

Money Machine

Curren\$y

Jet life jet life
Roll one up for the haters
I'm just counting my paper Tony said Frank wouldn't last
Now Frank warmin upstairs packin bags
Survival of the fittest
A sponsor no longer living
Plight of these kept ass bitches
When the dreams all ended and the bars slam
Cast your clothes
Welcome to the school of hard knocks
You ain't know you was enrolled?
Cold I know
What's colder is these streets when your name no longer hot
You feel me
Seen niggas and bitches go through a dope game
And the music lifestyle hard to attain
But it's easy to get used to it
Try to maintain
Under pressure only few do it
And that's what inspires you to try
The gleam in your eye
Manifested in your mind
Then you start your climb
Rememberin whoever you step onto to come up
You may meet them another time
Fuck em, no
If the foot was in the other shoe
Them niggas would stand on you
To get a better view
Tellin you the truth
While takin them to school
Fools don't think how I think
Can't see these lines
Like I'm scribblin invisible ink in these tablets
Jet life commandments
Though shall not rest until I make my whole fam rich
Fuck you take me for?
One of them sucker niggas
Who forget to set when he blow
Never that
JLR we'll have this whole world changed by tomorrow
Lighters and ozium in my cars

And noway am I playin with y'all
When I say I'm so high if I was to trip and fall
I'd land on Mars
But don't mistake my highness for blindness
Giving me them fake smiles
I know whats behind them
I swim with the sharks everyday
You backstroking with the guppies
Supposedly big dawgs get chopped down to puppy size
Utterly youthanized by these flows I been craftin
Secretly in my labyrinth
Sleepin on a charred mattress
Night so hot
Get that girl to the pool before she pass out
Livin in a Lambo
New Ferarri underneath the car put my land show
If I'm into your part of reserve me some weather park
I'm not sure what you thought
Fuck pullin off onto my lot
Got twenty minutes free
How bout a fast brunch
Pitch me whatever proposals you want
No promises though
I got a lot on my plate
No ham omelets I'm on my conglomerate
Word to the kid willing to fly
Always on top of shit really
Jet life Jet life
Write my way to a million looking out the planes windows
Roll one up for them haters
I'm just counting my paper
Talking captivating the digits
When my skydiving the cut
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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