Drake, Future, Jumpman

[Intro: Drake & Future]
If Young Metro don't trust you I'm gon' shoot you
Yeah, yeah
Halloween
Taliban, Taliban
I'm gon' shoot you
Yeah

[Verse 1: Drake]
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to somethin'
They just spent like two or three weeks out the country
Them boys up to somethin', they just not just bluffin'
You don't have to call, I hit my dance like Usher, woo!
I just found my tempo like I'm DJ Mustard, woo!
I hit that Ginobili with my left hand up like woo!
Lobster and Céline for all my babies that I miss
Chicken fingers, french fries for them hoes that wanna diss
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to somethin'
Uh, uh, uh, I think I need some Robitussin
Way too many questions, you must think I trust ya
You searchin' for answers, I do not know nothing, woo!
I see 'em tweakin', they know somethin's comin', woo!
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to somethin', woo!
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, fuck was you expecting? Woo!
Chi-Town, Chi-Town, Michael Jordan just had text me, woo!

[Verse 2: Future]
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman
I just seen the jet take off, they up to somethin'
Them boys just not bluffin', them boys just not bluffin'
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to somethin'
She was tryna join the team, I told her wait
Chicken wings and fries, we don't go on dates
Nobu, Nobu, Nobu, Nobu, Nobu, Nobu
I just threw a private dinner in L.A.
Trappin' is a hobby, that's the way for me
Money comin' fast, we never gettin' sleep
I, I just had to buy another safe
Bentley Spurs and Phantom, Jordan fadeaway

[Verse 3: Drake]
Yeah, Jumpman, Jumpman, I don't need no introduction
Jumpman, Jumpman, Metro Boomin on production, wow!
Hundred cousins out in Memphis, they so country, wow!
Tell her stay the night, valet your car, come fuck me now
Jumpman, Jumpman, live on TNT, I'm flexin', woo!
Jumpman, Jumpman, they gave me my own collection, woo!
Jump when I say jump, girl, can you take direction? Woo!
Mutombo with the bitches, you keep gettin' rejected, woo!

[Verse 4: Future]
Heard they came through Magic City on a Monday
Heard they had the club wild, it was star-studded
A bunch of girls goin' wild when your chain flooded
And I had 'em like wow, cup dirty
Dopeman, dopeman, dopeman, dopeman, dopeman, dopeman
Money on the counter, choppers on the floor
I just copped that tempo, DJ Mustard, woo!
Way too much codeine and Adderall
We just count up big racks, whoa!
I know I'ma get my bitch back, whoa!
I count all these racks that I have on me now
I'ma have you like whoa
Chanel N°9, Chanel N°5, well you got 'em both

[Outro: Drake & Future]
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to somethin'
They just spent like two or three weeks out the country
Them boys up to somethin', they just not just bluffin'
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to somethin'