

Jump Ta This

Twinz

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Who can make em jump?[Trip Locc]

We slid into the party at about ten

Order Hennessey, my doggs on juice and gin

We found a spot in the cut

Baby girl with the jeans got a gang of butt (god damn)

So she gets the thumbs up

No doubt that she's checkin me out

But a fine white dandy with her tongue our her mouth

Is straight manage, ain't hold nothin back

If her man's in the house I know he's mad for that

Or she's with her mother too with a skirt on (whys that?)

So we can get our flirt on

Cuz ain't nothin wrong with gettin it on if you know what I mean

An stayin down for the winning team

So I kick some conversation to that ass real quick

From beginnin to end she stayed right on my tip

Its a trip, I might have to fuck tonight, psyche

I'd rather stay as high as a kite

Now ask me

(Chorus)

Who can make jump to this

I can make em jump

Who can make jump to this

Can you make em jump

Who can make jump to this

We can make em jump

Who can make em jump

Well jump bitch[Wayniac]

We still up in the party layin low

Wonder why them trick sick niggaz playin hoe (I know)

They still on the simp mode, ya shoulda asked tha Twinz

Cuz they be on the real shit instead, instead of givin ends

Now first things first, who's the bait for the night

We still trump tight and can't be faded by the hype

Might be in the clouds from the herb, don't trip

I'm like the Locc, stay in focus when it's time to dip

Grab my drink and it's on (yeah)
I see ya groovin to the music well lets get it on (its all good)
Playa hataz in the cut on the prowl
Tryin to find a way to put some shit in my style
But I'll, just keep it on the D-L
I don't never put in work when it's time to bell (oh well)
Shoulda knew it wasn't poppin like that
Now she's caught up on this nigga Wayniac

Now...

(Chorus)

Who can make jump to this
I can make em jump
Who can make jump to this
Can you make em jump
Who can make jump to this
We can make em jump
Who can make em jump
Well jump bitch[Twinz]
At a club is outta clothes mo (?)
Hoes is froze, lookin for the one got chose
Niggaz outside posted up, bumpin the beat sucka written on they face
Cuz you know they goin trip
It gets deeper peep, I got the whole world up
Conversation blew her mind now she's all shook up
You know the time, mind blowin, they don't be knowin bout the Twinz
Still on the mission stackin ends (hold up)
No time for the bullshit, who is the bigger pimp?
Station myself away from the mother simps
Cuz I got game, straight game
Eastside born and raised, Wayniac flip the page
So you know it ain't no half steppin
When it comes to shootin game, ain't no second guessin
Recognize how we roll, cuz we roll thick
It don't stop, G-Funk Era wit another hit trick

Now...(Chorus) x2

Who can make jump to this
I can make em jump
Who can make jump to this
Can you make em jump
Who can make jump to this
We can make em jump
Who can make em jump
Well jump bitch

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