

# Trap Jump

Ken Carson

Trap jump like Jordan, I mean the trap jumpin' like Ja  
Recover when we done, spend the whole day at the spa  
He ain't die yet, twin, he die, they gon' say it's my fault  
I fuck a bitch and forget it, I ice up my wrist, yeah, I'm havin' amnesia  
Nigga pillow talkin' these hoes, 'cause she play Ken Carson through her speakers  
Life's a game, I got cheat codes, I go Chrome Heart them cheetahs  
I put hoes in check, Nike, I give 'em three stripes, Adidas

I turn a zip to a quarter, a quarter to half, yeah, to a whole pound  
If wanna you get down with a young bitch, if you ain't got a billion, then you can't get down  
I just been crackin' these seals and droppin' these ceilings, and makin' these sounds  
Ain't callin' no shooter, you try it, I shoot up the buildin', I'm lettin' off rounds  
Huh, huh, I'm lettin' off rounds  
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Huh, huh, I'm lettin' off rounds  
Huh, huh, I'm lettin' off rounds  
Huh, huh, I'm lettin' off rounds  
Huh, huh, huh, huh

Huh, huh, the SRT came with a widebody kick  
Thick shit, that's a wide body bitch, Slick Rick, I'm in pirate mode  
I'm the one who put designers on that ho  
Ed Hardy, I designed it, I'm a designer, put that lil' ho in designer  
Nah, nah, we ain't havin' no stylist, you know I'm the finder  
Who you love? I need a reminder  
Do I love you? Kinda  
I ain't fallin' in love with these hoes  
Is you fuckin' or what? Let me know  
I ain't call you over here for nothin'  
I got G6 in the blunt  
We can take off and get high at the same time  
That's yo' dawg? I'm shootin' the K9  
That AR-1 fire, it's gon' do somethin'  
I'm in the field with cleats and shoulder pads  
I know these niggas ain't gon' do nothin'  
Know she a freak, she tatt'd the side of her ass  
I'm slide in it like a QB  
I ain't cuttin' no ties, this shit forever  
That means you mean somethin' to me  
I'm so fresh, I got on calf leather, cut, know ya pants  
War zone, stickin' with me, yeah, yeah, where the fuck you been?  
Where the fuck your chains at?  
Where the fuck the niggas I started with at?  
Where the fuck them broke ass bitches who was talkin' shit? They in the back  
Incognito, I'm ridin' a black truck Cadillac  
And it's bullet proof, heaven shit, she think she heaven sent, but she sent from hell  
If you want to go, I'll take you there  
I'm aimin' at ya head, these niggas be shootin' in the air

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