

# Jersey

## Future

First I got married to money  
Then I fell in love with that dirty  
First I got married to money  
Then I fell in love with that dirty  
Extendo, extendo, extendo  
The clip got a whole lot of 30  
I got my clique and they represent this  
Like a nigga wearin' jerseys  
Like a nigga wearin' jerseys  
I get love way in Jersey  
Crime rate's goin' crazy, crazy  
Cause my young niggas so thirsty  
Couple commas, made a purchase  
Caught the wave, I ain't surfen'  
Caught the wave, I ain't surfen'  
You do what you want when you poppin'  
You do what you want when you poppin'  
You do what you want once you coppin'  
You do what you want when you got it  
You do what you want when you poppin'  
You do what you want when you got it  
I be on syrup, they know it  
Stack up some money then blow it  
I do what I want and I spazz  
Take the styrofoam, pour the syrup up  
It's a dress code but it ain't for us  
Do what you want when  
you poppin', don't fold up  
When I'm feelin' the stress then I pour up  
Reppin' the set like a soldier  
Hop out the Bentley and roll up  
I wasn't splurging on purpose  
You lame niggas makin' me nervous  
I'm keepin' the banger like I'm Birdie  
Sip out my cup and it's dirty  
First I got married to money  
Then I fell in love with that dirty  
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I got my clique and they represent this  
Like a nigga wearin' jerseys  
Like a nigga wearin' jerseys  
Like we love wearin' jerseys

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Couple commas, made a purchase  
Caught the wave, I ain't surfen'  
Caught the wave, I ain't surfen'  
You do what you want when you poppin'  
You do what you want when you poppin'  
You do what you want once you coppin' You do what you want when you got it  
You do what you want when you poppin'  
You do what you want when you got it I like the smell of that money when it burn  
Bitch you know a nigga poppin', wait your turn  
I make some more money, it's got me delirious  
When your gang gangs in the chain gang, this shit serious I gotta maintain, that's a period  
I rep the same gang on account of my niggas  
We fill up two planes on account of these riches  
I fuck up some loose change on account of these bitches I be on syrup, they know it  
Stack up some money then blow it  
I do what I want and I spazz  
Take the styrofoam, pour the syrup up  
It's a dress code but it ain't for us First I got married to money  
Then I fell in love with that dirty  
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Caught the wave, I ain't surfen'  
You do what you want when you poppin'  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>