

Jump Jiggy

Lil' Wayne

We gone make 'em:(Chorus 2x)

Jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jump,
Jiggy, jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jive
Jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jump,
Jiggy, jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jive(Verse 1)

I tell 'em no lie

I blow by wit the Bentleys wit the O eyes
I low-ride, cuz these 20 inch rims just make it so hot
You know I, been had Twinkie, look at the pinky
And the link be all the way down to the nuts, diamonds twinklin'
They think you need to stop they say it's not called for
It's such a small car for it cost more than a ballpark
See my life is high priced, a lot a room a lot a bling
My ice is like Andrew Dice "Ba-Da-Boom, Ba-Da-Bing"
I'm tryin' to see flying in a Lamborghini
Wit your girl right beside me in a tan bikini
Cut the music down and tell her, "hey ya man's a weenie"
Plus I'm hot and got more iceberg than damn Bananeeie
And I'm just a teenager and I make this dough
Pull out my bankcard and Bill Gates feel broke
And I keep it on a hush but I'm richer than normal
And a frost bit wrist, have me sniffin and coughin
(Chorus 2x)

Jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jump,
Jiggy, jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jive
Jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jump,
Jiggy, jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jive(Verse 2)

You know, pistol on my side fully loaded
I drive slowly, wit televisions watching Kobe
Pull over by some broad; make her hop right in a blow me
And suck a nigga drive, then its, "slut get out my ride"
Have you heard about, shorty be Iceberged out
Got them birds real affordable, so get the word out
And you still can see the grill wit the lights burn out
Nothin' lil' about the wheels on my bright orange drop
I'm thuggin and pimped out, flossin and glissed out
Sit my arm in warm water, I'm thawin my wrist out
Got quarters in this house, ki's in that van,
Got ounces in her ride, and G's in that bag

Shhh, You hear that, here come Weezy on his way in a platinum leer jet
We gamblin' nigga bet, bet nigga disrespect and he get dampled and wet
Whole goddamn family get trampled wit that

I make 'em:

(Chorus 2x)

Jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jump
Jiggy, jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jive
Jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jump
Jiggy, jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jive Alright I bounce for the 17 and jump for the Grover

Just put TV's and bump in the Rover

Slump the bitch over, cum on her shoulder

Bet I make the slut eat it up like yogurt

Wrists is ferocious, dick just bogus

Fuck a hoe watch she come back like a chorus

Life on Ann Deloris met her in a?

She like to snort coke, you should see the size of her nose is

We really the ones controllin', no choices

And we got Guns and Roses, Rolls Royces

Beefin' ain't fake, not to mention

all our rides are dubbed like blank tapes

I really think my jewelry and lights have somethin' in common

Cuz everytime you put them bitches on they start shinin'

The shit is mind blowin'

As a matter of fact I got a bitch that's mind blowin'

She give my head a blow job, I guess she's mind blowin' (Chorus 3 1/2x)

Jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jump

Jiggy, jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jive

Jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jump

Jiggy, jump, jiggy, jiggy, jump, jiggy, jump, jive

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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