

# 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