

# The Jump Off (Remix)

DJ Igal

Whoa, whoa, whoa, yeah  
Aiiyo, Tim man, this the jump off right here, man  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, it's Queen Bee, nigga  
It's the jump off, come on  
I been gone for a minute, now I'm back at the jump off  
Goons in the club in case somethin' jumps off  
And back up before the hive, let the pump off  
In the graveyard is where you get dumped off  
All we wanna do is party  
And buy everybody at the bar Bacardi  
Black Barbie dressed in Bulgari  
I'm tryin' to leave in somebody's Ferrari  
Spread love, that's what a real mob do  
Keep it gangsta, look out for her, people  
I'm the wicked bitch of the east, you better keep the peace, aiiyo  
Or out come the beast  
We the best still there's room for improvement  
Our presence is felt like a Black Panther movement  
Seven quarter to eights, back to back with 'em  
And I'm sittin' on chrome, seven times platinum  
This is for my peeps  
With the Bentleys, the Hummers, the Benz  
Escalades, twenty three inch rims  
Jumpin' out the Jaguar with the Tims, keep your bread up  
And live good  
East coast, West coast, worldwide  
All my playas in the hood, stay fly  
And if your ballin', let me hear you say right  
It's Lil' Kim and Timbaland, niggas, shit, ya drawers  
Special delivery for you and yours  
I rep for bitches, he rep for boys  
If you rep for your hood then make some noise  
I got my eye on the guy in the Woolrich coat  
Don't he know Queen Bee got the ill deep throat?  
Uh, let me show you what I'm all about  
How I make a Sprite can disappear in my mouth  
Shake up the dice, throw down your ice  
Bet it all playa, fuck the price  
Money ain't a thing, throw it out like rice

Been around the world, cop the same thing twice  
Rub on my tits, squeeze on my ass  
Gimme some, step on the gas  
Pop the cork and roll up the hash  
You know what we about, sex, drugs and cash  
This is for my peeps  
With the Bentleys, the Hummers, the Benz  
Escalades, twenty three inch rims  
Jumpin' out the Jaguar with the Tims, keep your bread up  
And live good  
East coast, West coast, worldwide  
All my playas in the hood, stay fly  
And if your ballin', let me hear you say right  
Enter the world of the Playboy, pin up girl  
Buttnaked, dressed in nothin' but pearls  
You wanna meet me 'cause ya know I'm freaky  
And ya wanna eat me 'cause ya say I'm sexy  
Got a man in Japan and a dude in Tahiti  
Believe me, sweetie, I got enough to feed the needy  
No need to be greedy, I got mad friends that's pretty  
Chicks by the layers and all different flavors  
Mafioso, that's how this thing go  
Now everybody come get with the lingo  
Shake your body, body, move your body, body  
On the dance floor, don't hurt nobody body  
I'm the one that put the Range in the Rover  
When I'm steppin' out the Range, yo it's over  
Comin' through in the Brooklyn Mint gear  
We 'gone do this just like Big Poppa was here  
This is for my peeps  
With the Bentleys, the Hummers, the Benz  
Escalades, twenty three inch rims  
Jumpin' out the Jaguar with the Tims, keep your bread up  
And live good  
East coast, West coast, worldwide  
All my playas in the hood, stay fly  
And if your ballin', let me hear you say right  
Yeah, to the what, yeah, oh, yo, keep your bread up  
Yeah and worldwide and stay fly nigga, yeah, man  
Right, right, right, right, Queen Bee, LB  
Two thousand and fuckin' three, why not? We makin' it hot  
Come to know the spot, come on, aiyyo  
She back at it, why wouldn't she be? Come on, yeah  
B.I.G., Freaky Tah, yeah, yeah, yeah, L's, light 'em, oh

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>