

Yeah...

La-da-da...

Jet Life, Jet Life, Jet Life...

Jet Life, nigga, yeah

This that

Treadmill in front the window

Lookin' out over the skyline while you get your morning jog in

You know what I'm sayin'? (La-da-da...)

Then smokin' a joint in a robe type shit, yeah, yeah, uh

Look at these gold Bapes move at a hustler's pace

My bitch got style and grace, match when we go on dates

Out the country or in the States, stunt either way

Never dream 'bout gettin' paid, wide awake and making plays

All day, every day, tennis bracelets, sparkling water, Perrier

Rapid fire, Russian K's, how quick I think of shit to say

Like an instruction manual on how to increase your value

You know a player stay dipped, drippin' 'isms all over the place

Flows as vintage as the frames on my face

Hold it together like stitches

Don't fall apart front them critics

They only watchin' you 'cause they waitin' for you to flop, bruh

I show 'em different

So much colder than 'em

Tried to check my appearance and seen a frozen image in the mirror

That ain't no filter, that's real icicles in that picture, my nigga

Baby girl, you gotta level up 'fore I can kick it with you

We could be friends forever if we make M's together, yeah

We could be friends forever if we make M's together, yeah

We could be friends forever if we make M's together, girl, yeah

We could be friends forever if we make M's together, yeah

We gon' have to send some of this shit to Statik

Right when you pour you another mimosa

This that feeling

Oh Statik, I got somethin' you need to get with, G

La-da-da...