

# 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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