

Curren\$y

"Flying Iron"

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[Intro - Fiend]

Uh

SL Jones

Wanna say I'm so happy to be on the West coast right now, believe that

You know

They call me SL Jones

[Verse - Fiend]

West Coast, right off the plane,

Hello MaryJane,

Let go my favorite string,

From my lungs to my veins,

Brown hush puppy smooth she choose is presidential, any residential feel my on them instrumentals,

Old man on the fiddle told me 'Jones, Live a little',

Ever since then, it's been hot up off the griddle,

I love the color red, don't bang

I'm out here gettin money don'tcha want the same thang?

Jazz-infested voodoo, the shit we smoke is stanky like doo-doo

Ima do what I do, you can do what you do,

SL roll spears but I've never rolled in Zulu,

I've been a monster on the screen, Fiend Hulu,

Microphone attached to my palm when i bomb,

A third-world country domestically where I'm from,

I was a fly mofucka, before I put my tinteds on, so fly, they see me from the sky like the Pentagon

[Verse - Curren\$y]

Yeah, Yeah, Jets Nigga

Uh, crumblin sugar green,

Sweet tooth bite down,

crush a sucka nigga dreams, ya mean?

Ballin chinky-eyed, yao ming

T-top, Chevy Box, 2-door Caprice I just got

From eBay to my driveway, I buy now

Why not? Might as well cry now,

Curtain closed on ya,

Everybody left the show on ya, empty the rows on ya,

Fine, pretty, fresh to death, I might as well throw a rose
on ya,
They wylin' in my section, poppin bottles, might get
some Rose on ya,
Hittin switches in that '59, I got low and then i rose on
ya,
Early morning, late night flow on ya,
Basketball shorts, maybe light robe on ya,
Light it up, throw the strobes on ya,
Pilot talkin the code on ya, somewhere known on ya,
When i sling them corners, them hoes no longer
wantcha. . .
Jets.. Fool

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