

Jumping

Lud Foe

[Intro]

KidWond3r you made this beat? Dang

Ayy, ayy

Ayy, ayy

Out West 290 shit, bitch

You know how I'm rockin', nigga

Get your guns up, get your funds up

You on that opp shit, get mop-sticked, bitch

Ayy, ayy[Chorus]

Fuck nigga dissed me on a song, now he dead (Boom-boom-boom)

Pu-pussy-ass nigga shouldn't have said what he said (Gang, gang)

Money in the couch, pistol underneath the bed (Gang)

You can keep your legs 'cause I'm aimin' at your head (Boom-boom-boom)

He say he want beef, alright, cool, 'hough said (Be cool)

But he ain't been at the house for a week 'cause he scared (Scared)

You pull up with banana clips, peel a nigga head

No- no more monkeys jumpin' on the bed (What?)

[Verse 1]

Got the candy-apple thang painted lollipop red

Treat my dick like it's a sucker, she got lollipop head

Fu- fuck the pigs, can't share, no cooperation with the feds

Take a pussy nigga on the roof and throw him off the edge

Tryna play me like a ho, that's a no-no

I'm YSN, bitch, I know you see the logo (Gang)

I'm Iron Giant, make me hit you with the robo (B-r-r-rap)

Say you get money, but you ain't got shit to show fo' (Show fo')

You at the strip club and you ain't throwin' no dough

I'm Mike Tyson, hit the Pyrex with an elbow

I need a duffel bag, bitch, I'm talkin' real dough

She suck my dick with her friend, she a real ho (She a real ho)

When I'm done with that pussy, I leave it real sore

My rims big, so I hit the corner real slow

How you a trapper? You can't even read the scale, though

I'm rappin', but I still got that shit for sale, though (Sale, though)

[Chorus]

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Money in the couch, pistol underneath the bed (Gang)

You can keep your legs 'cause I'm aimin' at your head (Boom-boom-boom)

He say he want beef, alright, cool, 'nough said (Be cool)
But he ain't been at the house for a week 'cause he scared (Scared)

You pull up with banana clips, peel a nigga head
No- no more monkeys jumpin' on the bed (What?)[Verse 2]

We ride in the latest whips with extended clips
Fo- forty with the rubber grip hangin' off my hip

Ba- bad redbone rollin' Cookies out the zip
And she don't even drink, I got her tipsy off a sip (What?)

Bo- board the private jet 'cause I gotta take a trip (Gone)

Seven six-twos hit his car and made it flip
I ain't gotta spit game, but I'm soundin' like a pimp

I ain't even know her name, but I fucked her off the rip
This drunk-ass nigga actin' like he wanna trip (Gang)

He talkin' out his neck, so I'm aimin' at his lips (Boom-boom-boom-boom)

Ba- Balmain jeans and these bitches cost a grip (Why?)
I'm fresher than a bitch, you will drown off the drip (Drip)

I fall up in the club, make the valet park the whip (Skrt)

I know your shit rented, you ain't even got the slip
Bitch, I'm cool with the Bloods and I'm cool with the Crips (Gang, gang)

I pull up to the strip, get my chips then I dip, bitch[Chorus]

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Money in the couch, pistol underneath the bed (Gang)

You can keep your legs 'cause I'm aimin' at your head (Boom-boom-boom)

He say he want beef, alright, cool, 'nough said (Be cool)
But he ain't been at the house for a week 'cause he scared (Scared)

You pull up with banana clips, peel a nigga head
No- no more monkeys jumpin' on the bed (Jumpin' on the bed)[Outro]

Bed, bed
Be- bed, bed
Bed, bed

No- no more monkeys jumpin' on the bed

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

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