

Jumpin'

Audio Push

Jump!
Jump!
Jump!
Jump around!

We went from old school players to new school fools
Who keeps it jumpin'? (We keep it jumpin'!)
Who keeps it- (We keep it jumpin'!)
Who keeps it jumpin'? (We keep it jumpin'!)
Who keeps it- (We keep it jumpin'!)

Alright, now let me get my vibe right (Yeah)
Music good, no one's on their phone, on my bus (Lit)
Shit it's two, forgot what time it was, everybody (You)
In this party probably follow me, I broke my phone and (Yeah)
I didn't care who was callin' me
Girl say she wanna swallow me soon as she felt the mink
Stupid hair, too turnt to care, my shirt was pink, she spilt her drink
I got two girls on the way on threeway, ha
Yeah they on the freeway
Ceetle2nd gonna DJ
Use the cameras on them for the replay
She done took a shot, then another
Now she cryin', lookin' for her brother
That she be fuckin' cause that's not her brother
Who you foolin'? Nevermind, take it back to nine-five
Hands up on my side, to your right, let's go now

My side keep it jumpin', my side keep it saucy
Dirty Vans, man I'm bossin', bad vibes, keep 'em off me
Shoutout to my old school players
Where all my new school fools?
I know some let that deuce deuce shoot
I know some tryin' to move through school
See it's different strokes, different folks
Some niggas let pistol blow, some niggas don't
A few might be dripped in gold, some niggas broke
That's why hard is the only way I go!
See I gotta make sure that my family fed (straight up)
I'm tryin' to stack that William Pope L Gallery bread
And keep it jumpin' like the battery dead, I'm a black king!
She in the backseat, givin' Fetty Wap, she my Trap Queen
She 'bout the racks and she ain't on the rap scene
All that ass jumpin', you must get from your mammy
Walkin' like you just won you a Grammy
If you real then I consider you family
So push to the front, let's make it jump!