## Jump Off

Playing with Glocks that was a sport Momma told me to get back on that porch Had no money, trap house slow Robbing and hustling was so important Niggas was telling, feds in motion Everything they doing was being recorded Fed taking pictures and we posing Hopping in and out of them porches Yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Jumped off the porch (all my niggas they so real) I been jumped off the porch (all my niggas they'll kill) I been jumped off the porch (tell my niggas it's a drill) I been jumped off the porch I was down when the war was strong

They told us chill out Half sleep when the sheriffs came (sorry momma) They told us get out It was a drought, I had a doubt Me, I was sleeping on my homie couch Had to wake up with this crack in my mouth Heard his mommas telling me to get out Caught me a case Bitches be on me because I'm the new Ye This is my city where killers don't play Gotta keep killers around where you lay Link card cut short she on public aid Everybody love but my niggas stay Before we was raided We was killing these roaches with raid My niggas was killing for J's RIP to Nuski Bae We miss you Same L's, same blood, same tissue We killing any niggas that diss I was playing with them Glocks

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