

Curren\$y "The Jet Business"

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Can't beat us join us, keep reefer on us
Jet life
Know the smoke died in the club corner
Watch the game with the team owners
Yeaaauh.
Ever since you was a baby, I was the flow you looked up
to
The mobile over your crib, your playpen, I'm immobile I
can mold you
Into something just say when
Jets ain't fucking around you can tell when
The valet pull 'em toys around
Stashed a few dollars now the boy parking horses
Stashed a few dollars it's affecting how I'm talking
But not what I'm saying
Okay man, scared the opposition: shitless at the weigh
in
When we showed up, pouring liquor for 'em, they
already knew that they was dead men
Spitta, Mr. Been-done-that, switched the style up, and
let my mini-me's run that
My money pile up, laughing at the homegirl, fell asleep
counting up
She a boss so she down with us
Keep some bad bitches surrounding her, my homies be
pounding 'em
And that's cool cause me and boo do the 1-2 every now
and then
But we gotta stay business, focus on grosses, never on
these hoeses
Jets up in motion, high rise, hideout looking down on
the ocean,
balcony back shots
So good baby girl cried her eyes out beautiful
moments
Want me to hold her when it's over but I'm already
going that's what I told her
She say my heart frozen, but bitch, you knew about the
man before you chose him
Big dog, Range-Rovin', roamin'
Mob wives look the other way when daddy bring that
dough in

That's how we do it big enough for us to live in it
Loose lips sink ships, pillow talk digs ditches for many
niggas
That's how we do it big enough for us to live in it
Jet misses don't tell the Jet business...
...Verde Terrace

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