

# Jet (feat. Pusha T)

## Desiigner

Ayy  
Tell  
Ayy, got one?  
Ayy, tell  
On a spell  
Purple jet  
Purple jet I'ma run right through this paper  
I'ma run right through this paper  
Right through a check  
Cop me a jet  
Go cop me a jet  
Go cop me a jet  
I'ma run right through this paper  
I'ma go right through this paper  
Right through a check  
Cop me a jet  
Young nigga cop him a TEC  
Cop me a jet  
I spent two milla on where I rest  
I got two hundred up on my neck  
Dual exhausts like Twin Towers  
On that Carrera I cause a jet  
Please call 9-1-1  
You know this a Turbo S  
Still got the scale, nigga  
Feel like I'm Virgo-esque  
I might fuck up a check on her  
If we kick it, David Beck on her  
That's my Becky with the good hair  
Say King Push done went left on 'em  
All designers, not a problem  
Ask Desiigner, I signed him (true)  
Billboard's a jungle gym  
Sat back and watch 'em climb 'em  
It's Nobu on his charter  
Crab roll starters (no chopsticks)  
Main course was from  
Malaysian open waters  
Apollo jets, you just jet smarter  
Love the money  
And I'm married to the game, meet me at the altar  
I'ma run right through this paper

I'ma run right through this paper  
Right through a check  
Cop me a jet  
Go cop me a jet  
Go cop me a jet  
I'ma run right through this paper  
I'ma go right through this paper  
Right through a check  
Cop me a jet  
Young nigga cop him a TEC  
Cop me a jet I'ma run right through this paper  
I'ma run right through this paper  
Right through a check (check, check)  
I'ma go cop me a TEC (TEC, TEC)  
Milly gon' cop him a TEC (TEC, TEC)  
For them new shoes, die for respect  
I'ma run right through this paper  
I'ma run right through this paper  
Ballin' hard like the Lakers  
Givin' bitch nigga no favors  
You gettin' hit with the razors  
He gettin' hit with the shaver  
Ballin' hard like the Pacers  
Niggas talkin' like they raised us  
None of 'em raised us  
I'ma get right to this paper  
I'ma get right through this paper  
Run through a check  
I'ma go die for respect  
Bitch nigga hit like the ref  
For them new shoes, die for respect I'ma run right through this paper  
I'ma run right through this paper  
Right through a check  
Cop me a jet  
Go cop me a jet  
Go cop me a jet  
I'ma run right through this paper  
I'ma go right through this paper  
Right through a check  
Cop me a jet  
Young nigga cop him a TEC  
Cop me a jet

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