

# Showroom

## Curren\$y

Checkered flag type shit  
Yea, when the speedometer reads 70 miles per hour  
A spoiler is deployed from the trunk  
Less wind resistance, more power  
You ain't sat in nothing like this once (niggaa)  
Fresh from the pages of Car & Driver  
To the possession of high pilots  
File it in my collection  
With the rest of my shit  
Up-to-date bill sheets, documented mileage  
Handbook in the console I know everything about it  
Got yo woman wet, she need goggles  
See me on the set, I'm the picture of survival  
Live in the flesh, dropping bombs on my rivals  
We the motherfucking JETS  
You just motherfucking clown shoes  
Borrowing ya big homie jewelry shooting virals  
Never wheeling them cars, just standing by them  
Not really knowing them broads, just standing by them  
No first class tickets, you just buy the stand-by ones  
I'm adding dollars, you admiring  
I'm Words With Friends whole time in-flight wireless  
Email full of condo prices  
Marble or granite, kitchen islands  
Got a mill out the deal I'm still on the grind  
(JET life on these niggas yeah)  
Got 10 more coming just give me some time  
(JET life on them bitches yeah)  
Putting it all together got something in mind  
(JET life on them niggas yeah)  
Show them better than I can tell them they gon feel me  
Show them better than I can tell em they gon' feel me  
Niggas I came up with changing up say they gone kill me  
If they ever catch me slipping  
I dont give a fuck, sincerely  
I know they just emotional, they love me, they fear me  
They like my women, they see me steering, wish they was in it  
Jealousy, just feeding em negative energy  
I put my hands together praying for my friend-emies  
Only let paper chasers dwell in this vicinity  
Can't violate the JET code without penalty  
Even family get let go "Fredo, you killing me"

I work hard, bloggers thinking that it's 10 of me  
Dropping record after record like them bitches slippery  
I like nice shit and I know how to get it  
Hustle dumbass, it's not rocket science or Quantum Physics  
Get on task fool, Trap til a trillion  
Wrote these raps in New Orleans and performed them in New Zealand  
Word to Pusha T and that's legal drug dealing  
"My God", what a feeling  
engineering  
, Decepticon ceilings  
Push button disappearing when the drizzle clearing  
I'll probably be laid in the enclave, until then  
Jet miss in the kitchen grilling up steaks  
It'll smell like Ruth's Chris in a minute fool, you want a plate?  
The hero unsung when I'm done they'll say I'm great

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>