

Jumping Out the Gym

Migos

Migo Gang we in the building, yo
Young boss nigga shit, you know what I'm sayin'?
Turn up
Yo, jumpin', jumpin', jumpin', jumpin', jump jump jumpin'
My money always jumpin' out the gym
No basketball though

Jumping out the gym (x2)
No Clyde Drexler money
Jumping out the gym (x3)
No Dominique money
Jumping out the gym

Money above the rim, Burberry Timbs
Bands jumpin' out the gym, no Shawn Kemp
Back then she ain't want me, now I got her salty
Cause she seen Young Quavo flexed up in that Aston Martin
Hurricane wrist, watch Young Quavo break the pot
In the VIP shootin' nothing but money jump shots
Can't nobody touch me cause my goons like secret service
Pull up, pop the trunk, it's a flock of birdies
Smokin' on purp James Worthy, (purp)
Sippin' on pink like Kirby, (lean)
I already know she thirsty
So I put her in the kitchen dancing dirty
I already know he a coward, I already know he sour
He a snake in the grass so I had to cut him off
I call that Georgia Power
We don't even kick it like that dog
Quick to spray a nigga like Lysol
Don't get mad at me cause I smashed your bitch
Then I passed her like Chris Paul
Hell nah I don't need no label
Hundred bands just sitting on the table
Face card so good in da hood
I could go kick shit wit Blocc Gang in Decatur

Eighty piece teeth, Girbauds with the crease
Aw shit look who it is, the white Dominique
Dominique Wilkins, more dough than Homer Simpson
I can ball and tell more story than that Rumpelstiltskin
I done shine different, but I still diamond glisten
Wood wheel twistin', mysterious roof missin'
40K on wrist, and I'm ballin' fierce
I done shot more jumpers than that Paul Pierce
Or Kevin Garnett, 'cept I don't even break a sweat
I'm flying learjet, all-glass clear jet
Me and Migos stackin' C-Notes, DJ Drama
We on vacation, we skyscrapin' in East Bahamas

No I don't really care, Dr. J
Money jumpin' out the gym, Wilt Chamb
Hook shot like 'areem Abdul-Jabbar
Or lay it up like Nate Archibald
Twenty-one bands on me, Dominique
Shoot a nigga lights out, Pistol Pete
And I called them birds Beyonce

'Cause they look good and you know they gon' sing
Thirty birds call them Bernard King
Got thigh, got breast, got wings
Ripping jeans got studs on the denim
I dropped three, it wasn't nothing, Reggie Miller
Man I'm jumpin out the gym, Yao Ming
You're short similar to a Pygmy
A nigga keep a steel like Stockton
Black and grey monster truck, David Robinson
And the paint with the work out in Jers
Got Larry Kush, Larry Birds
Extendo with a whole three five
Hugo cover up my eye
Shooting jumpshot like Brent Barry, Kyle Korver, Jason Terry
And if a nigga try to take my cash, no Pastor Troy, but we ready

Out the gym, straight to Lenox
How I do's it nigga?
Got a plug down in Louie, don't even use it nigga
Got a plug in every city for my shoes nigga
Walk in the store with straight cash, nigga no issue
They like T-James! That's my nigga!
You a real nigga bruh thats why we fuck with ya
My reply is always humble nigga never brag
Tell that cute bitch, "Show me where them 'levens at!"
You want them Jordans, nigga?
I'm on the Air Mags
Tryna ball with me ain't safe nigga air bag
You sleeping on the fly nigga call it jet lag
Money making moves nigga call it step back
James