Jump Down

Travis Barker

Ah, it's the humpty dump, truck big wheel, wall crumbler
If money did talk, yours probably be a mumbler
The bumble bee, color kush, burning in the bubble of puff
Brother rocks Dougie but it's uglier on that other stuff
I'm saying no, weighing only about 175
I sound like a heavier guy but we high, so high-five
Behinds the nice thighs and the sun beamin'
Flicking on the old blue beamers, hoodie
And Woody Allen couldn't see it with his glasses on
At homecoming getting drunker then the chaperon
And don't you hate when you go into a place
And somebody need a I.D. 'cause they done left at it home
You feel bad if you go ahead and leave 'em
So you try to swap it out
And hope the door man believe 'em
Yo' he payed cash, send a check to him directly
Or money orders, every dollar, four quarters
While I drive, break, shift, jump down
When I drive, break, shift, jump down
While I drive, break, shift, jump down
When I drive, break, shift, jump down
And I just touched down, pillow case sized clouds
Louder than that pound like your neighbors at your door
Dog take yo' job off the floor, meet your neighbor
Chuck Daly is the liveliest coach, bless his soul
It's amazing though to save his [Incomprehensible] kept his
But to see he saved that color
Mike rock got the range, had it flickin' last summer
Size 900 with the turbo runnin' on it
Gold BBS in the zone as a nexus
Supposed to be flexed on y'all niggas last summer
Chill, we ain't have to move a muscle
Had a court case pending and we hit the ground runnin'
Get'cha rap together, you ain't talkin' 'bout nothin'
Sure lip-sync shit and y'all ain't talkin' 'bout none of us
And it's '45 back on my number 9
'94 can't touch this like it's Hammer time
While I drive, break, shift, jump down
When I drive, break, shift, jump down

While I drive, break, shift, jump down
When I drive, break, shift, jump down

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