

Jumpman (feat. T Rell)

Honey Cocaine

Jordan in the 90s
Jor-jordan in the 90s
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Jor-jordan in the 90s I be on a move fam,
I was coming home with some bands, every show a yougin' leave withe new fans.
I gotta hustle cause' I got too much to lose fam
Old friends who got new plans, but now I know more than I knew them,
I see them hating nigga, screw them,
I ain't looking at them hoes,
I'm looking through them
Realest bitches do it,
mama said she always fucking knew it,
Dream it then pursue it,
wake them niggas up like who this?
Watch what you tell these hoes, bitches can't be trusted is what I tell my bros,
Smarten up is what i tell my folks, never will i sell my soul, I'm too fly, bitch
Keep it 100
I ain't worry 'bout no nigga
Too busy getting money
Throw them racks up
Watch it all fall
Jordan in the 90s
Nigga I ball When I tell you ass jump jump
Bitch you better you jump jump
When I catch you, don't front front
When I tell you ass jump jump
Bitch you better you jump jump
When I catch you, don't front front
Call the shots I'm a boss bitch, if you got a problem you can meet me in my office,
You ain't talking no money, you ain't a topic,
Couple months grinding, couple months in the tropics
Bitch, I been bout the profit, all you broke niggas be the softest,
The real ones never gossip, fuck if he say he down, I stay cautious.
I feel no way for no bitch, no way I'm gon' quit, no way he gon' hit
I lay your whole clique, then spray your whole clique,
I slayed the whole brick nigga
Best believe I kill for my bitches, even got a will for my bitches
Your weak ass never chill with bitches, why the fuck you still in my business? When I tell you ass jump jump
Bitch you better you jump jump

When I catch you, don't front front
When I tell you ass jump jump
Bitch you better you jump jump
When I catch you, don't front frontNigga I'm from H G C
Feel like Phil when I wore them 3s
Word around the hood yeah they all know me
Word around town yeah I swerve the rarai
Get your money LA king nigga raise the banner
When a real nigga coming through you show some manners
When a real nigga coming through you change your grammar
When a real nigga coming through you raise your camera
Roll with a 3 piece 'bout to do some damage
Sharp shooter Reggie Miller nigga I can manage
Yeah yeah nigga I can manage
But would I throw my bitch [?]
Yeah yeah
Jump jump nigga
[?] punch ain't scared of no nigga
Honey sweet sweet cocaine no liquor
[?] rell here to murder every niggaWhen I tell you ass jump jump
Bitch you better you jump jump
When I catch you, don't front front
When I tell you ass jump jump
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Jor-jor-jor-jor-jordan in the 90s
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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