

Drake, Jumpman

If Young Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot you
Yeah, ah, yeah
Halloween
Taliban, Taliban
I'm gon' shoot you (Yeah)

Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to somethin'
They just spent like two or three weeks out the country
Them boys up to somethin', they just not just bluffin'
You don't have to call, I hit my dance like Usher, woo
I just found my tempo like I'm DJ Mustard, woo
I hit that Ginóbili with my left hand up like woo
Lobster and Céline for all my babies that I miss
Chicken fingers, French fries for them hoes that wanna diss
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to somethin'
Uh, uh, uh, I think I need some Robitussin
Way too many questions, you must think I trust ya
You searchin' for answers, I do not know nothing, woo
I see 'em tweakin', they know something's comin', woo
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to somethin', woo
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, fuck was you expecting? Woo
Chi-Town, Chi-Town, Michael Jordan just had text me, woo

Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman
I just seen the jet take off, they up to somethin'
Them boys just not bluffin', them boys just not bluffin'
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to somethin'
She was tryna join the team, I told her, "Wait."
Chicken wings and fries, we don't go on dates
Nobu, Nobu, Nobu, Nobu, Nobu, Nobu
I just threw a private dinner in LA
Trappin' is a hobby, that's the way for me
Money comin' fast, we never gettin' sleep
I, I just had to buy another safe
Bentley Spurs and Phantom, Jordan Fadeaway

Yeah, Jumpman, Jumpman, I don't need no introduction
Jumpman, Jumpman, Metro Boomin on production, wow
Hundred cousins out in Memphis, they so country, wow
Tell her, "Stay the night, valet your car, come fuck me now"
Jumpman, Jumpman, live on TNT, I'm flexin', woo
Jumpman, Jumpman, they gave me my own collection, woo
Jump when I say jump, girl, can you take direction? Woo
Mutombo with the bitches, you keep gettin' rejected, woo

Heard they came through Magic City on a Monday
Heard they had the club wild, it was star-studded
A bunch of girls goin' wild when your chain flooded
And I had 'em like wow, cup dirty

Dopeman, dopeman, dopeman, dopeman, dopeman, dopeman
Money on the counter, choppers on the floor
I just copped that tempo, DJ Mustard, woo
Way too much codeine and Adderall
We just count up big racks, whoa
I know I'ma get my bitch back, whoa
I count all these racks that I have on me now, I'ma have you like, "Whoa"
Chanel №9, Chanel №5, well, you got 'em both

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