

# Jet

King Von

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Timmy Da HitMan)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

The jet just cleared now  
I don't 'posed to be here, where I'm from, they kicked me down  
You can't be deceitful, shoot you right between your eyes  
I done seen some shit that got some bloodstain in my eyes  
Met a couple niggas in the sandbox, made some ties  
Put the vests in the light, put the Rollies in the sky  
We was livin' a whole lie, thought gangsters made it out  
T-Roy want word of mouth, true story, this not clout  
Told my killers one way out

600 never doubt 'em, in the hood like a stout  
Roll a Backwood full of opps, do a hit, then we out  
Quarter milli' in the bank, did my thing, get my props  
And lil' bro tryna bang, told him slang, fuck the opps  
Lost four-o, I tried to dodge  
City on fire like a carpet  
Told my niggas silence while we mobbin'  
This that hold your lighter for the stars  
This that catchin' redrum with my Glock  
This that movin' as one get us far  
On a jet with Celine, I'm barkin'  
Shit ain't what it seem when you all in

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Bitch, I'm back down  
I don't 'posed to be here, how the fuck did I get out?  
You ain't see it comin', my own bitch counted me out  
Had my knees on the ground, had my head to the clouds  
Trust that man without no doubt  
I'm in that bitch, I'm throwin' hands with the crowd  
You wasn't answerin', I called the phone, I got the dial  
Don't know who I'm talkin' about, bitch, that owl  
Now, bitch, get down, nah, bitch, get out  
Can't settle for shit, I'm steady thinkin' to myself, damn  
I lost my best friend, can I have saved him if I was there? Damn  
That was the worst feeling I ever felt  
And I broke down to myself and I cried on them steps, yeah

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