

Jumping Off Da Beam  
Gunplay, waddup my nigga  
Fuck with a real nigga

Word to shiny, another homi  
About a week ago I just caught a body  
And talked about it over veggies and some grigio  
I put that Mack11 to his fuckin' heazzy though  
Sleazy-o, I don't give a fuck, yo, I stay strapped  
AK on me like an Arab  
Gunplay the homie in the Maybach  
Good Belt Gang, you know I (bang that)  
Bang that, I could get you here for a major fee  
You won't have another fuckin' day to breathe  
I put [?] bad boys on me A to Z  
Cause I was for a rumble for a Jay-Z  
Beat yo kids ass, no AB  
Get you beat down raw, for your AP  
Took his watch on a muthafuckin' blame [?] with me  
Time flies when you slice cocaine swiftly

J.O.B. (Jumping Off Da Beam)  
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Word (word)  
J.O.B. (Jumping Off Da Beam)

Go call me crack-cocaine, man, that's my thang  
I be comin' down lookin' like a muthafuckin' king  
I be whippin' to the lock, put the cookie on the clock  
I'm a pro at the dope, you'z a rookie to the rock  
I be baggin' dog food with a loaded hot tube  
Try to stack cream, no I do  
Took trial to the door, no plea, I'm a cop too  
My fake co-defendant actin' like a cop too  
Look death in the face with a blank stare  
Tell that muthafucka, yeah, nigga, I'm (right here)  
THis that shit worldwide every hood feel  
Gunplay, NORE, Maybach, good belt  
J O B, jumpin' off da beam  
Fuckin' on the molly, humpin' on yo queen  
Bring dope from the yayo when I dump it on Queens  
2 quarters couldn't even feed a quarter of my pain

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Hands on the trap, I'm out here smokin' boggy drops  
My nigga, NORE, Niggas On The Run Eatin', huh?  
Good Belt, Maybach music, nigga, militainment, BBG  
JOB