

## Jump Up

Benzino

Aiyyo, this a perv, yo  
Yo, son there's bitches in there?  
Yeah, yeah, the coaches, aiight then

Jump up in the party like (what!)  
Where my niggas at? (what!)  
Where my bitches at? (what!)  
Bartender where the liquor at?

Aiyyo, seven thick ribs nigga, check out my man  
He got braids and with bread break ape on your grave  
We from the gutta niggas, chest sputta what up  
Fuckin with us or get you cut up, matta fact get'cha mutha  
Cause I ain't fo real fo real, don't play games and I'm ill  
I'm just a business man who love getting niggas killed  
Smell my satiate smell keys, that shit's like deodorant, daddy  
I like maglees for other reasons  
Run with niggas that love paper  
We let the youngest niggas get rich and mow them like makeup  
You can lex 'Zino and Benzino together  
That's priceless to put our pay together, niggas by Lexus  
Straight out the ghetto niggas is pussy  
To even fuck with us that'll be the day a white nigga mush me  
Straight up, two-thousand is mine  
Heavy lines, heavy guns, big-ass Chevy's, we make niggas shine

Jump up in the party like (what!)  
Where my niggas at? (what!)  
Where my bitches at? (what!)  
Bartender where the liquor at?  
Jump up in the party like (what!)  
Where my niggas at? (what!)

Black shells, scuba style, sonar, I go deep  
Rip lungs outta jaws, flawless, I don't sleep  
The fast and furious, Yokohama twin jets  
Black and white bagettes, I'm duckin feds  
Hydro-plane, hydro-foil blow hydro  
Smooth gotho, Ray, its aiight I got those  
I got this, son I spotless  
Frozen watches, belts wit the notches  
Bitches topless, three-way manages, Motorola holder  
Break bread with Motola, take advice colder (aiight!)  
Kedar knock-areano, Motown soldier  
I thought I told ya lil' double Ray'll ghost ya  
Double row, parvin, three-sixty rubber band  
Ice me Apalla then three shave frozen hand  
Dark shadow, my shit gleam in the shade  
Watch `Zino flow, fuck the Macy's parade

Jump up in the party like (what!)  
Where my niggas at? (what!)  
Where my bitches at? (what!)  
Bartender where the liquor at?

Yo, broke far from it, coke, sold a lot of it  
Flow off the meter, let me know if y'all want it

Son, the life of problems and guns, so silence her, son  
Bugs Bunny Icebergs and Air Force One's  
I paint a picture listen up you become part of the song  
When I slow my first young a new saga begun  
Unaware, I would become a nemesis for livin in this  
Drug dealin life, smoked niggas and bitches with plugs  
Never been a snitch, I'm not built like that  
I'm real, that's why we not feelin you like that  
I'm the ghetto manifested in words  
When I die, niggas'll point a valuable lesson I learn  
Whether OG or adolescent in the presence ashurn  
OT or O-key handlin birds  
Like Dominique I feel I deserve respect I earn  
Mega is a word we all protect with words, holla

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