

Future, Jumpin On A Jet

Yeah, ho (Jumpin' on and off the jet)
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We say it's up, then it's up
Perfect timin', dropped a diamond in my cup
Solitaires on my ankles, I'm weighed up
See, you trollin' and that shit not weighin' up
Lambo truck, and I'm flexin', princess cut
On the G4, Fendi my clothes, travel the globe
Put the carats in my nose
Never did fold
And I won't sell my soul, platinum rose gold
Philippe my hoes
Tricking it o-o-off
Fuckin' on a star-ar-ar-ar
Might get you a car-ar-ar-ar
I was standin' on the bar-ar-ar-ar
It was me and my squa-ad-ad-ad
We was drippin' in a-a-agua

Ordered the 14 passenger
Flyest nigga in America
Fresher than a mannequin
VVS' got my hoes sprung

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Jumpin' on and off

Say it's war
We gon' down him and fuck his ho
I'm on a bar, puttin' these marbles in my doors
No, I can't change, I got a short bus, on my ring
I'm on flames, me and my ho, hood gangbang
I'm a superstar, but I already got my stains
I was in the back seat, but I was switchin' lanes
TV the headrest, pull up at the Clearport
I stay dead fresh, foreign my transport

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