

Jet Fuel

T.I.

I'm the truth, tell it, loud weed yellin'
Get it by the pound, we just smoke it, we don't sell it
What I blow will make a plane go
Them b*****s say ya got sum' \$ but ya lame
We blow, jet fuel, plane gas on yo lame a**
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Man ya so lame, just looking at ya, n****a
While I'm in here no bitch'll give her p***y to ya, n****a, no
She say not even with a bank roll
Cuz the king getting \$ when the bank's closed
Yeah, she in her heels on her knees tho
Yeah, her n****a call, she don't leave tho
Nope, I beat that p***y like she stole something
Then tell that ho get up and roll something
We pouring up, blowing gas, weed noisy
She on that molly, won't stop talking and annoying me
I'm like, why don't ya suck a nigga's d**k or something?
Or take it from behind while ya eat a b***h or something
I like my b*****s doubled up like my white cup
I like my pint sealed up, drank poured up
Yup, and ya know ya don't wanna catch it
Ya don't wanna see my n****s acting ratchet with the ratchet
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I'm a jet fuel smoker, crazy like the Joker
Suck it 'fore ya f**k it is exactly what I told her
Ten bottles, two models, kush sack, it's a jet ride
Go and get my game stash, b***h, off the west side
Baby daddy face looking long, better change that
Make a n****a drop some change on yo lame a**
Bob Marley smoke, spending hundred after hundred
Jumped down her throat and in her stomach, now she running
Me and my henchmen, we be gunning for the \$, blowing jet fuel
We don't pay for p***y cuz we f**k more than we rest, dude
I bet ya that yo main bitch'll bless boo
And every ho with her when they see me gon' break their neck too
Rich d**k in her, I done gave the b***h life support
High in the p***y same way that I was high in court
Flip it, slap it, rub it down, finish, give it back up
Wash the d**k off while she roll the kush sack up
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Better kush if them b*****s wanna blow, of the blow

For the hoes who be playing with their nose, now ya know
That the king all about the dollar bills, quarter mil'
In the bag, slapping b*****s on their a** with dollar bills
Ya don't like it, ho? Ya ain't gotta chill then
Leave the laughing match and go back to where ya live then
Nope, but ya don't wanna do that
How this ho blowing on me, where her trumpet or her flute at?
I brought a pound and she blew that, see he brought two back
Drunk up a pint of lean, ain't sleeping, now who can do that?
She dipping all that molly, steady askin' where the food at
Ya don't believe me? Ask my n***a Jeezy, he can true that
I beat that p***y, blew that, man I ain't gon' finesse it
Man ya know what I'm smoking, shawty ya ain't gotta check it
Ya can smell it, this s**t I'm smoking straight up out of 'D4
I ain't talking but it's loud when the weed blow
Yup, like I'm fresh up on the runway
Wheels up, weed loud like gunplay
On them sucka n*****s with their lame a**
Ya bustas blowing train smoke, we blowing gas
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