

Jae Millz

"Stay In Your Lane"

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(Hook)

Me and my niggas in the same game
They all tryin to do their own thing
Me and my niggas bought the chain things

Now you over nigga,
Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane
Now you over nigga
Stay in your lane
Me and my niggas bought the chain things
It's the F game

(Verse 1)

I'm floating in the G, bumpin BIG
A nobody to somebody kill you when they feel you
When hollows take away your tomorrows
And then they willed you
Through your hood one last time
But they can't feel you
Shit crazy on the block
Guns giving head to niggas
He can't get his license yet
But he don't check it
Don't nobody care about that rep you got
Fuck that respect you got
Niggas X the spot
May God bless your soul, peace sign
And God bless your goal, 'cause I needs mine
Swerving on these clown ass niggers
Old brandy I wanna beat down and stick us
You don't wanna see my youngings AR spit
He keeps shooting even when he miss like JR Smith
True New York fashion , horse shoe, yankee fitty
True New York fashion.. what it is nigga

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(Verse 2)

Lord bless me on this road to success
While I bypass these hates in the cherry corvette
With a bad diva got her rollin off my sets
And hail it to the days when a nigga used to stress
And now I laugh 'cause we all got next
What I want for me I want for them
It ain't no contest
Fuck making threats everything's a promise
Have you soaring in the sky without a fucking harness
F1 gang don't worry about minds
Money all across the borders and we get it from
different grinds
This summer is gonna be different slump
Presidential rollie on my wrist so the ace could blind
Any fuck boy that be on that fuck shit
That bird nigga could get plucked quick
Right off the face off the earth cross casket
His mama won't see him leave this earth

(Hook)

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(Verse 3)

I'm in the fast lane sour 62 a cane
Ridin old school I'm in the 4.6 race
Bad dane educate me give me mean brain
Your style terry cloth from butter soft we not the same
You talk money but really broke I'm getting change
Serially on blood diamonds all in the chain
Shower possy jamaican shooters who let it bang
Hussle all night, the vamp life without the fangs

Potent in apartment that shit you smoking it's not the
same
I shop at any markets , designer fit my frame
At the round table I see your seat's reserved for lames
I sit with bosses we talk how we gon lock the game
Ya gorillas but in the clips will make 'em tame
That birdy shit I get Mozart to pop the thing
Fuck boys stay in your lane
You watch me do me I'm doing major things

(Hook)

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