

Curren\$y

"Look Up To The Jets"

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high talk

motherfucka you know,
i got Brazilian bitches rollin my green leaves; laying
with their clothes motherfucka im spitta; told yall
niggas i wasnt a quita, they thought it was over until
the jets took over; act like you dont see it pimpin look
up, we cloud surf yall can have the streets the clouds
are my turf; my work is doubled over the summer, you
in trouble because the labels know im sure to do my
numbers; the jets get cut like chef cucumbers; rock
first season BBC before the season open up, half time
we probably with the club on us; uhh, there aint enough
room in this city, bouta land planes on some niggas
houses; homie come up out of it this is our shit, yes ask
your girl who she rep she say JETS; and in the steps on
Michael Jordan i wont clam to be the best, just let my
work speak for itself; *they look up to the jets now
where havent we been yet* (PILOT TALK)

uhh bitches know the plans got it, had it in the bag so
long i forgot about it; club couch with a purple cloud
around it, bitches crowd around it i just lay back on my
shy(?) shit; me and young roddy on our high shit, we
dont know the difference between your bitch and our
bitch; but it was clear when your bitch got in my whip,
hot spitta, my music the soundtrack to the life of every
rich nigga; niggas familiar to the real car interiors and
real money engines; my bitch in the luxury livin it
serious, recording in the padded room my flow is
delirious; (MORE PILOT TALK) (ripped it right here:
everytime you niggas bite our style we change it,
everytime you see a dime she taken, if you do get a
bad one and bring her around she taken)

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