

Show Off (feat. Trav)

Jim Jones

Give me a minute to get in it, give me a minute
With one of your main bitches, mental fitness I demonstrate
Right in front of your eyes
Watch your bitch elevate from a five to a nine
Confidence booster all in her mind
And I'm checkin' every dollar and dime
(Come with me)
To the city where my committee chase titties and ass
(Are you ready? Come with me)
I'll show you where the check break fast and we bust heads fast
If a nigga not in single file
Run up on him single style
Let the thing break him down, you love my methods
Take a nigga off the earth if he on my shit list reckless
The key copper have to eat proper
Bitches lookin' for guidance, had to be proper
Tone Capone is the beat dropper
The jump off is jumpin' off proper and it's about to get hotter
(Come with me)
'Til it pop off
And you better be ready for the jump off
(Come with me)
'Til it pop off
And you better be ready for the jump off
(Come with me)
'Til it pop off
And you better be ready for the jump off
(Come with me)
I still rep Walnut street in deep East Oakland
The 100 block where you can your whole shit broken
Like Mystikal 'Still Smokin'
The life [unverified] and rent free
I never let nothin' live on my mind
I gotta grind
(Grind)
Shine and fight for my grandma
And don't do nothin' stupid like Hammer
'Til I go bankrupt, steady drinkin' 'til I finish my cup
Then bust ya head before I shoot up the gut
Fresh outta Folsom and proper beef injections
Chosen selections 'cause girl I ain't fuckin' without protection
I'm harder than erection
Teachers so you study your lessons
And advise for that viewer discretion
On a scale to 1 to 10, I get 11
Give a toast to the pussy like Devin
And beat it up off Sprite and Seagram 7
I've plottin' on a way to get rich
And keep bread out that cock
And all the folks in the hood aimin' for head

Shots of lead poppin', situation's crucial
And every nigga I'm wit is feelin' neutral
Fuck, takin' 10 paces and drawin' down This ain't no Western movie
Roll a Swisher, pass it to Ric, sat the window wit the doobie
I'm lookin' at booty, onion ass on the strip
You fine but baby girl where your whip, it's jumpin' off (Come with me)
'Til it pop off
And you better be ready for the jump off
(Come with me)
'Til it pop off And you better be ready for the jump off
(Come with me)
'Til it pop off
And you better be ready for the jump off
(Come with me) While I'm outtie on the west, I got the best weed and the best hoes
I'm on the block at all times, dressed in the best clothes
My focus is money 'cause pussy come natural
I only fuck with those that can show me some collateral I deal 'em all off top
I ain't a child molester or a killer, I don't need y'all props
Shit, if she wit me, she know what it is
We hotellin' and you don't deserve to go to the crib If yo patna wanna roll, she can roll, I ain't gotta touch
I like to smoke and watch you freaky hoes
And I could have my choice, enie meenie miney mo
Bust a nut, get the fuck, play it how it go My main ho called and told me she made some money
I said, "Bitch you ain't never come gave it to me"
How many woman now done wanna get gangsta for me
Gotta be willin' to get down on your hands and stomach
(Are you ready?) (Come with me)
'Til it pop off
And you better be ready for the jump off
(Come with me)
'Til it pop off And you better be ready for the jump off
(Come with me)
'Til it pop off
And you better be ready for the jump off
(Come with me)

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