

# 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