

411**"Jump Dine"**Visit "[Jump Dine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Yung Ro: talking]

Ye, I'm about to jump dine

Nobody!

Nobody!

Nobody!

Nigga!

[Hook: Yung Ro]

I'm gettin' crunk in this motha (jump dine wit ya boi)

If you ain't scared go ahead (jump dine wit ya boi)

I got some weed drankin x (jump dine wit ya boi)

Imma get these these bois on plex (jump dine wit ya boi)

If you a real mutha fucka (jump dine wit ya boi)

I got my hood to the roof (jump dine wit ya boi)

I'm about to knock down the mall (jump dine wit ya boi)

I'm bout to, (jump dine) I'm bout to (jump dine)

I'm bout to (jump dine wit ya boi), gyeah

[Verse 1: Yung Ro]

It's late night, I'm on x lookin' for someone to jump dine wit me

Paul ro wit a whole boogie, don't lock it plus can't find niggaz

So I jump dine quickly, call my connect and hit the spot
Handle my business went back home, then I pulled out the drop

Headed to the mall, to spend of this underground money I'm makin'

So what better place to buy my chuck tee's, than an underground station

I jump dine, new kanyo, new kicks, new sweats, new jersey

Fresh cuts, fresh fades, new jays, there's nuthin headin out like ten thirty

My dirty, I don't need you watchin' me, how I'm spendin my money playa

Cuz Imma grown ass man, and if I want it I can jump dine like that

I got hoes, that give head, I got hoes that pop x

All of 'em smoke weed, and I even know some that

jump dine on wet
Me myself, I get high, we talk shit and get crunk
Take shots to the head with bigtuck and see who the
first to get drunk
My philosophy, reach a high vilosity, you only live one
time
Life is a bitch, so fuck it you might as well jump dine

[Hook: Yung Ro]

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boi)
If you a real mutha fucka (jump dine wit ya boi)
I got my hood to the roof (jump dine wit ya boi)
I'm about to knock down the mall (jump dine wit ya boi)
I'm bout to, (jump dine) I'm bout to (jump dine), I'm
bout to (jump dine)
Wit
Ya boi), gyeah

[Verse two: Mippy]

You see the playas I split, and the hoes I hit
The bricks I flip, whodi we runnin' this shit
Say whodi (what?), Imma bout to jump dine
And when I do imma hold it down, like master p on lock
down
Make ya hear how the glock sound, when it rumble in
ya ear
Oh you lookin for dough, we got bundles over here
It's one hundred over here, ain't no fumblin' over here
When I spit I fuck ya head up, so wear a condom over
here
I rock dicalins, everybody know that
When I hop out the mc, up in the nobody throw back
I was gon holla at this hoe and fuck around (fuck
around)
But Imma do it like rizzo said, and nigga jump down,
whoa

[Hook: Yung Ro]

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[Verse 3:

Spread glocks when I aim (why?), cuz I spray that way
I got the size stash of haze, my cash is claimed
I'm bout to jump dine, when I'm reppin' the nobody
I'm bout to hop out, when I'm parkin the large body
It's the so stay focused man
Ridin' around wit rims lookin' like the cealin' fan
24 inches sittin' above the ground
Bois used to come through, but now they jump down
Jump dine wit yo click, if they tryna do sumthin'
Jump dine on a bitch nigga, if he tryna move sumthin'
It don't matter if you from the city, or a country tine
When ya see the nobody, holla jump dine

[Hook: Yung Ro]

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