

Patty cake, patty cake, I'm baked my man.
Kick it in yo streets like bad Chris in them garbage cans, aww
man.
Them bitches think I'm ballin' so they behavin' differently whe
n I be in New Orleans.
I'm fallin' back off 'em they crawlin' on 'em, not half-
way complainin' just makin' a true statement.
Which quite basically is what's missin' from this game we in, c
reate the world in which u tryna live in kid.
Some of my friends is passed away, some of my homies doin' bizz
(business).
But best believe I'll bring 'em with me anywhere I is.
What a hater say will never affect the way that I live or where
I go just makes me fuck they bitches in they crib.
The game I got was raw and given' to in by Slim referring to hi
mself in the third when he on them herbs.
Make sure I don't punk out in the streets but don't get too clo
se to the curb.
Jet Life too high for the birds.

Right, big doobies rolled up you know how we do.
Snow beach low like Ray Warren '92.
Rugby's all flavors; lime green rod labors to all the world get
tin' paid off the talent GOD gave us.
I'm parlayin', Marley's got me smack, twistin' like a Rastafari
Marcus Garvey on the track and I'm faded.
Niggas hated, now they all tryna get in.
All the slick talk, I know ya'll ain't really mean it.
Sleepin' on the kid, I hope the bed was posturepedic.
Beggin' for a verse I'm like cock-sucker beat it.
What ya budget like?
Go head and find a way, you tryna get in the loop I make 'em pa
y to ride the wave.
Jet Life, it sucks to be you.
Tryna get swagg, you gotta purchase this fool.