

Royce Da 59, Jump

(Intro) You know I really don't get it
muh'fucka's act like they want me in the game, want me (out)
Want me out the game the next minute
What the fuck do y'all want?!

Chorus*

(First you want me in, then you want me out)
Y'all niggas is too fickle
(First you want me in, then you want me out)

Verse 1:

You a hop skip and a (jump),
From poppin shit to the one,
Riding the dick of the one,
Who rides sick wit a young,
Fly chick and a gun,
Inside the whip when he cum,
Dyin lyrically dope,
My ability strokes'll,
Tie bridges of those,
A fly mix wit a toast,
Of my niggas you joke,
From my side, to running wit my enemies,
Keep on temptin me,
I'm just a hop skip and a (jump),
From goin ballistic,
So nigga go and diss if you want,
Go and meanton me homie,
You gon' eventually (jump),
When it comes to that chrome clickin,
And then one of yo own hit
You just a hop skip and a (jump),
From not listening to me,
Like my shit don't exist, till I spit,
Then you jump back on the dick of the one,
Accurate wit a gun,
Mathematician wit funds,
Minus a fifth of that rum,
Divide it with the hunger,
Times with the times you fronted on my shit,
On my dick.
If one of them lines stick to ya brain,
You now witnessed the pain,
Of my addition to reign,
The sun without the distance between
None of what God gave you as shade
Is now taken away.... today.

Chorus

(Do you want me in, do you want me out)
Just like pussy, you remind me of a (cunt)
(Do you want me in, do you want me out)

Verse 2:

I'm just a underground as it gets,
You can come down on this ditch,
I've hidden a mile deep,
The mummy witout stitchin,
But I don't sleep, I pump,
Without snitchin,
I'm simply about... getting this money,
I won't just dive into
What would be my end if I jump,

The politics of this game,
Niggas be following names,
They ride wit who the hottest,
And criticize em the same,
You little Nas' and Jay-Z's,
We got on the scene,
Not only make we wait for the remix,
But sick... make me squeemish,
Make me think later that one of y'all
Could be who the fake king is,
One of y'all could be on a good label
And push, 5 mics in the source
Cuz of who poured a favor,
Arrogant as a fuck,
And who made his vengeances humble,
Now fussin 'bout who,
Sharin' a cover this month.
Man please, this nigga's diceased coming
Wit better throw-away rhymes then everyone of ya keeper's, (punk).
Do you listen at all,
As fools winning battles bought by the label,
On cabel and never gettin a call,
Ten tapes at a time,
You send off to the label and wait at the mailbox,
While they make up their minds.

(Do you want me in, do you want me out)
Y'all try me, knowing y'all niggas is (punks)
(First you want me in, then you want me out)
Yea...
Is this what you want?!