

Jump Down

Travis Barker

It's the humpdy dump truck big wheel wall crumbler,
If money did talk yours probably be a mumbler,
The bumble bee color kush burning in the bubbler, puff,
Brother rocks dougie but it's uglier on that other stuff,
I'm saying no, weighing only about 175,
I sound like a heavier guy, but we high, so high-five,
Behinds and nice thighs, and the sun beamin', flicking on the old blue beamers hoodie,
And Woody Allen couldn't see it with his glasses on,
At homecoming getting drunker then the chaparron,
And don't you hate when you go into a place and somebody need an I.D.
Cause they left it at home, you feel bad if you go ahead and leave 'em,
So you try to swap it out and hope the door man believe 'em,
Yo he payed cash, send a check to him directly or money orders,
every dollar
Four quarters

While I drive, break, shift.
And they all jump down

And I just touched down, with sized clouds,
Louder than that pound, like your neighbors at your door Dog take yo job off the floor, meet your neighbor Chuck Daly, he's the liveliest coach,
Bless his soul, it's amazing though to save his But to see he saved that colour, Mike Rock got the range, had it flickin last summer,
Size 900, with the turbo runnin on it,
Gold bbs's in the zone as a nexus supposed to be flexed on your niggas last summer,
Chill, we ain't have to move a muscle, had a court case pending and we hit the ground runnin',
Get'cha rap together you ain't talkin bout nothing,
Juice lips sink ships, and you ain't talkin bout none of us,
And it's 45 back on my number 9, '94 can't touch these like it's hammer time