

## Trap Back Jumpin

T.I.

It's time to get trap back jumping  
Get shit and back popping, ho  
I show these sucka niggas how it go  
I show you how to move a lot of blow  
Nigga say they live but they lying  
So it's time to get trap back jumping  
Get shit back popping, bitch  
Hey, now who done say I'm not the shit  
Hey, nigga who you know that's hot as this  
Seriously, I'll show you how to do the shit

It's time to getting bricks out of that bag  
Put that scale back on the desk  
Set that vision wear on the stove  
Next to that bakin' soda & pyrex  
Drop that water out off that pot  
Let it boil up and get high  
Then whip it good with your wrist like that  
Thats how you triple every brick you get  
Made paper off of that yayo  
Ask Jays about me, bet they know  
Your bitch'll fuck when I say so  
Plus got head bussing on my payroll  
This Bankhead, homeboy, we don't play  
Violate me and this will be your day  
Catch a nigga coming out of the DOA  
Hit 'em with the chopper leave 'em DOA  
You can play with niggas, not me, okay?  
Them other niggas suckers, I'm a G, okay?  
T.I. K.I.N.G., okay?  
Just respect that shit and you will be okay  
Let's get this shit straight once and for all  
I run this shit, bar none of y'all  
And nan one of y'all niggas bigger than me  
Can't none of y'all take this city from me  
Take years off and i'm still tight  
I half ass and they still like it  
You keep trap shit when I feel like  
Dopeboys know what I feel like  
Dineros off kilos, big bank rolls don't see lows  
Of oz's makes zeros, here we go

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It's time to put that work back in the stash box  
Put that rent-a-car on that slab  
Hit that highway from bout five day then come back and get cash  
Got halves, quarters and whole things

Chevrolets and them gold things  
Got Rolex, got Benzes, and it's all off of that cocaine  
It's cold game but it's cool though  
Work get gone and I move blow  
Won't sit on it, it's too low  
You got twenty-one, well, here you go  
I got big whips so sick y'all  
And big suites, about six broads  
Your shit hot, oh yeah bro, that shit drop won't sell much  
Platinum all in my wall dawg, crib big it like a mall dawg  
I'm doing numbers like call logs  
Lil small money, I call y'all  
My house worth your whole life, your condo's my old ice  
You niggas barely in first class, I charter G4 flights  
Can't tell me shit, homie  
Down here I'm good as it get, homie  
Ain't nobody got shit on me  
I'm a little nigga, but I'm big homie  
I'm big homie , do big shit  
No World Cup, I kick shit  
Ride foreign, but don't forget  
I'm back trapping, got more bricks

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It's time to get them pre-paids and them metros  
Back activated, talk in code  
Over here we got big blow  
Next do' pounds uh that petro  
We get dough off anything  
Got actavis if you sipping lean  
Prescription pills and Molly  
Even got Heroin if you 'bout it  
Shawty my shop open up all night  
Got blocks stacked up all white  
Don't like me, that's alright  
Come fight me, nigga, yeah right  
And nigga get wrong and getting dead right  
Get your ass, ho  
Get embarrassed, ho  
All about my cash flow  
Your new bitch with my last ho  
I got six sluts in my Maybach  
Sixpack under my tanktop  
I got a snub load that got six shots  
Nigga try me, I think not  
My temper bad, I might blank out  
Bust a nigga before I can even think about  
What I got to lose if he bust a move  
Well, I got to do, what I got to do  
Trap rolling, bumping, always selling something  
You got it if you want it and whatever for the money  
They in line for the product from a dime up  
They know where to find him, do you know what it time for

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