The Jump Off (Remix)

DJ Igal

Whoa, whoa, whoa, yeah
Aiyyo, 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, aiyyo
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, sweety, 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

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