

Alert

Curren\$y

Never stop, 'til we pick up loot on every block
The roof on the crib got that helicop
Coupe move with new shoes and socks
Not to mention the masterpiece watch
Not to mention the chain or the diamond rings
Material things, wasteful, I know
But I just use it as a way to keep score

Shit bigger than a 6 plus, this is us
The crew who you hide your bitches from
Jet Life homie, you trying to get rich or what?
Closed this deal in a restaurant, power lunch
I had the veal with the parmesan
Bed of angel hair pasta it was resting on
Two mimosa's, a to-go cup with Coca-Cola
Now I'm smokin', rollin', gas in my motor, sippin' my soda
We use the pro tools to break down boulders
My girl pull her own weight, with her sexy lil shoulders
In the strapless Vera Wang, Alexander or whoever made it
I just know she paid it, it cost me Nathan
Sexy, cool, crazy
My baby like one of them hot 70's ladies
Under disco lights with her hips swaying
To the music playin'
While I'm making major moves with the boss playas
Win or lose I was there, beginning to end
I paid dues so I'm included and you never knew it
Until you saw we did it you was still tryna do it
Lookin' at us lookin' like stars, and we lookin' at you stupid
Sucks to be you kid
Drugs
In the music

Boss playa I'll ask what it cost later
Throw it in the cut like fuck it I'll floss later
In the mix like a cross fader
No DJ, givin' em' no leeway
We be everywhere from the mansion to the PJ's
Crown on the wrist, pound of the piff
Get around in the 6, ask in town I'm the shit
But who's the niggas I'm shittin' on?
Come to money, you gettin' off or gettin' on?
You see that fly shit Spitta on
You see that fly shit Ghost on
The money and the weed, the guns and the Nikes
In the cars with the ice just might form Voltron
Or should I transform on 'em, they was goin ham on 'em
I was blowin' grams on 'em
They was showin' swag
I was blowin' bags full of strains that niggas didn't ever know they had
It's Jet Life, I except life
It's knot life until you come through livin' block life
Carbon fiber stock pipes
I'm talkin' marble on the kitchen counter
You gon' smell like reserve if you sit around us
Should I keep goin' or quiet up?
If you got fire, then fire it up