

Lil' Kim, The Jump Off(Real Deal)

"whoa...
{whoa, ho...}
whoa...
{whoa}
(yeah)

ay-yo' Tim, man
this the jump off, right here, man

whoa... {whoa!}
whoa... {whoa!, ha-ha}
whoa...

(is Queen B...)
is the jump off...

i been gone from a minute
now i'm back wit "The Jump Off"

goones in the club
incase something jumps off

ay, back up
for the high, wit the pumps on

in the graveyard
is where you get stumped off

all we wanna do is party
(yeah!)

and buy everybody (oh)
in the bar, Bacardi

black barbie,
dressed in bagardy

i'm tryin' leave
in somebody's farari

spread love
that's what a real mob do

keep the gangsta
look out for my people

i know we can picture these
you betta keep the beast
or out come the bees...

we the best
illest room, for improvement

our presence is felt like
a black leather movement

seven quater to eight
back to back

sitting on chrome
seven times that...

(CHORUS:)
this is for my peeps (ah-ha!)

with the bentley's, the humers,
and the benz (whoo-whoo...)

escalade,
twenty-three inch rims (oh)

jumpin' out
the jaguar
with the tims

keep it real,

look good
east coast, west coast
world wide

and all the players in the hood
stay fly

and if you ballin'
say, "right...right; (right...)

is lil' kim and timbaland,
this is yours

special delivery
is you and yours (man...)

rep the bitches,
he rep the boys

if you
rep your hood,than
make some noise...

got my eye on a guy
in a orange coat

don't need no "Queen B."
got the ill deep throat

lemme show you
what i'm all about

how i make a Sprite can
disapear in my mouth

shake down the dice
put down the ice

spend it all playa,
fuck the price

money ain't a thing
throw it out like rice

been around the world
got the same thing twice

rub all night
(rub all night)

squeeze all night
(squeeze all night)

gimme some... (huh!)
step on the gas (ah!)

pop the corck,
and roll out the- (roll it!)

you know what we about
sex, drugs, and cash...

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enter the world of a playboy
pin-up girl

butt-naked
dressed in
nothing, but pearls

you wanna meet me
cuz ya...

know i'm freaky
and ya...

wanna (fuck me) cuz ya...
say i'm sexy

gotta man
in Japan

and a dude
in Tahitti

believe me, sweetie
i got enough
to feed the needy

no need
to be greedy

i got mad friends

that's pretty

chicks, ballidayas
all different flavors

mafia
so that's how this thing goes

now, everybody
come get with the mingle

shake your body-body

move your body-body
(body-body)

on the dance floor
don't hurt nobody-body

i'm the one
who put the "in
the "over

when i'm steppin' out the "in
yo, its' over...!

comin' through the Brooklyn
this year

we gon' do this
just like Big Poppa did

(CHORUS:)
this is for my peeps (ah-ha!)

with the bentley's, the humers,
and the benz (whoo-whoa...)

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say, "right...right; (right...)

(yea)

... to the, whut?
(mmm...)

(yea)

all... ya'll...
keep it real

yeah,
the world wide
(mmm...)

stay fly...
(stay fly...)

(yea, man)
righ-right, righ-right

Queen B...
L.B.

two-thousand,
... three.

why not?
cuz-we get high,

come-to
blow the spot

c'mon,

(yeah)

ay-oh,
(mmm...)
she back at it,

why wouldn't she be?

c'mon,
(yeah)

B.I.G.,
Freaky Pop...

(yea-yea, yeah)
"is...

(light 'em...)

...'course...