

Curren\$y "JetsGo"

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Yeah.

Ain't nothin' to the next life.

Roll somethin' up.

Show of it.

Uh,

Never will it stop.

Crate motors with triple digit blocks.

You wan' race?

I'll leave you by a couple blocks.

Blow the doors off

Break the mu'erfuckin' locks.

Nigga you know my steez.

Spit it and ready.

Pedal foot heavy,

You know I speed

Minus the bus and Keanu Reeves

Twistin' them Fern Gully trees.

Bitch breathe.

Yo man smokin' good,

I'm smokin' great.

THC, Tony the Tiger certified these flakes.

Most yo helago green.

Just scored that Ferrari

But I still got the Lamborghini dreams.

Confeti fall from the ceiling to the floor.

The Jets step through the door,

Issue them awards.

Yo hoes hide from me

Tight tissue to their drawers.

You mad, upset

Me and your girl just supped on the set

Playin' Black Ops

Let her drive my Chevy to the corner store.

Rockin' Adidas flip-flops and some JCrew,

Argyle socks.

Now watch them speed bumps,

Don't let 'em fuck my rims up.

Maybe we'll stick witchu.

But you on the team official.

But Jet misses never tell a Jet business.

That's how we do it big enough for us to live in it.

Them other fools playin' with it.
But I'm rhymin' sayin' they did it.
Shame on them niggas
You could come through the set
But never bring 'em witcha.

Yeah doe,
The ver flow,
Best smoke.
Collectin' dough
And here another Jet go.
In the trill, no
The Jets go,
We Jets doe.
Snatch yo bitches
Bring 'em everywhere you can't go.

Yeah doe,
Pound-sign Jets go.
Nigga, yeah doe,
Pound-sign Jets go.
Bitch, yeah doe,
Pound-sign Jets go.
Collectin' dough
And here another Jet go.

Yo watch us wan' fuck mad bitches
For all the days I never
On set and thought I always had 'em
No, but now they look better
And quicker to beat down for whatever.
Like me, hun, her homegirl together.
Changin' the weather
By chopper the sesner propellers.
We landed on the water.
The game that I taught her
Got her showin' me the Louie
That these duck niggas bought her.
It's a game to us
We just hangin' for.
Watch you swipe your credit card
On dispensary pie jaws.
I'm laid up,
Callin' the front desk
Tell 'em to send the maid up.
While we play the terrace and blaze up.
These detailed lyrics is far too intricate to be made up.
Not pimpin'
What you gave her was a inch
She took her foot and kicked you in the ass with it.
The famous story of Mike Tyson and Robin Givens.

The biggest niggas get beat senseless by lil women.
Look, it's Sam Rothstein he gave his whole world a
ginger.
Even these bosses be slippin'
I catch that.
Try to be more flawless with it.
Calculated king of the city
Christopher Walken with it.
I admire his empire
As did Biggie.
Machine Gun Funk outta the Bose.
Bubble Kush and Hindu Skunk previously rolled.
You know the game chump yo chick chose?
Better luck next time, Captain Saver.
Jets, drugs, and paper.
Sex, book, cars, and vacations.

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