

**411****"Jet Song"**Visit "[Jet Song](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

RIF:

When you're a Jet you're a Jet all the way  
From your first cigarette  
To your last dying day  
When you're a jet if the spit hits the fan  
You've got brothers around  
You're a family man  
You're never alone  
You're never disconnected  
You're home with your own  
When company's expected  
You're well-protected  
Then you are set with a Capital J  
Which you'll never forget 'till they cart you away  
When you're a Jet you stay a Jet!

(Speaking)

Now I know Tony like I know me,  
And I guarantee you can count him in.

ACTION:

In, out, let's get crackin'!  
Where you gonna find Bernardo?

RIF:

At the dance tonight at the gym

BABY JOHN:

But the gym's neutral territory

RIF:

I'm gonna make nice with him, I'm only gonna  
challenge him

ICE:

Great, Daddy-O

RIF

So listen, everybody dress up sweet and sharp and  
Meet Tony and me at ten.  
And walk tall!

A-RAB:  
We always walk tall!

BABY JOHN:  
We're Jets!

BIG DEAL:  
The greatest!

DEISEL:  
When you're a Jet you're the top cat in town  
The Gold medal kid with the heavyweight crown

ICE:  
When you're a Jet you're the swingin'est thing  
Little boy, you're a man, Little man you're a king!

ALL:  
The Jets are in gear  
Our cylinders are clickin'  
The sharks'll steer clear  
'Cause every Puerto Rican's  
A lousy chicken!  
Here come the Jets like a bat outta hell  
Someone gets in our way, someone don't feel so well!  
Here come the Jets!  
Little world, step aside!  
Better go underground!  
Better run, Better hide!  
We're drawing the line,  
So keep your nose's hidden  
We're hangin' a sign  
Says visitors forbidden  
And we ain't kiddin'  
Here come the Jets!  
Yeah!  
And we're gonna beat every last buggin' gang on the  
Whole buggin' street.  
On the whole buggin', ever lovin' street!  
Yeah!

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