

# Jump the Line

Gucci Mane

Jyea

Yea

Yeaaa...

We pull up to the club  
Fresh up off the grind  
Me and my lil buddies  
And we finna Jump the line  
Jump the line every time  
You know we jump the line  
Fresh up off the grind  
And we finna jump the line

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Your mane is my name  
Gucci is what they call me  
Six months I lost it  
Now bitch I ball it  
Twenty-eight inches  
Got me standin' really tall man  
Tearin' up the mall  
This is just the way I ball man  
Cocaine ounces  
Blue and yellow wristband  
Chain look iceland  
Watch my breitling  
Niggas think ice can  
Gucci think island  
Niggas think charger  
Gucci think 'rrari  
-sorry,  
Murcialago I park it  
Inside peanut butter  
Outside change it  
Now outside  
Get it inside stranger  
Diamonds look mustard  
S 600

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I enter to the club  
Im lookin for a girl  
She lookin for a thug  
Like I'm lookin for a pull  
I bought a pack of bullets  
I showed her lot of jewels  
I gotta lot shows, see  
I really gotta know  
But I ain't gotta know  
I'm standing real low  
I'm backin out my auntie  
How she says she doesn't know  
She put at the house  
And I'm back in the drought  
And it made me feel real good  
When I came back with that phat

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Im south beach in miami  
Ready in my ferrari  
Officer shinin' rounds  
On my 07' astin martin  
Baby got a jaguar  
But I like his 'rarri  
Watch by jaeger  
But my shoes are made by 'marri  
Stepped on your boyfriend  
Didnt say sorry  
Licky licky licky  
Heres comes gucci  
Stepped on your boyfriend  
Didnt say sorry  
Licky licky licky  
Heres comes gucci

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