

# Lil' Kim, The Jump Off (Remix)

(feat. Mobb Deep, Mr. Cheeks)

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

Whoa! (Whoa!) Whoa!

(Yo', it's goin' down now)

Aiyyo Tim man this the G-Mix right here man! (Jump off!)

Whoa! (Whoa!) Whoa! (Whoa!) Whoa! (Queen Bee, Mobb Deep)

(Verse 1: Lil' Kim)

I been gone for a minute now I'm back at the remix

Lil' Kim, Mr. Cheeks, M-O-B mix

Pump the Jag, come through in the V6

By the end of the night, I'm in the G5th

All we wanna do is dance

The way I eat tracks, call me Ms. Pac-Man

And if the fans don't fit in the minivan

Murk out in somebody's Sedan

You thought the Sprite can was off the meter

Imagine what I'd do with a two litre

You see my nipples gettin' hard through the wife beater

Fuck the tele, we can do this in the two-seater

Got every color diamond in the cross

I ain't scared to crossover, ya'll niggas is soft

My man follow me everywhere of course

To hear my theme music, muthafuckin' "The Jump Off"

(Chorus: Lil' Kim & Mr. Cheeks)

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

Escalades twenty three inch rims

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

(It's the Jump Off)

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)

(It's the Jump Off)

(Verse 2: Mr. Cheeks)

Ayo, I do it no other way but the live way

Hoppin' in my truck, brand new Porsche in driveway

How I'm livin', ball out 'til I fall out

Brawl out, bitch niggas we call out

I run with a mean pack, sticky green jack

Mobb Deep and 'em, we fam, got the Queen back

Peep the situation, the jump is jumpin' off

I'm on the low in the cut touchin' somethin' soft

Ain't nothin' like it, sex, weed and cash

I love gettin' smashed, I love hittin' ass

Floss back, smells good and toes out

Bought the bottles of Hen rock, and Moes out

Every spot we go in, it blows out

Queen Bee got hot shit, yeah no doubt

Listen, we keep it poppin' in here

Ain't no stoppin' in here

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Havoc)

It's the Jump Off remix with Mobb up on it

Since Quiet Storms niggas had them blocks, had them corners

Them glocks, them revolvers, them problem solvers

Niggas fallin' in love with these hoes and fallin'

Yo', this is Havoc talkin' to a professional nigga

Talkin' 'bout guns, though he just ain't credible

Come to sets with Lex and the duke

And here's the catch, if you never had that itch  
You won't squeeze for the scratch  
You know how many in the hood bleedin' for that  
While you talkin' out your ass and are weak with the tech  
Lil' Kim is still that bitch  
Burn everything I love, let a nigga stunt on me and the grub  
We hide up in back of the club, you know we got a mint  
Somethin' to make a shotie look like a Snub  
Shorty if you ain't jumpin' it off, the fuck out  
The last ain't you ain't leave, buggin' the fuck out

(Chorus)

(Verse 4: Prodigy)

My whole life is one party with millions of jump offs  
And Bunsy called before a nigga jump off  
Niggas wife be the next man jumped on  
She pissed at you, the man has some fault  
All she wanna do is feel loose  
And free to be herself, we fuck like animals  
There's a celebrity orgy at the crib  
Call Kim and the mo'fuckin' Beehive crew  
They got the whole bar and me armed  
Too much pussy, nigga be drunk of punnani  
A Brooklyn-Queens thing, when we get it poppin'  
Gun fire couldn't stop us from rockin'  
Certain niggas can't live they life  
They can't party with us, 'cause they scared of they own kind  
We in the jump off everytime  
Like eight or nine deep with them things and the whole nine

(Chorus)

(Outro: Mr. Cheeks)

It's jumpin' off like that now  
Queen Bee, she back now  
Yo yo, Mobb Deep, Mr. Cheeks  
Ayo it's goin' down like this man  
The party's jumpin' off  
The G-Mix, the G-Mix