

## Curren\$y "Jets At Ya Neck"

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Jet life jet life jet life jet life.

Curren\$:

G'r then youv'e ever been and everywhere you never  
went,  
a decorated veteran  
my bitches keep it very trill say they swagga jackin  
daddy  
i say fuck it baby girl we gone let him live  
to much money not enough time to get it and want  
power before they drop the ball  
brand new socks and long jon draws i want it all  
my young nigga told yall its getting cold out here dog  
bundle up motha fuck being around the up  
4 niggas deep the number one is us  
text homie and tell him his number up  
you services are no longer needed  
rocka bye baby word to kesha  
broad day jets and monsta beats kill niggas on tape  
many a track has met his fate at the hands of spitta  
andretti  
them niggas is half way shook and all the way not  
ready.

Chorus:

And im gon keep on driving and smoking  
long as baby keep rolling them nice ones up and  
passing em over to me  
i done it how my triple o showed me  
smile when i ride by they proud of a grown me  
the climb was lonely  
got to the top and i stood there on my own feet  
2  
trill niggas form the best crew now its jets at ya motha  
fukn neck foo.

Trademark:

Sharvees on my feet  
cacky lrg jets fitted trees sticky  
just riding around the city smoking O's like fiftys  
mind on a milli  
eyes on a rearview cause these haters out to get me

fuck em, i just duck em like the bitch that was just with  
me  
simply im on a level where these lames cant gain no  
entry  
yeah  
i stay high i dont fly on empty  
fill my lungs up with blueberry sour and piffy  
life of a jet bad bitches and good weed  
fast cars and glass jars of sour d  
uhh tms d the sv  
hover over land lovers like a g3  
jets nigga from the net to the tv  
we came up quick and made this shit look easy  
yeah, now they go in cop my cd  
put em in they deck and ride around with them on  
repeat.

Chorus

Young roddy:  
and its jets over everything  
i put that on everything  
we been doing are thing anyway  
nigga slash anywhere  
first let me twist this up ima tell my driver take me  
there  
secondly and back to back in and out i came prepared  
flashback dejavu coulda swore i saw this shit right here  
marley told me kill this shit just dont forget your niggas  
here  
bet i wont i done see blood sweat so many tears  
bet i blow  
thats a fact point blank period  
break her off bust her up spread them legs up in the air  
slow it down and speed it up she tell me keep on  
drilling it  
show your right i keep it real  
something im fimilar with  
money coming money going  
man i keep on peeling it  
my jet set camp  
but really tho whats really good  
she know im dealing shit  
she smell me dog she dig my style gangsta and  
gentelmen  
im good like my jet insurance keep me with benefits.

Chours.

Street wizzy money  
hoes and check cloths

blowing on that fruity pebble shit that will have your  
throat chockin  
we aint tripin in this section full of cloud 9  
flotas is a crush im up in my zone  
you already know see my grind  
its all up in my mind  
i come up with designs that will attack a nigga mental  
now they keeping off my rhyme  
it aint nothing less cause i dont waste time  
steady zippin in the city money gettin im fly  
if you look up in the air you will not see me im so high  
bitch im perfect when i glide its like a nerf up in the sky  
twisting turning ya holdin pussy shit for my land  
acrobat  
blink a eye and miss a act  
stacking stacks up in the leather sack

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