

# Jam (Ft. Trey Songz, Ty Dolla Sign & Jamie Foxx)

Kevin Gates

It was cool  
And he'd get back on the phone, and say Bernie I got somethin' I want you to hear  
And what you do players, is you get the phone and you hold it up to the speakers  
And you let Luther do your talkin' for you  
And Luther break it down like Ridin' around in my whip, listenin' to my shit  
She want to hear track six, she told me that's her (jam)  
Baby girl said I got the title, got a nigga feelin' like Michael  
Jackson, Jordan, don't matter to me they both (jam)  
I'm all in her head, she's all in my bed  
I'm locked and loaded, ready to go like a gun that don't (jam)  
I'm all in-between, that's all that she needs  
Her body rockin', nobody stoppin', this song is probably on (jam) Listen all you like  
Tattoos showin' out the shower in the mirror, go to clickin' on the lights  
And this ain't what you like (jam)  
I can lay you on your back then I hit you with the pound game  
Pin you down so you can't run, in and out game  
Hit you from the back, probably get you with the mouth game  
Ain't nobody business, this is our thing (jam)  
Spit all in-between both cheeks, now I spread 'em  
Bet the neighbors know my name when you keep sayin' Kevin  
Hands behind, I'ma stand behind you  
Pullin' on your hair, lot of ass behind you (jam)  
Got me sayin', "ooh keep goin' with your moves"  
Candles by the bed, God damn this a movie  
Stuffin' you with dick while my finger in your booty  
Hit you with the Ruger, the bitch don't (jam) Ridin' around in my whip, listenin' to my shit  
She want to hear track six, she told me that's her (jam)  
Baby girl said I got the title, got a nigga feelin' like Michael  
Jackson, Jordan, don't matter to me they both (jam)  
I'm all in her head, she's all in my bed  
I'm locked and loaded, ready to go like a gun that don't (jam)  
I'm all in-between, that's all that she needs  
Her body rockin', nobody stoppin', this song is probably on (jam) Bad, but I won't push it  
Never break flower but she won't quit lookin'  
Look at her dress, look at her thighs  
No draws underneath, with the slits in the side  
Squintin' my eyes, locked in with the notion  
If she squint back, bet I'm approachin'  
Playin' my song, slow dancin' to Strokin'

Track number seven, told me it was her (jam)  
Do you kiss with your friend? Oh you roll with your friends?  
Start the car and I get in, we rollin'  
Let the leaf hit the green, we smokin'  
Slow motion coupe just floatin'  
Kissin' on her finger with my hand on her breast  
Tongue doin' circles round the ring of her nipple  
Would you mind on repeat but she might be trippin'  
Really, not really, sayin' it was her (jam) Hit her right like Nikon do  
Stays back on W  
I'ma show her what this pipe game do  
I'ma hit her till the sky turn blue  
And I'ma jam on it, jam on it  
Jam on it, jam on it  
I'ma jam on it, jam on it, jam on it  
I'ma jam on it, jam on it, jam on it Ridin' around in my whip, listenin' to my shit  
She want to hear track six, she told me that's her (jam)  
Baby girl said I got the title, got a nigga feelin' like Michael  
Jackson, Jordan, don't matter to me they both (jam)  
I'm all in her head, she's all in my bed  
I'm locked and loaded, ready to go like a gun that don't (jam)  
I'm all in-between, that's all that she needs  
Her body rockin', nobody stoppin', this song is probably on (jam)

Songwriters

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