

## Danny

### "Jet Set"

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[Verse 1]

G-4 dreams

With barely enough money to buy a pair of JNCO Jeans  
Straight from the Boulevard of Broken Hearts and  
Disillusioned Drive, it's this producer's time to shine  
I'm takin' what's mine, but umm  
Fate's an ugly broad with a funny beard  
Seems like I've been waitin' on this day for twenty years  
She's like, "I'm sorry for the wait; I got you honey, here"  
I'm like, "well it's about damn time!"  
L-I-I-let's rewind to the times my rhymes was wrote on  
receipt papers  
Workin' retail with females, conceivin' capers  
Plus conceited haters tried to stop me, but  
Papi struck gold when my third album sold two  
thousand copies plus  
Now I'm the talk of the town, they stop and talk to me  
now  
It's a far cry from when they used to call me a clown  
What kind of luck is that?  
I tell 'em that I'd love to chat but  
Uhhhp! I gotta run and catch this flight  
They say "good luck with that"  
So I grab the duffel with the button flaps  
Pack a couple slacks and I'm gone

[Chorus]

Baby girl, jet set with me  
Baby girl, jet set with me  
Just think about it...  
We can fly over the seven seas  
Or maybe take a trip to New Orleans  
Just think about it...  
"I don't care where we go  
I know, I know, all you wanna do is jet set with me"  
Just think about it...  
When I'm with you girl it's heavenly  
Let's hop a flight and catch a few more scenes  
Just think about it...

[Verse 2]

Sickamore style, more sicker than yours  
My Flickr profile is where I store pictures from tours  
Never been the type to jump on trends  
I just jump on jets  
And you can jump on next  
Now when I zoom I assume you can handle it  
Fumes from the boom take us all the way to Los Angeles  
And I don't care what we do afterwards  
As long as you my passenger  
Kiss the friendly skies baby girl, we're a passing blur  
(Swooooooosh!) Each day we'd wake up in a new city  
Crew with me, skinny dudes move quickly  
I declare we are airborne, tour van so shoddy  
Miss me with that bullshit, I ain't a poor man's nobody  
I developed my own style  
So we travel in style, and we can battle for aisle seats  
Two's company, but I'd love a crowd  
You, me and the music soar high above the clouds  
Air Swain takin' off about a quarter to one-o'-clock  
Is you comin' or not?

[1/2 Chorus]

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