

NLE Choppa, Jumpin

(CashMoneyAP)

Thumbin'

Through, blue hundreds, yeah

Lotta, money (Kio, Kio)

I say, ayy

Ayy

Rubber band hundreds, this shit keep on comin'
I'm th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-thumbin' (Th-th-th-thumbin')
Move like a mummy, the drugs got him slumped
He a ju-ju-ju-ju-ju-ju-ju-ju-ju-ju-junkie (Ju-ju-ju-junkie)
Add to the convo if it's about money
I'm th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-thumbin' (Th-th-th-thumbin')
Used to be bummy, turned nothin' to somethin'
Now I got my bank account ju-ju-ju-jumpin' (Ju-ju-ju-jumpin')
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Hundred band, hundred band, guns in the Sprinter van
Never play middleman, we gotta get a man (We gotta get a man)
If I don't feel a man, we gotta kill a man
Spin like a ceilin' fan, not for the dividends
Reaping the benefits like he an immigrant
Lot of artillery, special delivery
Show my agility and my ability
Go on a killing spree like we the military (Let's go, let's go)
Play with my cash and I'm on your ass
Like the pockets on the back of your pants
Lay on my stash like it was a mattress
Pillowcases filled up with my bands
Couple grand in the addict, 'nother grand like magic, that's mathematics
Gettin' paid is a habit, ballin' like I was a Maverick or John Madden

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I'm thumbin' through bands and racks
Deep in that water, bitch, it ain't no friends in that
First nigga playin' get whacked
Scope on a new Glock, I got a lens attached
Like my shooter got aim assist
He bound to hit anything that he blammin' at
Catch him and bang him quick
Empty the clip, twelve hollows gon' lay in his back, uh

Uh, money counters beepin'
Blue strip dreams while I'm sleepin'
40 with a beam if they creepin'
Too Turnt Gang what I'm bleedin'
Snatch who chain? Bitch, I'm squeezin'
Bullets patch his brain, he ain't breathin'
Was posted in the rain with some heathens
Look how far I came, they can't believe it

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