

Jumping

Lud Foe

Ayy, ayy
Ayy, ayy
How much money
Shit, bitch
Gang, gang
Ayy, ayy
You wan' rock a nigga?
Ayy, ayy
Get yo' funds up, nigga
Ayy, ayy
You on that opp shit, get mop-sticked, bitch
Ayy, ayy

Fuck nigga ditched me, I'ma show 'em how he did (Boom-boom-boom)
Pu- pussy-ass nigga shouldn't have said what he said (Gang, gang)
Money in the couch, pistol underneath the bed (Gang)
You can keep your legs 'cause I'm aimin' at your head (Boom-boom-boom)
He say he want beef, alright, cool, 'nuff said (Be cool)
Now he ain't been at the house for a week 'cause he scared (Scared)
You pull up with banana clips, peel a nigga head
No- no more monkeys jumpin' on the bed (What?)

Got the candy-apple thang painted lollipop red
Treat my dick like it's a sucker, she got lollipop head
Fu- fuck the pigs, can't share, no cooperation with the feds
Take a pussy nigga on the roof and throw him off the edge
Tryna play me like a ho, that's a no-no
I'm YCN, bitch, I know you see the logo (Gang)
I'm Iron Giant, make me hit you with the robo (B-r-r-rap)
Say you get money, but you ain't got shit to show fo' (Show fo')
You at the strip club and you ain't throwin' no dough
I'm Mike Tyson, hit the Pyrex with an elbow
I need a duffel bag, bitch, I'm talkin' real dough
She suck my dick with her friend, she a real ho (She a real ho)
When I'm done with that pussy, I leave it real sore
My rims big, so I hit the corner real slow
How you a trapper? You can't even read the scale, though
I'm rappin', but I still got that shit for sale, though (Sale, though)

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No- no more monkeys jumpin' on the bed (What?)

We ride in the latest whips with extended clips
Fo- forty with the rubber grip hangin' off my hip
Ba- bad redbone rollin' Cookies out the zip
And she don't even drink, I got her tipsy off a sip (What?)
Bo- board the private jet 'cause I gotta take a trip (Gone)
Seven six-twos hit his car and made it flip
I ain't gotta spit game, but I'm soundin' like a pimp
I ain't even know her name, but I fucked her off the rip
This drunk-ass nigga actin' like he wanna trip (Gang)

He talkin' out his neck, so I'm aimin' at his lips (Boom-boom-boom-boom)
Ba- Balmain jeans and these bitches cost a grip (Why?)
I'm fresher than a bitch, you will drown off the drip (Drip)
I fall up in the club, make the valet park the whip (Skrt)
I know your shit rented, you ain't even got the slip
Bitch, I'm cool with the Bloods and I'm cool with the Crips (Gang, gang)
I pull up to the strip, get my chips and I dip, bitch

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Now he ain't been at the house for a week 'cause he scared (Scared)
You pull up with banana clips, peel a nigga head
No- no more monkeys jumpin' on the bed (Jumpin' on the bed)

Bed, bed
Be- bed, bed
Bed, bed
No- no more monkeys jumpin' on the bed