

No Sleep (feat. Jet Life)

Jet Life, Curren\$, Trademark Da Skydiver & Young Roddy

Mingo

Yea

You know

Life

You know

Yea

You know

My lingo

Yea

Put a lighter to that shit

Yea I'm back up on my shit nigga

Who the fuck gone stop me

I'm on it, I want it, check this, I got me

I'm smoking out the LB, I only puff that great green

Little nigga I'm FB, what the fuck you're gonna tell me

Coming down in that shell B

Cobra loud motor, the clothes on me smelly

From the odor of that douja never sober

I'm overhigh on this posers, a soldier I told ya

Mingo roll and coka

They can't knock my hustle this hoes can't distract me I'm focused

I'm a real nigga take notice, my eyes low I'm so lit

The threads on me sporty, no you can't afford these woadie

Holy kush smoke I'm loaded, steady rolling up them swollies

Stuffing cones I'm like cannolis. yeah I do this you dont know me

Back up off me homie, I'm too real for these phonies

Sitting low in this pony, smoking on them clouds

Riding with a oz bitch I'm bout to burn it down

You know

Money all on my mind mane, on that same old grind mane

Killa kush in my lungs too, got a nigga sittin sideways

On the same high for like five days, my eyes red with a slight glaze

No sleep until I'm paid, I'm stuck on this come up phase

On the same old grind mane, Money all on my mind mane

Killa kush in my lungs too, got a nigga sittin sideways

On the same high for like five days, my eyes red with a slight glaze

No sleep until I'm paid, I'm stuck on this come up phase
Gucci link, draggin the mink, 28 grams
of that stank

Smelling like a bank, weed too loud, we can't even hear our selves think

And it's still shark week you'll get eaten, don't sink

Niggas will signal your ending, it's done with one wink

Seen it before

I've seen a lot homes cause I don't blink
Money don't sleep so why should I
Billions up to the ceiling high, foe I rest one of my eyes
Tho I doubt that I'll even be tired
Probably be out looking for iller shit to buy, faster cars to drive
Rolling super sticky porcupine testarossa open wide
Me my bitch and my tires smoking
We maintain the champagne campaign toasting
Clicqout champions baby tilt my glass when you pour it
This that rapper weed ho, be careful how you smoke it
Might spend some on a bitch but I'll never let her hold
And I'm on the same old grind mane, same clothes for like five days
First lick was like 3 stacks, them bitches call me Andre
And a nigga must be on one, or insane tryna try me
I call shots, I pull rank, nigga this time I do it my way
Hundred racks in my armoire, nigga touch that that's gunplay
Hundred pounds of that loud pack, that cali kush that bombay
Hundred deep with all real niggas, my hood nigga from around the way
Hundred shots and they AK, if they go down it's mayday
But I'm on two L'S like cool J, jet life to my dooms day
Got a red head with street cred, got a red bone who move weight
Got a white girl who snort shit, she think she miss scarface
Better slow down before it's too late, she fuck around and OD
I'm low key, but I'm highed up, sipping on that codeine
My paint job be snow white, that yayo, that cocaine
I spit heat, I spit flame, my street name be propane
That big body be too clean, hoggin up like two lanesend

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