

Currensy "Airplane"

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(Talking)

Shoutout to Fam-Lay

ughhhhhh

(Hook)

when you think of boss niggas think of me

cause if theres a stressin aint no question at his side

(spitta)

although i conceal my identity

beneath the Louie V. scarf, niggas only see my eyes

they know that nigga stuntin

he be gettin money

they know that nigga ballin

the hoes he all fuckin

they know that nigga famous

they know that nigga blingin

and they know the niggas i be wit is too dangerous (fly society)

ughhhh

(Verse 1)

nigga skip all the bull shit

red and black jordan number 1's, im on my bulls shit

hustle like grocery carts, you push it

nigga spend good money on it if its good shit

im on the set wit young roddy on this hood shit

chillin like a villain, hope the popo dont ruin it

chicks dig what i spit, tell me to keep doin it

chicks whipped by the dick, want me to keep doin it

cant get what i get, i cop kicks numerous

limited editions, spitta shop for exclusiveness

fuck fuckin wit fuck boys and they fuckin foolishness

got ya homies watchin ya back like a big booty bitch

cuz ya cant maneuver the mat without losin it

jack boys screamin on ya, makin ya move ya shit

i might see two, but they dont reach in my cooler slick

try to catch a cold, ya catch an uzi clip

yeaaaaaa

(Hook)

when you think of boss niggas think of me

cause if theres a stressin aint no question at his side
(spitta)
although i conceal my identity
beneath the Louie V. scarf, niggas only see my eyes
they know that nigga stuntin
he be gettin money
they know that nigga ballin
the hoes he off fuckin
they know that nigga famous
they know that nigga blingin
and they know the niggas i be wit is too dangerous
ughhhh

there go the airplane.... schwoosh....
there go the airplane.... schwoosh....
there go the airplane.... schwoosh....
there go the airplane.... schwoosh....
there go the airplane.... schwoosh....
there go the airplane.... schwoosh....
there go the airplane.... schwoosh....
spitter spitta
ughhhh

(Verse 2)

the band on my watch is ceramic
bezzle got the same rocks that dropped the titanic
people talk about him, word of mouth is gigantic
rappers gettin worried, they just startin to panic
hope ya didnt blow ya advance, you better manage
the few cents you got left, cuz thats ya last chips
hot spitta no longer next, i am the present
ya girl ask santa for me, cuz im her present
telescope on the balcony, watching the planets
telephone ringin, im too high to answer it
tell my homie bring me a pack of them ziz zags'
gonna be a high time like the fuckin magazine
if ya song wack, i'll heal the cut, im bandaged
cluckers say one time, and the dope boys vanished
like the joint im smokin right now, after the last hit
im toasted like a quiznos sandwich
spitta

(Hook)

when you think of boss niggas think of me
cause if theres a stressin aint no question at his side
(spitta)
although i conceal my identity
beneath the Louie V. scarf, niggas only see my eyes
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there go the airplane.... schwooosh....
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there go the airplane.... schwooosh....
uh uh ughhhh (echoes)

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