nobody else

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Where I'm from, they ain't gon' never put them guns down
These niggas slimy, so my shooters sendin' slugs out
We was young and we was broke but we got buffs now
Told the game we goin' up soon as we touchdown
Let's ball out every season
'Cause the streets cold, so it made us all anemic
Free throw, now we make it look so easy
But my roof missin', have you seen it?
Too blessed, but I'm ridin' in that Demon
I'ma do the dash up on the freeway

I remember shoppin' off of eBay
They say we the hottest out of BK
You my junior, boy, you ain't gettin' no cheesecake
Money slow, I had to make it do the speed race
Still with my brothers and we rockin' out, no Green Bay
My shooters told me anybody could get erased
So I feel bad for anybody who in the way
Let them hate, let 'em make they assumptions
If I say you my brother, then I won't change for nothin'
So when we argue, that shit ain't 'bout nothin'

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