

Airplane Mode

Nines

(Zino Records)

Yeah, yeah (Hahahaha, hey)

Airplane mode to ignore them
Yeah, we all bleed so I don't fear them
I can't talk to the worker, I've been the chairman
Can't fuck with them gyal, they fuck bare man
She asked if I got a gyal, I said "How many?"
How many man change? Too many
You can get left back like Benjamin Mendy (Uh)
All she want is Fenty and cruise in the Bentley

I ain't these rap niggas, I supply bricks
I got three phones, one's for my side chicks
So you better feel special if I let you in my life
All friendly in the DM, that could never be my wife, uh
She gettin' too attached while I need space
Tryna turn this Nokia into a briefcase
Chicks, I got plenty, Brum's all them miles away
I'll get there in forty-five minutes in this Bentley
Pussy so good, got me comin' cunch
I hit you from the back like a sucker punch
Been to your hood, your block sweet
Used to have to stream the football now we watch it from the box seat
See them dyin' over chicks that I smashed
For these bricks, you could pay me in Bitcoin or cash, uh
Ice City, NSG
I'm busy but I'll shout you back when I'm free
And that's never

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I don't wanna sound too cocky
It's sex on legs when she calls me
Chillin' with some mobsters, dressed like NSG, not A\$AP Rocky
She wanna munch me like Teriyaki
Stress free but I ain't free yet
Face my fears in my chest, yeah
Backstreet Boys, you know we want it that way
Dem man only shop on Black Friday

These broke boys prayin' on my down
But I keep it movin', you can't stop me now
Bring the Henny bottle when we touch down
Yeah, we shut down and we get pounds
See, I'm a star dawg, I smoke the best loud
If I show my face, you gotta pay me now, yeah
What's the point of bein' real when they all fake?
I'm just tryna get this money, fuck bein' bait

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Leave your bad vibe at home (Leave your bad vibe at...)
And don't fuck up my zone (Don't fuck up my...)
And, yeah, crime's what we know
But you can't blame us, grew up broke
See tonight, just wanna have a good night
She just want good pipe
Far from your average hood guy
Oh na, na-na

I'm tryna be the best me
Tryna live my life all stress free
But they wan' drain my energy
So I protect you from the mazz' G
Now I feel a type of way
And they say I ain't the same (Nah)
'Nother flight, fly away
Now that girl gyrate (Yeah)

Came a long way lookin' back (Back)
Now the walls full of plaques
Bet my teacher thought I'd end up as a likkle teeth
They were dead wrong like my girl suckin' with her teeth
I know that girl, she acting like the Virgin Mary
But she bust it open like a bottle of Henny
I'm in Central, drippin' like a foreigner
Speak in money language or I ain't hearin' ya

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I told these niggas, Ice City goin' platinum, baby
You got Ice City films now
Got Ice City book comin' soon
Ice City clothing
While you crab niggas gon' be stuck on the block forever
Shouts to all my NSG niggas, let's go