

Puff Daddy F/ Redman

"Jettin"

Visit "[Jettin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Butterfly]

We jettin, we jettin, we jettin uptown
We jettin, we jettin, we jettin downtown
We jettin, we jettin, we jettin crosstown
We jettin, we jettin, we jettin, we jettin
We jettin uptown (uptown)
We jettin downtown (downtown)
We jettin crosstown
We jettin all around
No wonder, no wonder, 8th wonder, 8th wonder 's
Funkay

[Ladybug]

I live Brooklyn like year 24 for sure
Saw C-know in my tennis skirt(?)
And the kick hurts so good that I gotta sorta accents for
this
Now here's a nation for my
Nation cuz I place you on the dynamite
Right? The creatin' to schemin' to get it
Right demans almighty dolla
The green power, let loose for the hour
I chose the Black Power, extra fly joint for mocha to
yellow paper
And you know I don't delay
Together with my honey like silk to sew
We grow and take you back to like afros
And no quittin or gettin jumped by the system
Its all day, all play got verbs and such
And cuts and crew, no blue eyes
To emulate, some straight but yea we straight up

Funkay

Ease back, the g's back as an o.d. gettin

Funkay

The sun sets, you vex, we gets, mad

Funkay

East coast to west we stays fresh

Ezay

Smoke rise from the borrough where that black cool
blow(?)

[C-know]

The globe spins, jims is drop
No fakin, no bakin three bridges fo money makin
Crooklyn, the ep swinger's lounge-out spot
Roll when I pass lake up drop my saz
Grab my mic-ro, you know how we do in the joint
Do a borrough check to see exactly who in the joint
Hot spots, city streets lot spots and jeeps
As a flow-er I'm Nile, rivers of style
(fresh kid)
Yea, stories complete
(fresh kid)
Rollin on them New York streets
With them no-poor beats at the parliment
7s up C-know steelo no equal, but the sun and thats
Funkay

Ease back, the g's is back as an o-d gettin
Funkay
The sun sets, you vex, we gets, mad
Funkay
East coast to west we stays fresh I say
Quicklay
Smoke rise from the borrough where that black cool
blow

[Butterfly]

Its that naykle slick near keep it deep from my heads
Let a fed up, appearin in my camulflage
My hustler walk's in New York
Su fronts say Gucci we make lucci, and never hesitaste
the setting
Slap hands with my hands from the lands of Crook
Bein lovely over jams that's on the flams w/hook
Bear muffs, wear cush, its Flatbush
Hear the mental's instramental cuz it's ash to dust
I like to hit live deep, keep fam tight tight
Keep the vocal strictly any joint, it's right
Let me fly
Ease back, the g's back w/the r
Sun is in, the clouds on loud
I got raised by the blue street lights of four cities
My heros died in prison: George Jackson
Action, she's Buttaflyin, I'm cool eyein
And I rock snow low unless a scrambler got
Me and my honey, we be like Bobby and Erica
Me and my monies, we'll hurt you boulevard and..(?)
One love, gun love come free the land w/us
Pigs they cannot shoot this plush and creamy
lavishnuss

Before I pop I'd rather die in baggy Guess and Timbs
And I put that on the BKLYN and thats
Funkay

Ease back the g's back as an o.d. gettin
Funkay

The sun sets, you vex, we gets mad
Funkay

East coast to west we stays fresh and we do it on the
Slicklay
Smoke rise from the borrough where the black cool blow

We jettin, we jettin, we jettin uptown...

Visit [Puff Daddy F/ Redman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.