

J.O.B.

Gunplay

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)
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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