

## Young Jaye

### "Air Forces"

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I went from old school Chevy's to drop top porches  
You couldn't walk a mile off in my Air Forces  
And you ain't seen what I've seen  
I can get a 100,000 in these Sean John jeans  
I went from old school Chevy's to drop top porches  
And you ain't did what I did  
If you from where I'm from you gotta get how you live

Everybody already know jeezy real street nigga  
Every time you see me all around street niggaz  
I hope you got yours I keep mine  
In the club blowing dro throwing up gang signs  
And you already know dog  
745 back to back me and O dog  
These other niggaz is jokers  
What they rein up wit I spent it up all the strokers  
In one night eight bitches sipped bottles of cris  
Forty grand sit back so you can glance my wrist  
Keep bread so we carry dem toaster  
But keep back though my earrings ferocious  
It's not just my imagination  
I'm the one in the topic in yo conversation  
Jack boyz say they gon rob  
But on the real fuck niggaz y'all don't want these  
problems

[Chorus]

Black tees, black ones, and a fitted cap  
The Mack 11 make me walk wit a crazy dap  
Y'all say we country niggaz yee-haw  
The money comin back and forth like a seesaw  
And y'all ain't never seen what we saw  
Stacks of twenty dollar bills, bricks, or white rolls  
What they got Lil Pha we don't care bout shit  
Ludacris how they ride out twenty wit dem bricks  
Shit I spit it for y'all  
On the real my niggaz shit I spit it for y'all  
Who gives a fuck about friends?  
If you mix the baking soda wit it you can get a Benz  
While y'all robbing and boosting

I'm standing over the stove like the chef in Houston  
And it's not about the flip mane  
Want the real bread it's all about your whip game

[Chorus]

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