

# Lil' Kim, Jump Off (Explicit)

(Intro: Lil' Kim (Mr. Cheeks))

Whoa! (Whoa!) Whoa! (Yeah)

Aiyyo Tim man this the jump off right here man! (Jump off!)

Whoa! (Whoa!) Whoa! (Whoa!) Whoa! (It's Queen Bee nigga)

It's the jump off (Come on)

(Verse 1: Lil' Kim (Mr. Cheeks))

I been gone for a minute now I'm back at the jump off (Jump off)

Goons in the club incase somethin jumps off

And back up before the hive let the pump off

In the graveyard is where you gets dumped off

All we wanna do is party (Woo!)

And buy everybody at the bar Bacardi (Woo!)

Black Barbie dressed in Bavrari

I'm tryna to leave in somebody's Ferrari

Spread love that's what a real mob do

Keep it gangsta look out for her people (For her people)

I'm the wicked bitch of the east, you better keep the peace (Aiyyo!)

Or out come the bees

We the best ain't no room for improvement

Our presence is felt like a Black Panther movement

Seven quarter to eights back to back with 'em (Back to back)

And I'm sittin on chrome seven times platinum

(Chorus: Lil' Kim & Mr. Cheeks)

This is for my peeps, with the Bentleys, the Hummers, the Benz

Escalades twenty three inch rims (Oh!)

Jumpin out the Jaguar with the Tims, keep ya bread up

And live good, East coast, West coast, worldwide

All my playas in the hood stay fly

And if your ballin let me hear you say right (Right)

(Verse 2: Lil' Kim (Mr. Cheeks))

It's Lil' Kim and Timbaland niggas shit ya drawers (Come on)

Special delivery for you and yours (Now)

I rep for bitches he rep for boys (Uh ha)

If you rep for your hood then make some noise

I got my eye on the guy in the Woolrich coat

Don't he know Queen Bee got the ill deep throat?

Uh! Let me show you what I'm all about

How I make a Sprite can disappear in my mouth....HO!!!!

Shake up the dice, throw down your ice (What)

Bet it all playa fuck the price

Money ain't a thing throw it out like rice

Been around the world cop the same thing twice

Rub on my tits (Huh!) squeeze on my ass (Oooh!)

Gimme some UH!!! step on the gas (Ah)

Pop the cork and roll up the hash (Roll it!)

You know what we about, sex, drugs and cash

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Lil' Kim (Mr. Cheeks))

Enter the world of the Playboy pin up girl

Buttnaked dressed in nothin but pearls

You wanna meet me cause ya, know I'm freaky

And ya, wanna eat me cause ya, say I'm sexy

Got a man in Japan and a dude in Tahiti

Believe me sweetie I got enough to feed the needy

No need to be greedy I got mad friends that's pretty (Hey!)

Chicks by the layers (And) all different flavors (Woo!)

Mafioso that's how this thing go (Yeah)

Now everybody come get with the lingo

Shake your body body, move your body body (Body body)

On the dancefloor don't hurt nobody body (Body body)  
I'm the one that put the Range in the Rover  
When I'm steppin out the Range yo it's over  
Comin through in the Brooklyn Mint gear  
We 'gone do this just like Big Poppa was here

(Chorus)

(Outro: Mr. Cheeks)

Yeah, to the what, yeah, oh, yo, keep your bread up, yeah, and worldwide  
And stay fly nigga, yeah man, right right right right, Queen Bee, LB  
Two thousand and, fuckin three, why not? we makin it hot  
Come throught blow the spot, Come on yeah, Ay oh!! She back at it, why wouldn't she be?  
B.I.G. Freaky Tah, yeah yeah yeah, L's, light 'em, oh...