

Showroom Testarossa

Leather in here softer than your sofa

Who the livest crew that you know of?

Smelling like a pound when we show up, more getting rolled up

Hostess show us to our section, bring them bottles over

Tip the valet a 50 and a doobie tip in the ashtray of the Rover

That's my lil' homie, I let him sit in there and get loaded

I play the cut 'til the nigga either bored or I'm hungry

Me and my hoes get pepperoni slices at 3 o'clock in the morning

This thing we've built, got my money stacks on stilts

Got my mama driving a Benz, LEDs lit, stunting with her friends

Saturday night card game, still ain't nothing changed, that's m
oms

I love to see her having a good time

Yellow gold Daytona, I'm a fine watch owner

Track suit sleeves can't hide it, yea it's still glowing

This bitch rubbing on my car seats, she fucking rolling

I do my thing and write about it in the morning

Ride for it, get on the stand lie for it

Blow trial, get up in the chair fry for it

Never telling or snitching, rather swim with the fishes

Niggas know I'm committed to Jet living

We niggas know we ride

Nigga forever high

We never die

Jet living

I'm talking audio dope, fool I'm sitting on keys

Pilot of the motherfucking J-E-T

Now if you wanna join the team, you know you must see me

But a sucker motherfucker's who you cannot be

Big drapes in my crib, hoes getting good sleep

Good rest, get up, go out, do they best

On behalf of the set, bring it back to the G's

I throw some to my bitch and spend the rest on weed

Way more than you need or could ever believe

In your lifetime your square eyes have ever see

Nigga, on point flow, so infrared beam

Choose sides 'fore we ride, nigga no in between

Set some fire to that Raw cone

Calling shots from a solid gold rotary phone, counting my chees
e, nigga

The big chief, plotting all in my sleep

Bumping Shyne in that 5-9-9, oh my