

# Jumpin

## Problem

Feeling like a rider for real  
Got a bag of that kill and it's jumping  
Call up my foolies and chill  
Yeah the turnup is real  
Pop a molly, you feel  
Cause it's jumping  
Nigga is jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping  
My nigga is jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping  
Like boing, jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping  
My nigga is jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping  
Like boing

Hey, I'm tripping, I see a nigga want to fade, I'm clipping  
Bottle of the spade, it's some win it, I flip it  
My nigga lil loc in the building and he crippin  
I got a whole bag and that dust for the function  
I got the squad on my back and it's nothing  
Fist full of paper talk shit out the car though  
Bitch looking at a player I'm a star though  
Bm, baby bm, my song in the mail  
My ace g's, pushing seal  
My killas on bail, I blow rack  
Clack packs, and four fifty fours  
I'm a mac, all that, you slow  
Bitch I'm go, whaddup  
My foolies in the rock, it's a block party  
Pop shit, get the Glock, it's a knock party  
I turn it up, my beat on the brain  
I'm swinging be in that lane  
The D.O.G. on the chain, whaddup

I brought a gang of weed, now where the bitches  
After a cup of that potion bet I can swim in that ocean  
Check out the motion, explosive  
Boom, boom, 2 bomb on a bitch  
Slide when I dip  
My watch sales ready to push the line if you trip  
That molly got me ready, I'm heavy upon my turn ups  
Your bitch ain't bout that brain  
Bet I can make her learn up  
Just have my straight turn up  
Unless she swallowed it  
Got the number in my head, I lottoed it  
Her friend found me up on twitter  
Then followed it  
Fucked her too, I'm a dog and I'm proud of it  
Problem, you know me well  
Stay on a bitch head like a ponytail  
Trynna get a mill like the homie bail  
Take your drank, 2 step then I throw her here