

Yeahh... Jets Fool, Pilot Talk Nigga,  
Everybody around this bitch got money,  
We ain't never gon run outta weed, yeah, look up

Holla a mountain out  
Build a villa in it, pimp that's what I'm talkin bout  
Uh, Closed minded lil children,  
I write my way to a million, lookin out the plane windows  
Fuck around get popped like a collar  
For slippin in my city get bitten, chewed, swallowed  
Fool, what you think you like me  
Your idol and your rival I be  
Holdin the title with the precision of a hunter's rifle  
Shots fired, the forest too quiet, trees ignited  
Fall back baby girl let me get high chick  
Eagle droppings, fly shit, who gon' stop him  
On the grind I am like a quarterback attackin' defensive  
linebackin' homie who gon' block em

Tearin thru the city  
Snatchin bitches top of the building  
King Kong ain't got shit on me  
25-8 goin 8 for the cake nigga  
King Kong ain't got shit on me  
Wanna be pilots, get swatted out the sky around I  
King Kong ain't got shit on me  
Larger than life, they hate me because they ain't me  
King Kong ain't got shit on me

Yea, came up, put it down for my set what I did Jets nigga  
Founder of a flyer society raisin the partition so  
the driver won't bother me  
Women wishin for a position on either side of me  
Hopin for a free ride to the top with me  
Spendin my cheese, smokin my broccoli  
Dressed neat, left the hotel suite sloppy off the chopper tree  
Upstate New York, Woodstock, Socrates  
The view from my rockin chair you would not believe  
A million miles from New Orleans,  
left the key to the city with my brother now I'm comin back for it

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