Trap Back Jumpin

T.I.

Hook:
Its time to get trap back jumpin
get shit and back poppin
oh copin, oh I show this sucka nigga how it go
I show you how to move a lot of flow
nigga say they loud but they lie
so its time to get trap back jumpin,
get shit back poppin bitch
hey who that say I got the shit
hey bitch who you know I hide the dick, this is
Ill show you how to do the shitThey tryin to getting bricks out of that bag
put that scale back on the deck
seat that vision we on the stole
next to the bake saw the pirate
drop that war out off that pilot
let it boy love and get high
then whippin good but your real life there there hide trip a little bit
you get may paper off of that yeah ayo
and jazzin bout of the bandano
your bitch is fuck when I say so plus got hair plus of my pay roll
this bank get home where we dont play
violate me and this will be your day
catch a nigga coming out of the DOA
hit em with the chopper leave be your A
you can play with niggas not me okay?
the mother niggas sucker Im a G okay?
see I cant G I G okay?
respect that shit and you will be okay
let get it straight one cent for all
I run this shit ball none to yall
and now I wanna yall nigga picking to me
cant none of yall take this city for me
ten years off and Im still tight
I have fast and they still like
you keep trap shit wehn I feel like
you dope boy know what a..lie
DeNiro our filos, big bank rows dont see lows
oozes makes zeros here we goHook:
Its time to get trap back jumpin

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I show you how to move a lot of flow
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so its time to get trap back jumpin,
get shit back poppin bitch
hey who that say I got the shit
hey bitch who you know I hide the dick, this is
Ill show you how to do the shitIts time to put that work back in the stash box
but that real corn they slare
hit that high way from bout five day they come back and get paid
got head corners and whole thing Chevrolets and them go things
got Rolex, you got Benzes then the solo for the cocaine
its cold game but its cool though
work it gone and I move low, wont sick on and its too low
you got twenty..yeah here you go
I got big whips so sick yall and big sweets about six roll
your shit had oh yeah bro, that shit drop wont say much
platinum all in my wall dough, crib big like a moll dough
Im doing numbers like call all, plus more money I call you
my house worth your whole life, your condos my own ice
you niggas barely in first class I charge the G for..
cant tell me shit homie down here Im good as it get homie
aint nobody got shit homie, Im a little nigga but Im big homie
Im big homie do big shit, you know work up I kick shit
rap farm but dont fork it then Im back ferry got more brick[Hook:]Its time to get them pre-pay and them metro
get activated talk in cold, open here we got big blow
next dope pounds of that petro
we getting dough off anything, got activism if you sippin lean
Im scritch pears and Moly even got hair run if you bout it
shawty my shut open the all night, got blossed the whole white
dont like me thats alright, come fight me yeah nigga yeah right
and nigga getting wrong and getting dare right
we get asshole them, all about my cat flow,
your new bitch with my last hoe,
I got six list in my main box, six pack under my tape top
I got a snoot know to get six shots
nigga try me I think not, my tempo bad I might blink out
bust a nigga before cant even think about
what I got to lose if he bust a move
well I got to do what I got to do
try rollin, poppin always selling something
you got it if you want it and whatever for the money
all my grind aint lie, for the Prada from a dmie up
they know what I find at, do you know what the time for[Hook:]

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